

# PICTURESQUE SPOTS OF THE NORTH

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APPROACH TO CAVE OF THE WINDS.



# PICTURESQUE SPOTS OF THE NORTH

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF THE SCENERY AND  
LIFE IN THE VICINITY OF GEORGIAN BAY, THE MUSKOKA  
LAKES, THE UPPER LAKES, IN CENTRAL AND EASTERN  
ONTARIO, AND IN THE NIAGARA DISTRICT

EDITED BY  
GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT.

ILLUSTRATED BY WOOD-ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS  
BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH, F. B. SCHELL, L. R. O'BRIEN,  
W. C. FITLER, AND OTHERS



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LAKE COUCHICHING.

## GEORGIAN BAY, AND THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

THE tendency of commerce to seek the water, and the natural inclination of the settler to found a home in some favoured spot on the wooded shores of a lake, have been important factors in the gradual, though as yet sparse, settlement of the Georgian Bay. The names of the lakes and the bays, the streams and the villages of this region speak of a like craving on the part of the redman for the eye-satisfying qualities and, to him, modest utilities of both still and running water. In Nottawasaga, Couchiching, Muskoka, Penetanguishene, and many other Indian appellatives, as well as in the presence here and there of lingering remnants of the great Huron nation by which the region was once peopled, we have abundant evidence of the attractiveness of this section of Ontario for the simple children of the forest and the stream. Comparatively recent as has been the white settlement of the district, the area bounded on the north by the River Severn, and on the south by the Nottawasaga River, was once populous with the lodges of the Huron tribe, and their villages and hunting-grounds, in a fateful era, were the theatre of events of thrilling interest in the annals of Canada.

The story takes us back to the period covered by the first sixty years of the Seventeenth Century, when the French, English, and Dutch were severally endeavouring to make good their foothold on the continent. Early in the century the English led off in the colonization of Virginia; the Dutch established their posts at Manhattan

and at Orange (Albany), on the Hudson; while a little later the Pilgrim Fathers laid the foundations of Massachusetts. It was a period of unrest in the Old World, and its adventurous spirits caught the contagion of founding colonies in the New, and of carrying the flag of commerce or the standard of the Church into the western wilderness.

Earlier by fifty years, Havre had seen Huguenot fugitives from religious despotism go forth to plant in Florida a Lutheran France, alas! only to meet extermination at the hand of Spanish intolerance and lust of blood. Contemporary with Champlain, and aided by his efforts, the Sieur de Monts, another Calvinist, essayed to found a home on the inhospitable banks of the Ste. Croix, or round the beautiful harbour of Annapolis. But this effort at Acadian settlement, though it had the assistance of Poutrincourt and the historian Lescarbot, met with failure, and the hopes of the colony were for the time buried in the ashes of Port Royal.

Champlain himself, however, was to accomplish great things in the New World; and for nearly thirty years his were the efforts, and his the zeal, that were instrumental, in the stern devotion of the times, in winning souls for heaven and a colony for France.

At the solicitation of the Hurons, who were anxious to secure Champlain's co-operation in an attack upon their inveterate enemies, the Iroquois, he had set out on an expedition to the Huron country, desiring at the same time to extend his explorations and, through the agency of the Franciscan Friars, two of whom accompanied him, to carry more efficiently into the wilderness the story of the Cross. Hence, in 1615, we find him undergoing a toilsome journey up the Ottawa, across Lake Nipissing, and down the French River, till he came upon the great expanse of the inner sea of Lake Huron—*la Mer Douce*, Champlain called it—thence, coasting south on its eastern shore till he reached the irregular indentation of Matchedash Bay. Here, in the peninsula formed by Nottawasaga and Matchedash Bays, and skirted on the south by Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, was the home of the Wyandots.

Though comparatively small, the Huron country, at the time we speak of, had a population variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand souls. Indian towns were scattered all over the district, to the chief of which, after disembarking near the site of the present village of Penetanguishene, Champlain was, with every demonstration of delight, conducted. At the Huron metropolis of Cahiaque, not far from where Orillia now stands, Champlain met the chiefs of the Huron Nation, and rejoined Father Le Caron, who had preceded him, and who had already made progress in bringing many of his dusky brethren within the pale of the Church.

Now was planned that ill-starred expedition from the peaceful shores of Lake Simcoe that was designed to humble the Iroquois, and redden the lakes and streams of Central New York with Seneca blood. But though the spirits of the Huron braves



rose with the war-dance and the feast, and though Champlain was himself to lead them, the result of the foray was discomfiture. The expedition was absent from the 8th of September to the close of the year (1615), toiling its weary way by Balsam Lake, the Trent River, and the Bay of Quinté, thence across Lake Ontario to the lair of the Iroquois. Here it came upon the fortified encampment of one of the tribes of the Confederacy, against which it failed to make any impression; and the expedition returned in sullen mood, leaving a heavy reckoning behind it, to be settled some future day with Iroquois interest.

Champlain, who had been wounded in the conflict, returned with his Indian allies and his small French contingent to the home of the Hurons. After visiting some of the towns of the Tobacco Nation Indians, and exchanging with his hosts "pledges of perpetual amity," he set out early in the spring over the circuitous way by which he had come, to resume his duties and prosecute his arduous mission, in the half monastic, half military, environment of the high-perched capital.

For nineteen years farther, with occasional intermissions, Champlain was yet to guide the destinies of the country, and to battle with all the powers of evil in his consecrated dual work of champion of the Faith and Governor of New France. It was well that the grave closed upon him ere his great heart knew of the doom that was to fall upon the nation among whom he had sojourned, of the martyrdom in store for the lion-hearted priests of the Church, and of the dire consequences of his raid in concert with the enemies of the Iroquois. The banded nations of that confederacy were invariably the "upper dog" in the brute fight with the Wyandot or the Algonquin. With or without pretext, they were always to be found lurking in the vicinity of the Huron lodges, and woe to anything human that became their prey!

We have seen established the Huron outpost of the Church, and the self-sacrificing zeal of Le Caron, who, with Champlain, had founded it. The mission, during the years 1626-9, had had the benefit of the devoted labours of him who became known as "the apostle of the Hurons"—the great-souled and giant-statured Jean de Brébeuf. At the time of the first conquest of Quebec, Brébeuf was recalled, though five years afterwards he returned to his charge, accompanied by Pères Daniel and Davost—all of whom, ere long, were to win the martyr's crown. Subsequently, the mission was strengthened by the arrival of Jogues, Lalemant, Garnier, and other Fathers.

It may safely be said that the records, secular or ecclesiastical, of no country furnish more soul-stirring accounts, than do the *Relations des Jesuits*, of self-sacrificing devotion to faith and duty. The constancy of the apostleship of the followers alike of St. Francis of Assisi and of Ignatius Loyola, not alone in the hour of mortal peril, but through weary years of toil, discomfort, and discouragement, may well extort our reverential homage. The story is full of terrible episodes, intermingled with a narrative, in its humble trust and simplicity, almost divine.



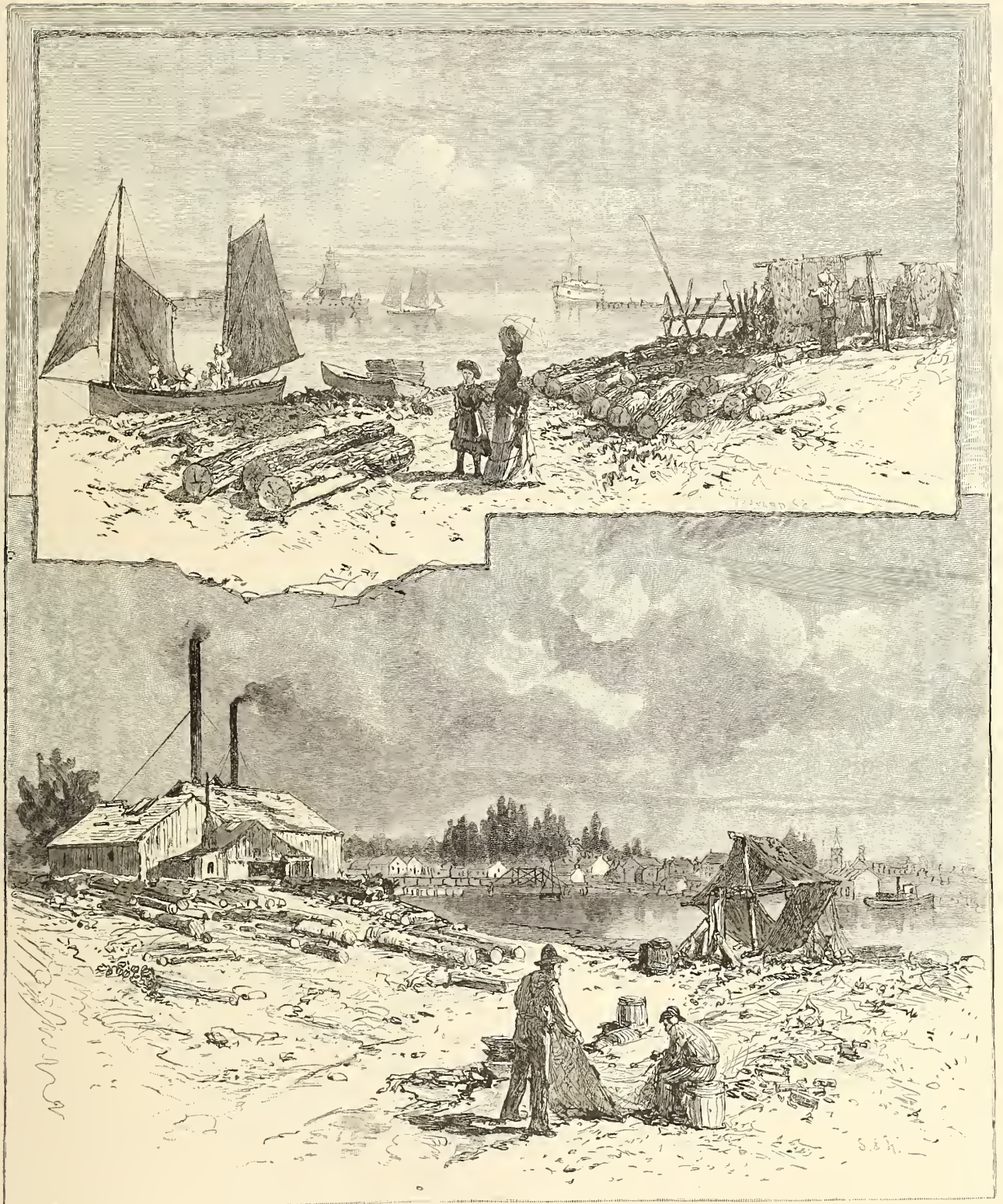
It was in 1634 that Brébeuf returned to the scene of his apostleship, accompanied by Fathers Daniel and Davost, who made their way over the nine hundred miles, with thirty-five portages, that separated the lonely mission from the succour and sympathy of the brethren at Quebec. Etienne Brulé, Champlain's adventurous interpreter, having been murdered by the Indians in Brébeuf's absence, and the old mission of Toanché having in consequence been deserted, the Fathers now sought the new Huron town of Ihonatiria, just back of the north-west basin of Penetanguishene Bay, and there established the mission of St. Joseph. Here the priests laboured incessantly, but with indifferent success, until they could acquire the Huron tongue. Even when that had been accomplished, the prospects of the mission were still doubtful, for the white men, garbed in black, who had come among them, and who at first had been received with mingled awe and curiosity, were now accused of sorcery and of incantations that showed their black work, it was said, in the pestilence that had broken out among the Hurons.

In their distress and disappointment, if the Fathers could not work miracles, they could at least pray, labouriously maintain the offices of the Church, and by the example of their saintly lives manifest the spirit of their religion and the ardour of their faith. So the weary years went on, amid outbreaks of pestilence and famine, alternating with forays into the Iroquois country, the torturing of captives, and even the cannibalism which they sometimes compelled the dismayed priests to witness. With much that is traditionally noble about them, the aborigines of America were a filthy, brutalized, and malignant race. Yet the following war-song, quoted by Garneau, in his chapter on "The Aboriginal Nations of Canada," is enough to give them a rank above that of the mere savage:—"O places which the sun floods with his light, and the moon illuminates with her paly torch; places where verdure waves in the breeze, where runs the limpid stream and the torrent leaps; take witness, O earth, and ye heavens, that we are ready everyone to encounter our foes. \* \* \* The war-clubs we snatch from enemies shall testify to our surpassing valour. The scalps we tear from their prostrate heads will ornament our huts. Our door-lintels we shall redden with the blood of our prisoners. Timid in captivity, as feeble in combat, we shall cause them to perish by slow torturings; and when life has fled their mutilated frames, we shall burn them up and scatter their ashes to the four winds of heaven."

The invocation might be breathed by the inspired in heaven; the rest could only come from the mouth of devils.

The Jesuit Fathers, surrounded by peril on all sides, now determined, as far as possible, to concentrate their force in one central station, "to serve as a fort, magazine, hospital, and convent," and be a safe base of operations for other sections of the peninsula. The site of the new station (Sainte Marie) was on the border of what is now known as Mud Lake, an expansion of the little River Wye, and about a mile from

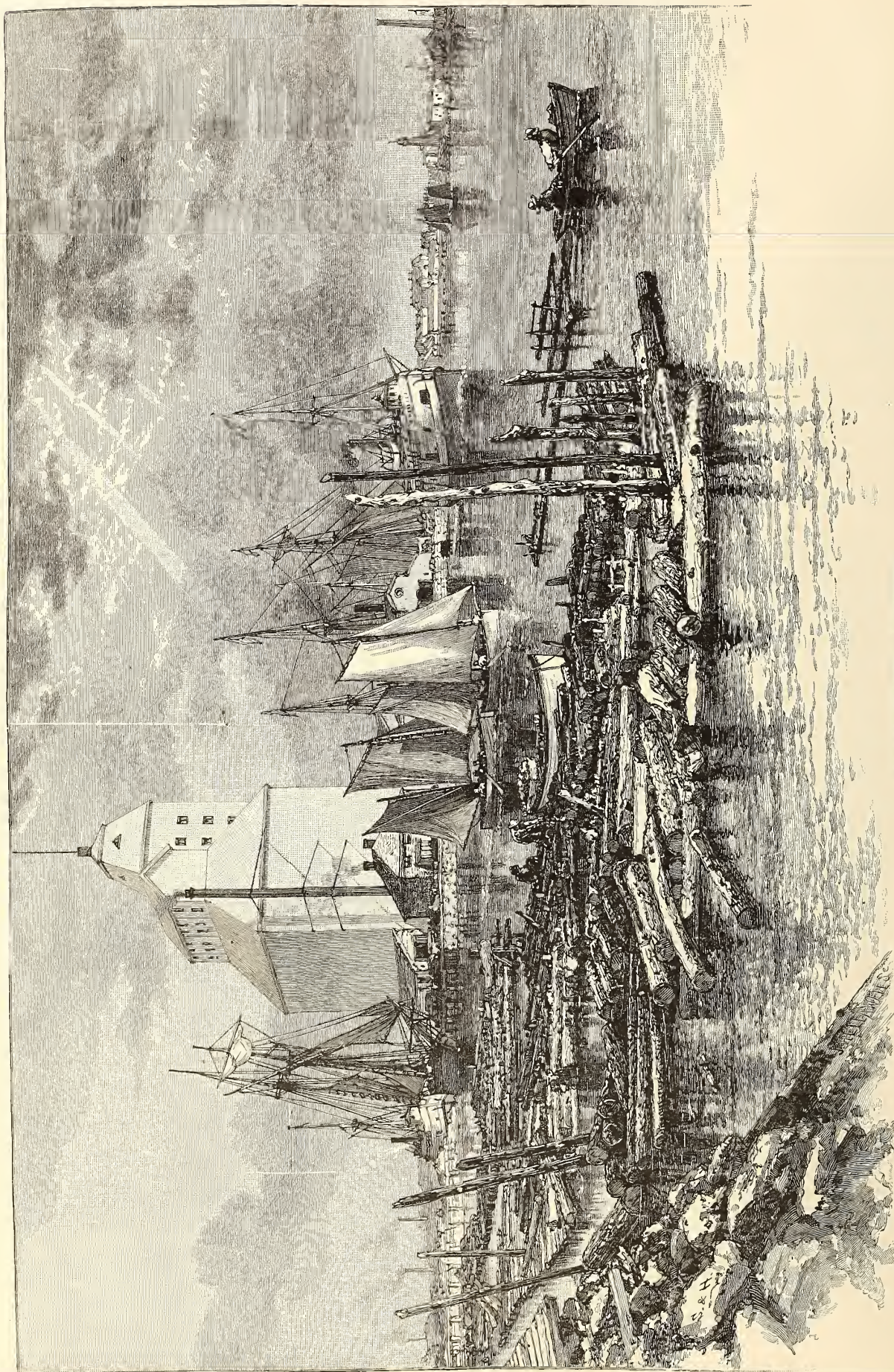




SKETCHES AT MEAFORD.

where it enters Gloucester Bay, an inlet of Matchedash. Here, for ten years, the Church had its stronghold, some trace of which, after the lapse of two hundred and fifty years, is yet visible. It had, moreover, been strengthened by soldiers, occasionally despatched from Quebec as an escort to the Fathers, and for a defence of the mission





COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.



when in jeopardy. Of the interior life of the mission, and the pious men who conducted it, Parkman has given us a graphic sketch:—

“It was a scene that might recall a remote, half feudal, half partriarchal age, when, under the smoky rafters of his antique hall, some warlike thane sat, with kinsmen and dependants ranged down the long board, each in his degree. Here, doubtless, Ragueneau, the Father Superior, held the place of honour; and, for chieftains scarred with Danish battle-axes, was seen a band of thoughtful men, clad in a threadbare garb of black, their brows swarthy from exposure, yet marked with the lines of intellect and a fixed enthusiasm of purpose. Here was Bressani, scarred with firebrand and knife; Chabonel, once a professor of rhetoric in France, now a missionary, bound by a self-imposed vow to a life from which his nature recoiled; the fanatical Chaumonot, whose character savoured of his peasant birth,—for the grossest fungus of superstition that ever grew under the shadow of Rome was not too much for his omnivorous credulity, and miracles and mysteries were his daily food; yet, such as his faith was, he was ready to die for it. Garnier, beardless like a woman, was of a far finer nature. His religion was of the affections and the sentiments; and his imagination, warmed with the ardour of his faith, shaped the ideal forms of his worship into visible realities. Brébeuf sat conspicuous among his brethren, portly and tall, his short moustache and beard grizzled with time,—for he was fifty-six years old. If he seemed impassive, it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind. The enthusiasm which with many is fitful and spasmodic was with him the current of his life,—solemn and deep as the tide of destiny. The Divine Trinity, the Virgin, the Saints, Heaven and Hell, Angels and Fiends,—to him, these alone were real, and all things else were nought. Gabriel Lalemant, nephew of Jerome Lalemant, Superior of Quebec, was Brébeuf’s colleague at the mission of St. Ignace. His slender frame and delicate features gave him an appearance of youth, though he had reached middle life; and, as in the case of Garnier, the fervour of his mind sustained him through exertions of which he seemed physically incapable. Of the rest of that company, little has come down to us but the bare record of their missionary toils; and we may ask in vain what youthful enthusiasm, what broken hope or faded dream, turned the current of their lives, and sent them from the heart of civilization to this savage outpost of the world.”

But we approach the period when desolation was to sweep over these Wilderness Missions. On the 4th of July, 1648, the storm burst on the frontier town of St. Joseph (Teanaustayé), five leagues distant from Sainte Marie, and not far from the present site of Barrie. Mass had just been celebrated in the mission chapel by Père Daniel, and his devout flock still knelt at their devotions. Suddenly the cry of “The Iroquois!” was shouted by the loungers on the palisades that surrounded the village, and froze on the lips of the women as they leapt from their knees in the sanctuary.



Most of the Huron warriors were absent at the chase, or off on a trading expedition to the French settlements. The wolfish dogs that lay asleep round the lodges crept in fear to a hiding-place. Succour there was none. The palisade was quickly forced. "Brothers," cried Father Daniel, "to-day we shall be in heaven!" Immersing his handkerchief in a bowl of water, he shook it over his panic-stricken congregation, and baptized them in the name of the Triune. His own hour had come! Wrapping his vestments about him, he strode to the door of the church, where a shower of arrows perforated his robes and a musket ball tore the way to his heart. Gashed and hacked by Iroquois tomahawks, his body was flung into the church, and the latter set fire to. The village itself was soon a heap of ashes; and of its two thousand inhabitants all were slain save one or two fugitives. Of the three other principal Missions, Sainte Marie, the most inland from the southern borders of the Huron territory, was the only one to escape. On the 15th of March, 1694, a thousand Iroquois crossed the frontier, and before daylight on the following morning had stealthily crept within the enclosures of St. Ignace. Its wretched inhabitants, some four hundred in number—chiefly women, old men, and children—were asleep and unsuspecting of danger. The onslaught was as swift as it was remorseless. A few minutes fell play with the hatchet sufficed to take the place captive. Three only escaped, but fortunately they were able to give the alarm at the next mission-post of St. Louis. Here were the Jesuit Fathers, Brébeuf and Lalemant. Before sunrise here, too, were the Iroquois. Apprised of their coming, many of the inhabitants made good their escape to Sainte Marie, though some eighty warriors stood by the defences and thrice beat back their assailants. The Hurons, brought to bay, fought with desperation; but their invaders were ten times their number. Crushing down the palisades, they poured into the village, captured the ministering Fathers and the surviving defenders, and gave the place to the flames. Brébeuf and Lalemant, stripped and bound, they carried off, with the unwounded of the Hurons, to St. Ignace, where, as Parkman tells us, "all turned out to wreak their fury on the two priests, beating them savagely with sticks and clubs as they drove them into the town."

For the two priests the end now drew near. Brébeuf, bound to a stake, was scorched from head to foot; his lower lip was cut away, and a heated iron thrust down his throat. A collar of red-hot hatchets was next hung round his neck; and, in travesty of the rite of baptism, kettlesful of boiling water were poured over his head. Not flinching under this torture, the Iroquois, enraged, cut strips of flesh from his limbs, scalped him, tore out his heart, devoured it, and drank his blood. Lalemant, physically unable to manifest the same fortitude, had strips of bark, smeared with pitch, bound to his naked body and set fire to. Half roasted, he was flung into confinement, tortured a whole night, and finally killed with the hatchet of an Iroquois who had grown weary of his protracted pastime. To the martyr missionaries, in such plight, was heaven opened.

The other prisoners met a speedier death. Brained with the hatchet, or bound to stakes beside the lodges, they perished in the flames that wrapt the village. Some few escaped, but so mutilated or scarred by the fagot that they were unable to reach succour, and died in the wintry woods. The inmates of Sainte Marie were kept in agonies of suspense. Praying and keeping guard, they hoped that Iroquois thirst for blood would be slaked, and that they might not be included in the common ruin. Refugees from the other villages were meanwhile massing round the fort, and, taking courage, they now became the attacking party. Two hundred Iroquois warriors presently advanced on Sainte Marie, and these the Hurons fell upon. The Iroquois were routed, and fled for shelter to St. Louis. Thither the Hurons pursued them, and they then made for St. Ignace. Here, stung by their losses, they threw themselves like fiends upon their assailants. The latter fought with fierce courage, and ere long the blood of a hundred Iroquois braves stained the snow. Victory fell, however, to the invaders, though at such cost as to incite them to withdraw from the territory. Before leaving, "they planted stakes in the bark houses of St. Ignace, and bound to them those of their prisoners whom they meant to sacrifice, male and female, from old age to infancy, husbands, mothers, and children, side by side. Then, as they retreated, they set the town on fire, and laughed with savage glee at the shrieks of anguish that rose from the blazing dwellings."

There is but one more chapter to recount in this Iliad of woe. What wonder, after the harrow had past over the homes and shrines of the tribe, that the few remaining lost heart and looked for refuge anywhere but in the places that once knew them! Like the dispersed of Israel, they sat by the waters and wept. Nor could the bereft priests give them aught of cheer, for the iron, too, had entered into the soul of each remaining missionary. All, however, were of one mind, that in flight lay the common safety. The first thought was to remove to the Grand Manitoulin; but, with touching pathos, the Hurons begged that they should seek an island nearer the graves of their kindred. The resort finally was to Isle St. Joseph, or, as it is now known, to Christian Island, off the north-west point of the Matchedash Peninsula. Sainte Marie was dismantled and abandoned; and on rafts all set out for their island refuge. Hither, from cape and islet, drew the fugitives; and for their support the new mission was taxed to its utmost. Despair sat upon each face, despondency was in every heart; but provision had to be made for the coming winter, and some little clearing was attempted and corn planted. The few, only, had strength to labour, and the harvest was scanty; yet six or eight thousand had to be fed, and by spring the dole of the mission was reduced to roots and acorns. With famine, stalked the pestilence, and the little corn-clearing became a charnel pit. But death was not the only enemy to keep at bay; for round the ill-fated island hovered the Iroquois. During the winter there had been raids upon the asylums of the neighbouring Tobacco Nation Indians,



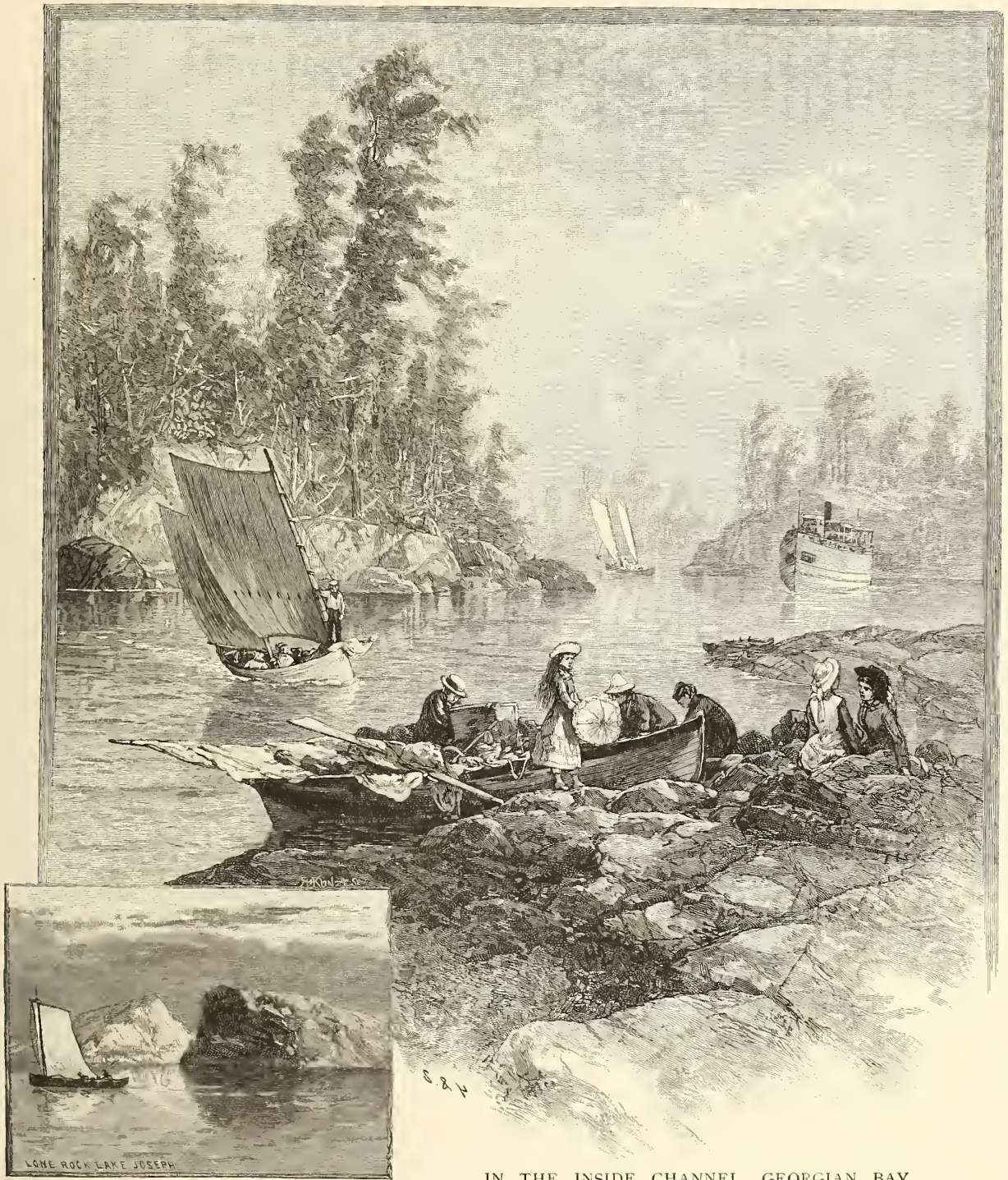
and there Fathers Garnier and Chabonel had met their doom. Of the cooped-up colony thousands had died, and all had given up hope. Those that had any life left must yet seek a more distant refuge. The treacherous ice was still in the channel, and bands essayed to cross to the mainland. Escaping one peril they fell into another. Those that reached the shore fell a prey to the Iroquois. Only one was known to escape.

In this deadly war of extermination how fared it with the missionaries? For a generation they had been the witnesses of an internecine strife almost without a parallel. They knew that the Huron brave was not without courage, but they saw that in every contest he was overmatched by the panther-stealth and brute force of the Iroquois. Each year saw the Hurons decimated and the tribe remorselessly being wiped out. The hope they had once cherished of establishing a permanent mission in the country had long since been dashed to the ground. Fishers of the souls of men they, too, had become the hunted of beasts.

Another week passed over, and more of the Hurons essayed to make the mainland, but met the same dire fate. To stay on the island was to die of famine; to go was to meet a worse death. A few stole off to become merged in neighbouring tribes; some sought refuge among the Neutrals and Eries; and the more shrewd threw in their lot with the far-off Andastes. There was yet a residue, and whither should they go? Over-reached cunning was soon to throw light on the question and make escape possible. It occurred in this wise:—

A Huron chief, with a few of the tribe, one day fell into an ambushade on the mainland. As they prepared to defend themselves, the Iroquois called out that they were among friends, and that their nation wished to conciliate the remaining Hurons on the island, and have them go back with the Iroquois to their country. The Huron chief, concealing his distrust, received the proffered wampum, and accepted their commission to open negotiations for peace with his kinsmen. Accompanied by one or two of the Iroquois, he returned to Isle St. Joseph and ostentatiously spread news of the armistice. A council of chiefs was instantly called, and the Iroquois overtures were gravely discussed. The leading men of the Hurons were secretly apprised that the Iroquois meant only to entrap them. Concealing their knowledge of this from the envoys, they gave assent to the proposal that both tribes should bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. Before setting out for the Iroquois country they feigned the desire to confer with more of the Iroquois Chiefs, and asked that a large delegation of them should cross to St. Joseph. Not dreaming that the Hurons had suspicion of their designs, they fell in with the proposal, and a considerable number joined the council. At a given signal the whole were slaughtered, and the Iroquois on the mainland, quickly divining the situation, rose in a panic and fled. Now was the opportunity for the mission! All instantly got ready, manned the canoes, bade farewell to the

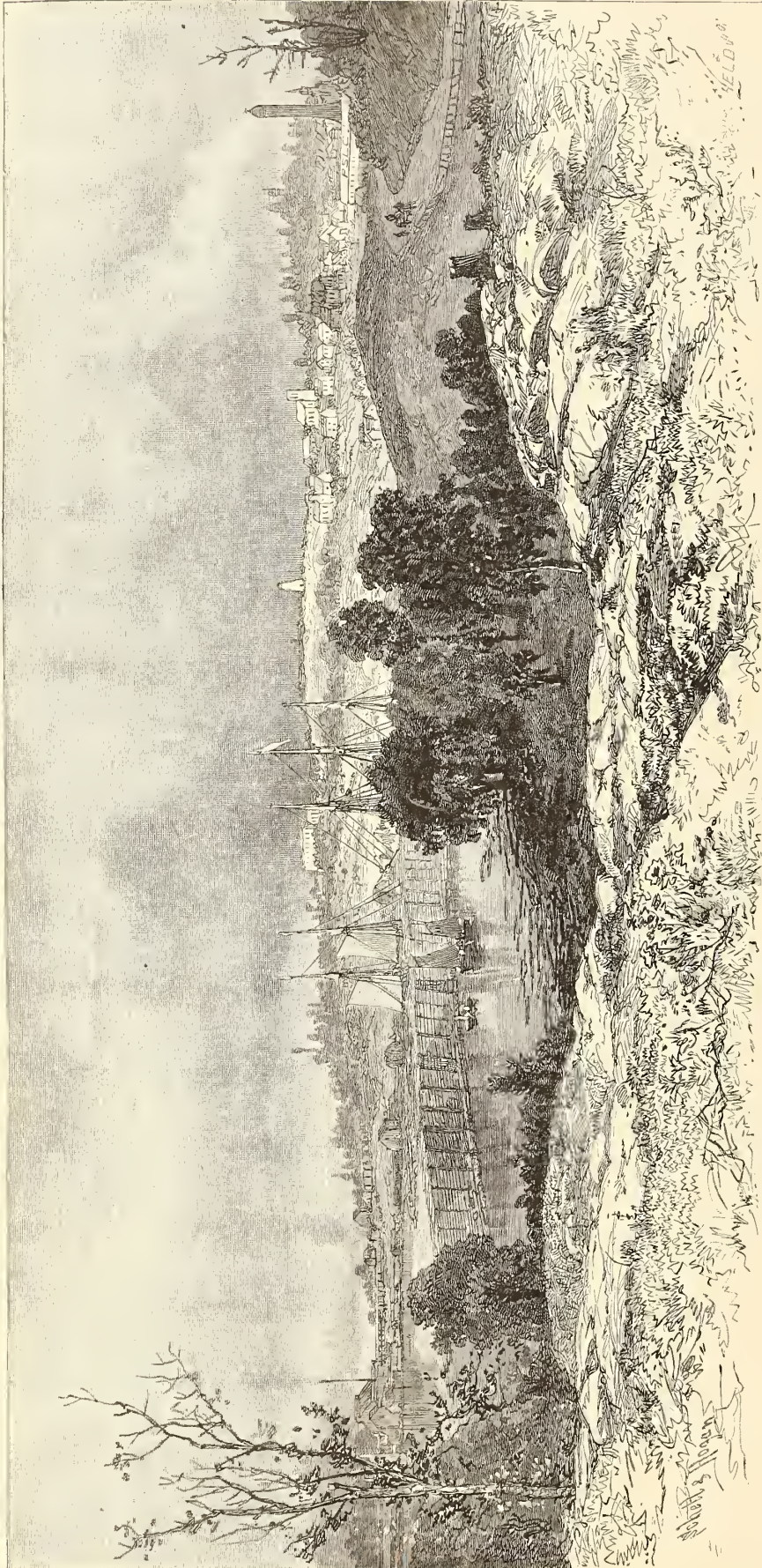




IN THE INSIDE CHANNEL, GEORGIAN BAY.

island, and paddled off to the north. Keeping together for safety, for days they threaded the islands of the Georgian Bay, and finally reached the French River. From here they crossed Lake Nipissing, and in time arrived at the Ottawa. Descending this great water-way to comparative civilization, they reached the junction of the Grand River and the St. Lawrence, and rested for a while at Ville Marie. As they came hither they met Bressani and a relieving expedition going up to strengthen the missions. It was, however, too late; and joining Ragueneau's party they returned to the settlements. At Montreal the Iroquois wolves were still on the trail for blood, and the





PARRY SOUND VILLAGE, FROM THE HARBOUR

Hurons would not be assured of safety until they could see Quebec. Thither they all set out, and on the twenty-eighth of July, 1650, attained rest and succour at the capital.

With the decimation of the Hurons and the abandonment of their country, the heroic story of the French Missions in this part of the wilderness summarily closes. It is a story sublime in its record of suffering, peril, and death. After the lapse of over two centuries, almost all memory of the terrible events we have described has passed from even the Canadian mind. Nature herself seems to have forgotten the tragedy, for, as the historian we have freely quoted remarks, "the forest has long since resumed its sway over the spot." Only to the student of history, the antiquary, or the annalist, has



the drear story any interest. Even the settler in the district is far from familiar with the by-gone tale. Modern pioneering in the region where the events occurred troubles its head as little over the drama as it concerns itself with the ravages of Attila or the invasion of the Goths. The story is one of the long past; and, having recalled it, we may recur to the present.

Now we come within the range of living history, and if we again meet the wayward child of the woods, of whom our narrative has been so full, and who, fierce



INDIAN WOMEN CARRYING BERRIES TO MARKET.

in tattoo and war-paint, was the one disturbing figure in the heroic age of Canada, we shall not find him quite the barbarian he was, nor retaining in himself or his race the war-like instincts which heredity might be expected to perpetuate. Colonization in the modern era has at least been spared the work of fighting devils. The settler has had to subdue Nature, not the savage. If wild beasts have at times ventured about his clearing, their skins have been worth something; and if he was not himself a sportsman, he could relegate the task of keeping vermin at bay to the spring-gun and the trap. His chief toil was not the extermination of animal life, but the clearing a home for himself in the forest, the hewing down of great trees, the eradication of stumps, the burning of brush, and the turning up, draining, and seeding of the soil. In this was his labour, and in due time he had his reward. Where was once a realm of forest-wealth and tangled growths of interlacing boughs, with here and there a faintly traced pathway or blazed trail, which only the Indian or the experienced woodsman could find his way through, there are clearings now open to the sunlight, fertile farms and busy industries, and a net-work of railroads, highways, and other means of communication,

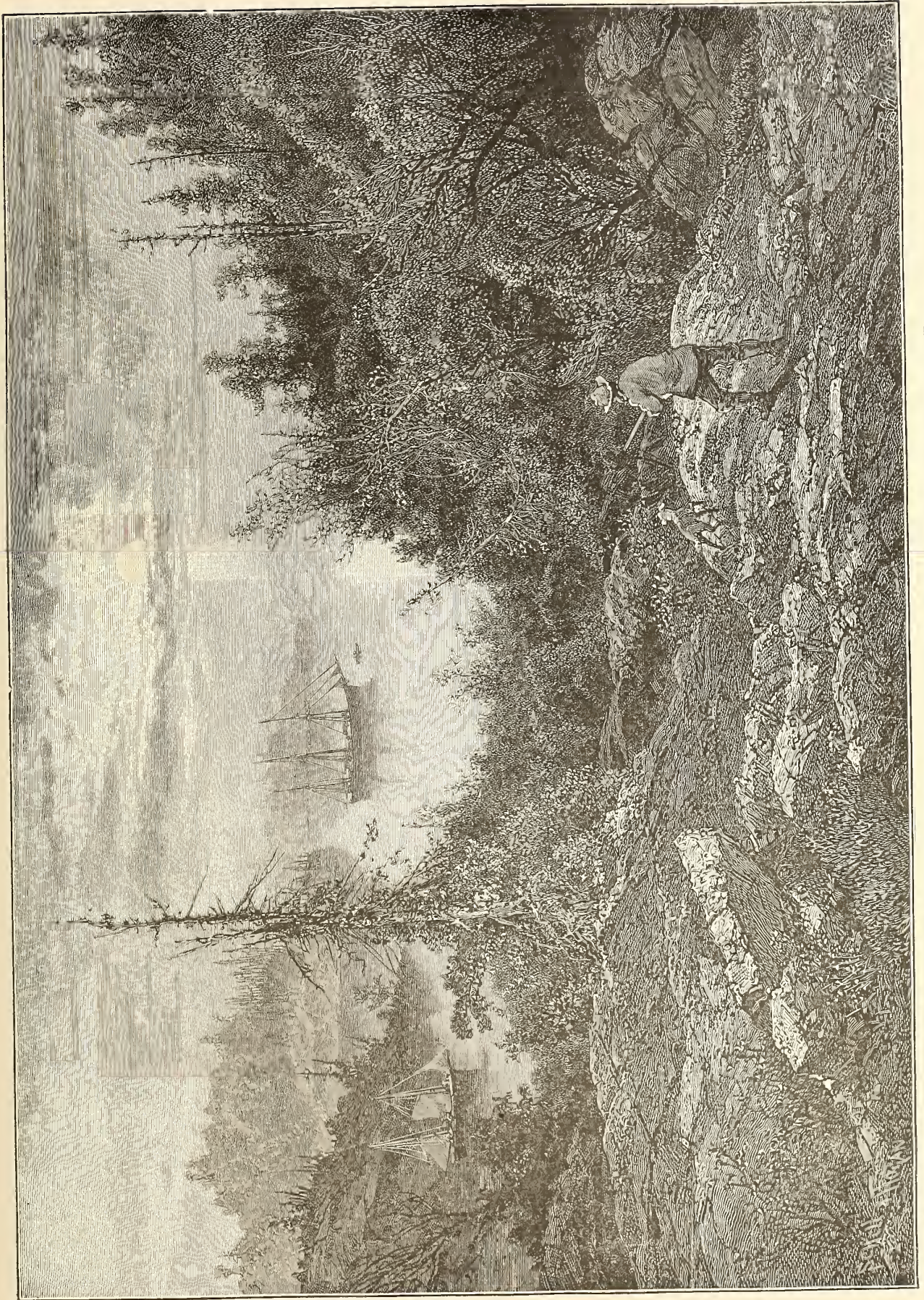
which tap the lakes at all points, and bring happily together the outer and inner world of life, work, and enjoyment. A glance at the map will show what recent years have done for this district, in bringing it within the embrace of the railway system of the continent; and on all sides there is talk of railway extension, of farther invasion into the old realm of the forest, that will open up large additional tracts of country and vastly increase the area of this great "Land of Homes."

It is not quite thirty years since the first railroad was built to connect Lake Ontario with Lake Huron; and now, in addition to the "Northern," which was the earliest railway enterprise in the Province, we have to the east of it the "Midland," extending from Port Hope, *via* Lindsay, Beaverton, and Orillia, to Gloucester Bay, in the Matchedash Peninsula, and, as it happens, passing the very site of the old Jesuit Mission of Sainte Marie. On the west, the "Toronto, Grey & Bruce" is seen stretching its long iron antennæ from the Provincial capital to Owen Sound. The "Northern," of Toronto, and its artery of connections with the "North-Western" of Hamilton, tap the Georgian Bay at Collingwood, Meaford, and Penetanguishene, and put forth a shoot round the southern boundary of the old Huron settlements on Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, into the Free Grant lands of Muskoka at Gravenhurst, with early prospect of extension northward to Lake Nipissing and the line of the "Canada Pacific," and north-west to Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Superior.

To feed these railway lines there is not only the rapidly increasing local trade, and the lumber industries of the Georgian Bay and adjacent region, but there is the great traffic of the Far West, which recent years have marvellously developed, and which, through these Northern ports, pours its tribute, in annually extending volume, into the lap of the Province. Besides the fleet of propellers engaged in the grain trade between Collingwood and Midland, and the ports of Lake Michigan, there are the two lines interested in the iron, copper, and silver ore trade of Lake Superior and in the immigrant and general carrying trade of Prince Arthur and Duluth, *viz.*: the Collingwood Line, operated by the Canada Transit Company, in connection with the Northern and North-Western Railroad, and the Owen Sound Steamship Company, running in direct connection with the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railroad. In addition to this traffic with the upper lakes, the Great Northern Transit Company have a steamer, in the interest of tourists and sportsmen, periodically plying between Collingwood and Penetanguishene and the ports of Parry Sound and French River. The Muskoka and Nipissing Navigation Company have also an excellent steamboat service on the lakes of the Muskoka region, giving access not only to the picturesque and loch-eaten districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound, but, by way of the water stretches and colonization roads beyond the Maganetawan, to the solitudes of Lake Nipissing and the more silent and distant waters of Hudson Bay.

With the enumeration of the various railway and steamboat services of this sec-





PARRY SOUND, FROM THE HEIGHTS NEAR PARRY SOUND VILLAGE.



tion of Ontario, it would be unfair to overlook the laborious governmental and municipal enterprises, in connection with the construction of the great roadways which preceded the railway age, and gave access to the settlements which, since the Simcoe period, have one after another sprung up in this part of the Province. In point of time, the first of those was the work of the Queen's Rangers, alluded to in our Toronto article, the construction of the highway called after Sir George Yonge, English Secretary of War in 1791, the period of Governor Simcoe's administration. This road, which was partly in the line of the old Indian trail between Lakes Ontario and Huron, extends from Toronto Harbour to the Holland Landing, where communication northward is had by the Holland River to Lake Simcoe, thence, again by road, constructed at a somewhat later date, on to the military station and dock-yard of Penetanguishene. This road, which surmounts a high ridge of drift, lying roughly parallel to Lake Ontario, and some miles back from its shores, was first settled along the Oak Ridges by French Royalist refugees, who had repaired thither after the French Revolution, and had received grants of land from the British government of the day. To the north of this, and outside of the region long known as the Home District, settlement was next made, in the neighbourhood of Fort Gwillimbury, on the Holland River, and round the shores of Kempenfeldt Bay, by military and naval officers, who were pensioned off at the close of the War of 1812-15.

This band of settlers, with the Scotch colony in the south-western portion of West Gwillimbury, formed by a returned draft from Lord Selkirk's Red River settlement, by process of evolution and immigration to the region, at a later day became the nuclei of the population of what, after the founding of the Municipal system, at the period of the Union of the Upper and Lower Provinces, was known as the county of Simcoe. These good people, with their contemporaries who formed the line of settlement along the extent of Yonge Street, took an active part at the Rebellion period in the "irrepressible conflict" of the time—on the one side, in upholding the historical Family Compact and its doings, or, on the other, in siding with the champions of popular rights, even to the extent of sounding the trumpet note of sedition. But neither into the political contests, nor into the municipal history of these northern counties, can we afford to go, save as the story bears on the opening up and settlement of the region. Even the record of social and industrial progress we can only incidentally glance at, and express the surprise that our historians are doing so little in collecting the gossip and ana of the various localities of the Province, whose early settlers have a story of heroism to tell which well deserves to be enshrined in the country's annals.

Besides the first and chief artery of communication from the Provincial capital to the waters of Simcoe, thence through the townships of Vespra and Flos to Penetanguishene, two other post-roads were early opened from Kempenfeldt Bay, in the

direction of Collingwood. These were the Sunnidale Road, through the township of that name, and a road, due west, on the Concession line that skirts the southern boundaries of the townships of Vespra, Sunnidale, and Nottawasaga, to the point where it intersects what is termed Hurontario Street, which runs due north from Orangeville to Collingwood. From the latter, communication is had westward by the Sydenham and Saugeen Road, *via* Meaford and Owen Sound, to Lake Huron. On the western side of the bold ridge that extends south-west from the Blue Mountains at Collingwood, by way of Orangeville and Hamilton to the Niagara River, are a number of main gravel roads, which traverse the county of Grey, and give access to its principal villages, and to Owen Sound, the county town and chief port. Two of these highways, the Garafraxa and the Toronto and Sydenham Roads, were surveyed, the former in 1837, and the latter so recently as 1848. Each, within the county, is about forty miles in length. The Garafraxa Road, which enters Grey at Mount Forest, on the borders of the county of Wellington, runs almost due north through Durham and Chatsworth, where the Sydenham Road joins it, to Owen Sound. The Toronto and Sydenham Road enters the county at its south-east angle, and, by way of Flesherton, close by which are the Eugenia Falls, strikes north-west for the county town. These roads are intersected about the middle of the county by the Durham Road, which runs west from Barrie, *via* Singhampton, Flesherton, and Durham, to Kincardine and Lake Huron.

The Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railroad, already referred to in connection with the railway system of the county, runs parallel with the Toronto and Sydenham post-road, intersects the townships of Melancthon, Artemesia, and Holland, and reaches Owen Sound by the western borders of the township of Sydenham. The Indian townships of the peninsula, stretching off to the north-west of Owen Sound, are served by the Wellington, Grey & Bruce Railway, an extension of which runs north to Colpoy's Bay.

With this glance from the rear at the principal towns of the Georgian Bay, the reader will be prepared to accompany us round the shores of the bay; and, placing himself on some point out on its waters, will be able, with his face southward, to note how the various ports on this inland sea have for their chief centre and converging point the capital of the Province, which, in the successive eras of its progress, aided the construction of a network of communication to these northern waters, and, in ever increasing measure, thrills it with the pulsations of its commercial and industrial life. To speak of what was once a distant Toronto to an old settler of the region, is to recall to his mind the unbroken forest round the shores of the bay, with all the crudity and roughness, as well as the stern solitude, of the first settlement period, when steamships and locomotives were yet in the womb of time, and the only echoes of the place were the scream of the loon and the occasional click of the woodman's





TOWN HALL AND MARKET, BARRIE.

axe. Compared with that period, what cheer to him must it now be to own the hundreds of cleared acres that smile their plenty round the homestead his own hands have reared; to note the traffic on lake, road, and rail that passes daily before his eyes; to have towns, mills, churches, school-houses, and the doctor, within easy reach of his dwelling, with nothing to vex or make afraid, save, it may be, the itinerant book-hawker or nurseryman, and the vote-hunting politician. Does the early settler say "that, notwithstanding, the former times were better than these?" Then he but plays a prank on his memory, or fails to put in the scale against past pleasures the richer life of the present.

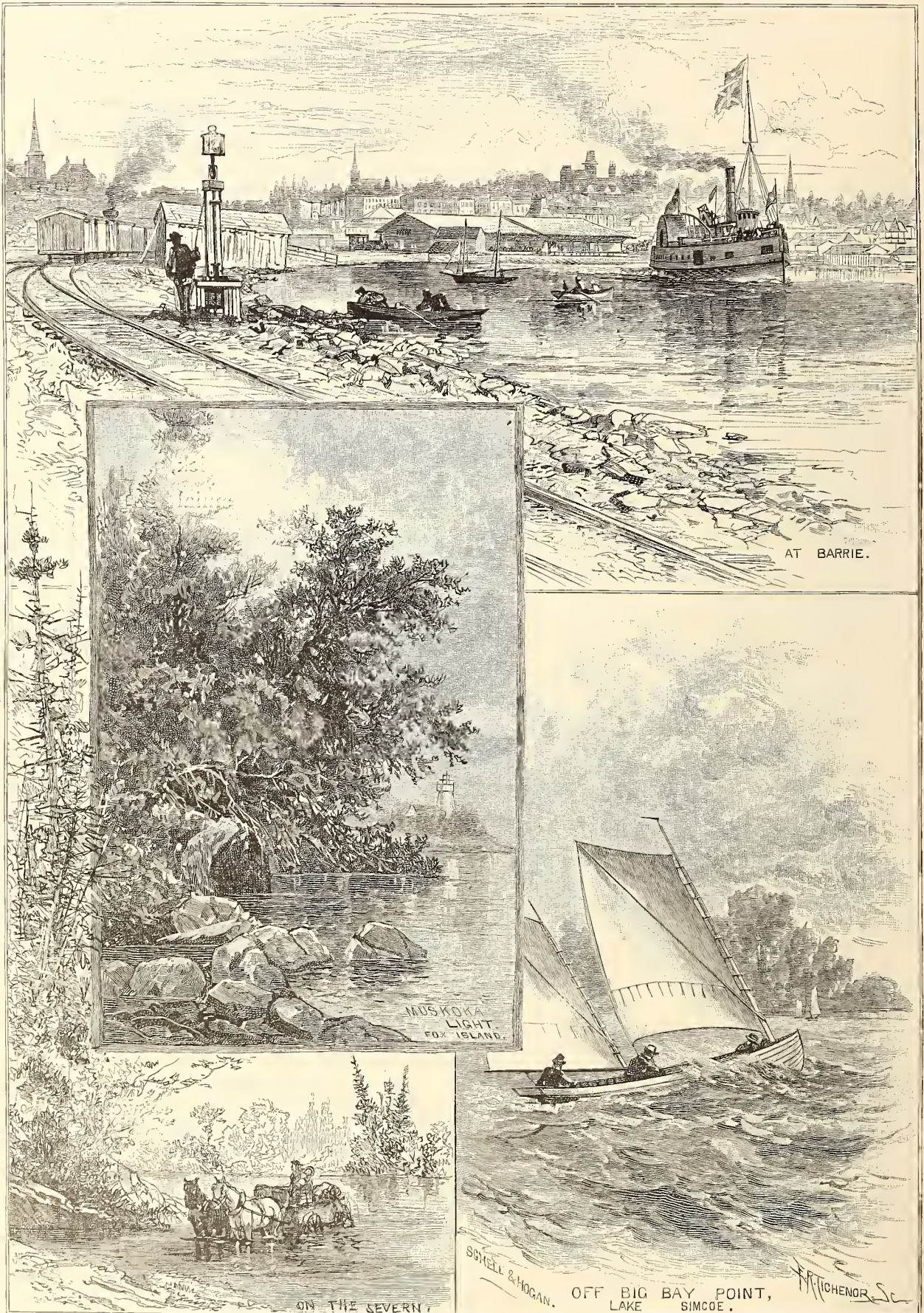


From Meaford, in the county of Grey, to Collingwood, is an hour's ride by rail. The road skirts the shores of the bay, and in the vicinity of Thornbury affords a delightful glimpse of the high bluffs of the Blue Mountains, which traverse the township of Collingwood and shoot off southward through the Province. There is some fine scenery in the neighbourhood of these mountains, which are largely composed of metamorphic rock, and are fissured and hollowed in a gruesome manner. Here was the home of the Tobacco Nation; and in the glens and caves of the region the hunted of the tribe, no doubt, often sought refuge from the Iroquois. Some of the fissures in the rocks which the tourist steps over are a hundred feet deep. In the southern portion of the adjoining township of Nottawasaga, the Mad River, a tributary of the Nottawasaga, pursues its headlong and erratic course, and supplies the motive power to many mills and other industries in the villages of the township. The other streams are the Pretty and the Bateau, both of which fall into Nottawasaga Bay. Throughout the township are a number of excellent school-houses, mostly of brick, a model of one of which, School Section No. 20, was on view at the Centennial Exhibition, and attracted the notice of the representatives of foreign governments, some of whom had copies of it made. From the character and equipment of the school-houses of the district, we would infer that education in Nottawasaga township fares well.

But we now arrive at Collingwood, which derives its name from the great admiral. It is situated on Hen and Chickens Harbour, as it used to be called, from a group of small islands of that name a short distance from shore. The position of the town is not attractive, and any importance it has is due to the fact that it is the terminus of the Northern and North-Western Railroad, and the chief port of departure for the steamers on the Upper Lakes. Its principal local trade is in fish and lumber, and in the latter, particularly, there is much money invested. During the summer season the wharves present a busy spectacle, in the going and coming, the loading and unloading, of the various craft engaged in the passenger and carrying trade of the North-west. Lofty elevators and capacious warehouses give facility for the handling and despatch of this through trade; while an extensive harbour affords accommodation for the mooring and transhipment of the great rafts of timber that come down from the Algoma and Parry Sound inlets. The port statistics in grain of a single season would surprise "the uncommercial traveller," and open his mind to the wealth of the Occident. The tonnage of the iron ore from Lake Superior that passes this port in transit, would also be a revelation to him; and the shipments annually increase in volume and in value. Collingwood has active competitors for the commerce of the West, and more picturesque towns are likely to snatch from it the tourist trade.

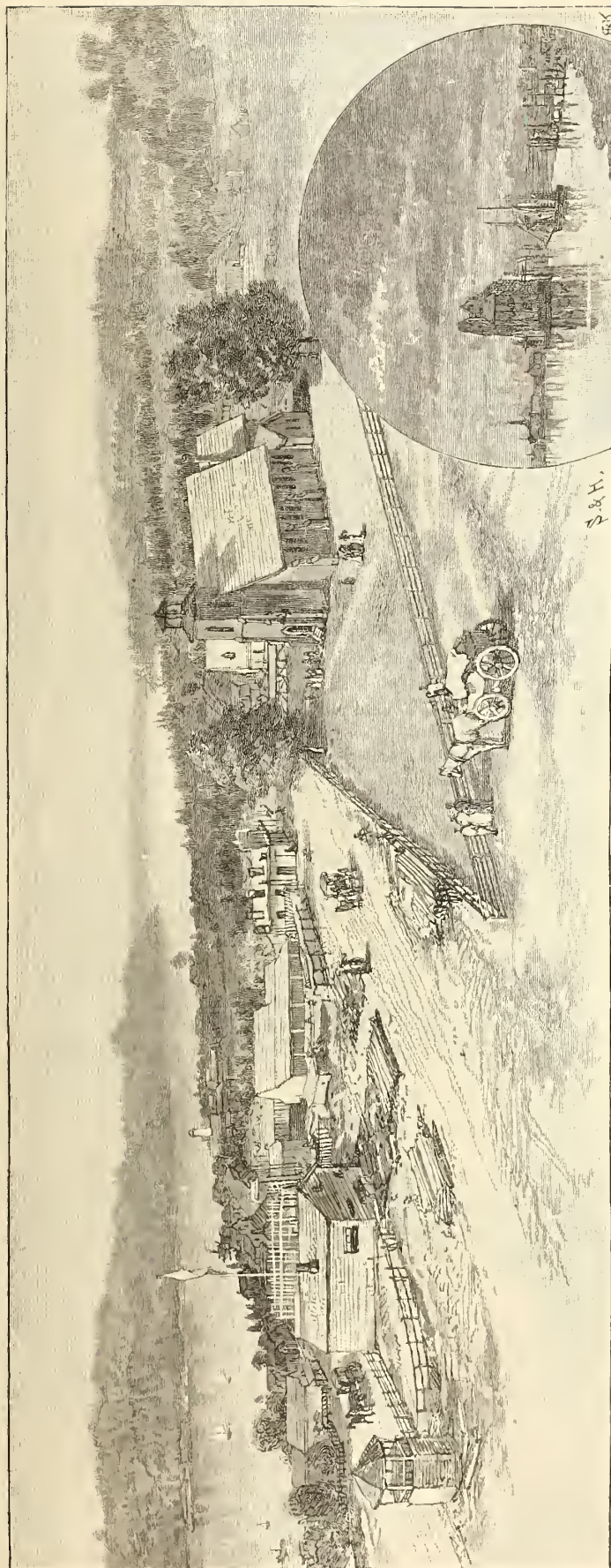
Of the Georgian Bay we shall have more to say farther on, particularly of the romantic scenery about the islands of Parry Sound, and of the charming inshore excursion from the Sound to Penetanguishene. Meantime, leaving Collingwood, let us



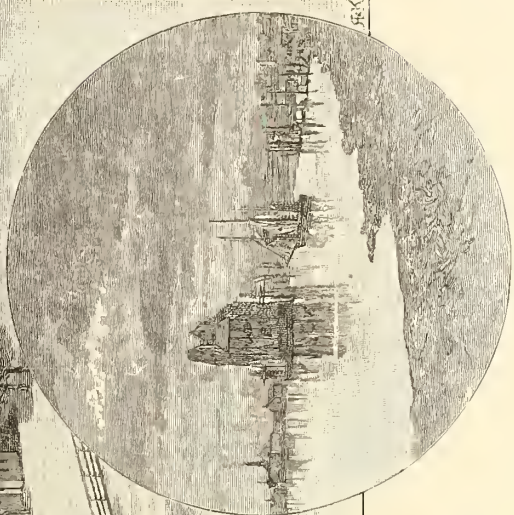


SCENES ABOUT LAKE SIMCOE.





PENETANGUISHENE.



MIDLAND.

run down the "North-  
 ern," past the busy  
 villages engaged in the  
 lumber trade of Stay-  
 ner and Angus, to  
 Allandale and Barrie,  
 where we shall meet  
 the tourists from To-  
 ronto bound for the  
 Muskoka Lakes. At  
 the pretty station of  
 Allandale, any fine  
 morning during the months of  
 July, August, and September, one  
 is likely to meet stray pleasure-  
 seekers, or family or camping  
 parties, with the *impedimenta* of  
 canoes, camp-stores, and cooking  
 utensils, bound northward for a  
 few days or weeks' relaxation in  
 the labyrinth of waters that fill  
 the hollows of Muskoka. With-  
 in easy hail of the Provincial  
 capital there is no trip more de-  
 lightful, or to the overworked  
 business or professional man more  
 invigorating, than a journey north-  
 ward to the high latitudes and  
 changeful scenes of Lakes Mus-  
 koka, Rosseau, or Joseph. We  
 here name these waters alone of  
 the region, simply because they  
 are most reliably served by the  
 steamboats on the lakes. The  
 district, however, is, in minia-  
 ture, like the west of Scotland,  
 minus the mountains and the  
 heather, a land of lochs and  
 isles, hills and dales, and, "bar-



ring" the black fly and the mosquito, a veritable paradise for the devotees of the rod and gun.

But we are as yet some hours from Paradise, though the sheen of the waters at our feet beguiles us into the belief that we are within its portals. The view from the junction at Allandale, of Barrie opposite, the long sweep of Kempenfeldt Bay, and the wooded shores of either side, softly receding from the vision, is one of the most perfect bits of Nature the Province can boast. The outlook over the Dundas Valley, and that from the heights of Queenston, may be bracketed with it, in their appeals to the artist eye and the poetic instinct. Barrie has already been introduced in our pages in connection with the early military highway from Toronto to Penetanguishene. Its town records begin to date from 1819, when it became a depot for military stores for posts on the Upper Lakes, and for settlers' supplies in the neighbouring townships. In its annals is recorded the visit of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin, who, in



STEAMBOAT LANDING, ORILLIA.

1825, made a halt at the town on his way, by this overland route, to the regions of the Far North. Later, by a couple of years, John Galt accepted its as yet rough hospitalities on his land-exploring expedition, in the interest of the Canada Company, to Penetanguishene, which he refers to as "the remotest and most inland dock-yard that owns allegiance to 'the meteor flag of England.'" The town takes its name from Commodore Barrie, who commanded a British naval squadron at Kingston



during the War of 1812-15. At this period, and for some time after, the military post at Barrie was protected by an armed schooner on the Lake, kept in commission, it is said, by a family of U. E. Loyalists, until the piping times of peace supplanted the war-ship by the non-belligerent craft of commerce. The marine history connected with Lake Simcoe and the county town is really more interesting than that of Barrie itself; but we must pass it by, with much else of local concern. The present-day aspect of the town is singularly attractive. It is a delightful mixture of the *rus in urbe*, and its residences on the finely-wooded ridge, that forms the background to the town, have an Old World air of comfort and beauty. It has the advantages of a good market, a handsome town-hall, a court-house, many fine churches, a collegiate institute, with an able teaching staff, and an excellent model school. Its citizens have also been public-spirited enough to lay out and maintain a pleasure park; and private enterprise has supplied the conventional political organs, warranted to play the whole *repertoire* of party tunes.

At Lake Simcoe, or, if desired, at Holland Landing, Bradford, or Belle Ewart, the tourist can launch himself on the waters of that long chain of lake and river communication that stretches, by devious ways, for a hundred miles or so northward. With a canoe or light-draught sail boat, he can start from the Holland River, cross Cooks' Bay and Lake Simcoe, and make for the Narrows, at the entrance of Lake Couchiching, in one day's paddling or sailing. Resting for the night at Orillia, or, if he prefers it, on some island or point of land in the neighbourhood, another day's journey will take him over the beautiful waters of Couchiching, and down the windings of the Severn River, say as far as Sparrow Lake. From this central point he can continue his explorations, in one direction, throughout the length of the Severn to its mouth on Matchedash Bay, and so on, in and about the inlets of this estuary, or by direct flight northward through the maze of islands that gem the inshore waters of the Georgian Bay, to the archipelago of Parry Sound. In another direction, he can quit his camping-ground on the shores of Sparrow Lake, and, leaving the Severn River, strike northward through Morrison, Rice, Long, Deer, and Pine Lakes, into the southern waters of Muskoka; or, branching off at Leg Lake, by sundry portages, *via* Echo, Gull, and Clear Lakes, emerge in the vicinity of the beautiful Falls of Bala. Continuing this latter trip, he may descend the Muskosh River, a continuation of the Muskoka, on the western side of the Lake, and, by way of Go Home Lake, strike the Georgian Bay, in the township of Gibson. From Sparrow Lake another expedition might be determined upon eastward, by the River and Lake Kah-she-she-bog-a-mog, on by Housey's Rapids, Bass Lake, and Garter Snake River, to the heart of the township of Ryde, returning from Kah-she-she-bog-a-mog, by the northern branch of the river, past the Falls at Malta, and so on to the point from which he set out. In any and all of the expeditions he will have to be his own caterer. If attached to





MUSKOKA LAKE.



a party, he may find one of the number willing to experiment in the culinary art, *pro bono publico*; if alone, and with no stomach for the food he cooks, he had better resort to some of the Indian villages on his way up the lakes, and hire a *chef de cuisine*, who will also be useful as a guide and an aid in portaging.

To those making for the larger waters of the region, and with no craving for the novelties of camping-out, or relishment for an *al fresco* meal on a bare rock or burnt stump in the woods, we would bid them keep discreetly to their "Pullman" on the Northern, until they arrive at Gravenhurst and are transferred to the steamers on Muskoka, thence to one or other of the hotels at some point on the lakes. From Barrie (to return to our narrative), the "Northern" trends round the upper shores of the old *lac des Claies* (L. Simcoe), past the sombre woods of Shanty Bay, and on through Oro township to Orillia. Shanty Bay was first settled by Lt. Col. Wm. O'Brien, who came some sixty years ago to the district on a philanthropic mission in connection with a proposal, on the part of the British Government, to found a coloured colony in the township of Oro. The enthusiasm of the Wilberforce period dying out, the project was never prosecuted beyond the stage of giving its African name to the township. The region was subsequently in part settled by half-pay officers of the army and navy, Kempenfeldt Bay receiving its name from a retired naval commander, who was with Admiral Duncan in his engagements with the Dutch.

We now approach the pretty town of Orillia and the waters of Couchiching, which, being translated, means the "Lake of Many Winds." Here we begin to feel the exhilaration of a high latitude, the Lake being 750 feet above Ontario, and almost 400 feet above Superior. On either side of the high plateau the rivers run in opposite directions. Formerly, there was a steamboat service between Barrie and the Lake Simcoe ports and Orillia; but of late the railways have supplanted the steamers. The latter, however, are still to be chartered for excursion parties, and for the outing of the townspeople. As we draw up to the station, a well-known craft on these waters steams to the landing, and throngs the wharf with holiday folks, among whom the Indian silently stalks, selling his gay bead-work and birch-bark knick-knacks.

The settlement of the township of Orillia was begun about the year 1830, and from its thrifty homesteads have come many young men who have taken prominent positions in the ranks of the professions. The town, however, has been largely associated with Indian history. Near by was the fortified Huron town of Cahiaqué; and here, from 1828 to 1839, were located, under treaty, large numbers of the Chippewa tribe, who were subsequently removed to Rama, an extensive Indian reserve on the other side of the Lake. To this tribe Lord Dufferin, in 1874, paid a memorable visit. This act of vice-regal courtesy was much appreciated, and brought out on the Lake a large and vivid mustering of the wards of the nation. The modern town of Orillia is attractively situated on ground which shelves up somewhat

abruptly from the lake. From the heights the outlook on the Lake is charming, the scene, as the writer recalls it on a bright summer afternoon, being one of warm, soft



ORILLIA, FROM "THE NARROWS."

sunlight and glistening beauty. On the wharves every facility is given for boating, fishing, and general rustication; the islands and points round the Lake are inviting; and trolling and angling is lively work. Magnificent hauls of sparkling brook-trout and the finest of bass, on a suitable day, will repay the sportsman; and, in the proper season, a good showing of partridge or duck can be bagged.

Opposite the town is a locality known as "The Narrows," the link of connection between Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching; and in the reeds and clear shallows of the place wing and fin congregate. On a beautifully wooded spur of land, close by, a company some years ago erected a spacious hotel, and laid out a number of acres in ornamental grounds; but not long after its erection the hotel, unfortunately, fell a prey to the flames. Over the Narrows the two railways pass by means of long swing bridges built on piles, and in passing afford to the traveller a pleasing glimpse of Orillia and its vicinity.

Leaving Orillia, and crossing the Narrows, our road by rail now lies along the east side of Lake Couchiching, through the township of Rama, until we come to Washago and Severn Bridge. At Washago the agriculturist, or even the cattle-grazier, will be appalled at the abrupt and startling change in the aspect of Nature. Here the Cyclops met the poor settler, with his heart in his mouth, as he took his first look of Muskoka through this stern gateway of the Free Grant Lands. Geologically, the district is singularly interesting; but such an uptilting of the ground-floor of primeval rock must have daunted the soul of the sturdiest intending settler. Yet this



mass of gneiss,—a compound of quartz, mica, and granite,—is but an abruptly jutting barrier, seemingly shot up to test his metal, and ere long mercifully to disappear, if he has courage to go forward. We have spoken of approaching a Paradise: the first impression of the immigrant must be that he has come to the confines of an Inferno.

At Severn Bridge, a few miles farther on, the granite frown upon Nature's face visibly softens; and as we cross the outlet of the waters of Couchiching, which here find their way to the Georgian Bay by the Severn River, we quit the county of Simcoe and enter the township of Morrison, the first block in the territorial heritage of the settler. Here, by the bounty of the Crown, a tract of land, with an area, in the districts alone of Muskoka and Parry Sound, of over six thousand square miles, has been set aside, under the Provincial Free Grant and Homestead Act of 1868, for the homes of Immigrants. Under the least irksome conditions of settlement, the male head of a family can acquire, "without money and without price," two hundred acres of cultivable land; and each son over the age of eighteen can become possessed of a hundred acres in his own right, for the purposes of *bona fide* settlement and cultivation.



ENTERING INDIAN RIVER, LAKE ROSSEAU.

The Free Grant Lands we are entering upon extend, or are designed to extend, from Severn Bridge, on the south, to Lake Nipissing and the French River, on the

north. Their longitudinal area comprises a belt of varying breadth, reaching from the Georgian Bay, through Muskoka, portions of Victoria, Haliburton, Nipissing, and Renfrew, to the Ottawa. For the most part, it is only honest to say, that the Free Grant territory is a wild region; but, though hitherto the abodes of solitude, the several districts are rapidly being brought within reach of civilization, and here and there under a fair measure of cultivation. The district we are at present concerned with affords the most convincing evidence of this. It is not many years since the rigours of residence in the district harrowed the heart of the humane, in British journals, to deter immigration hither. But the same journals that published the wails of English gentlewomen, who braved the early terrors of the region, have since given gratifying testimony to the improved conditions of its later life. "Misery loves company," says the old proverb, though the attractions of misery will hardly account for an increase in the population of the district from 300 in the year 1861, to 30,000 in the year 1882. But population has not been its only gain. Population, while giving the settler a neighbour, gives the neighbourhood the benefit of his work. The region has been opened up; clearings have been made; roads cut; mills started; boats chartered; and communication everywhere extended. The settler can now get not only into his clearing, but he can get out to a market. He can even have his daily mail; and in many quarters the morning city papers are read by thousands in the district each day before dark. This circumstance goes a long way in reconciling the settler to his lot, for in lonely regions there is no cheer more potent than the passing steamboat or stage carrying the mail-bag.

The truth about Muskoka is not now a matter of doubt: it has had its day of small things, and the settler his hour of trial. Isolated from his fellows, the pioneer's life was set in shadows. If he had to cross a stream, it was upon logs; and his nearest neighbour may once have been a weeks' journey off. We have heard of a settler who had lost count of the days of the week, and through a whole winter had been keeping Tuesday as the Day of Rest. Nowadays, unless as a protest against Sabbatarianism, there is little danger of the settler consciously repeating this mistake, for not only is he now surrounded by neighbours, but the permanent missions and the itinerant divinity student may be trusted to jog his memory in regard to the ecclesiastical calendar. His temporal well-being, whatever hardships he has had to undergo, is now beyond dispute. Within the space of ten or twelve years, men who have taken up land in the district, and who brought little with them save their families and their pluck, have each their homestead and clearing, with well filled barns and more or less stock. The climate is delightful, and, particularly round the lakes, has not the extremes of temperature experienced in the older settled portions of the Province. Wheat raising, it is true, is not always to be depended upon, but with the introduction of artificial fertilizers, this objection may soon be removed. Grasses, however,





SOUTH MUSKOKA FALLS.

grow luxuriantly, and coarse grains and root crops are an amazing success. The pasture, moreover, doesn't burn up in midsummer as it does to the south. Hence, for stock-raising and dairying, there is



no portion of the Province so suitable. Cattle live and fatten in the woods for seven months in the year. In the woods, indeed, they find their most succulent pasturage, and from choice they will leave a clover-field to browse on the shoots of the young basswood and maple. For sheep-raising the rocky land of the district is also excellent, as vegetation is both nutritious and abundant.

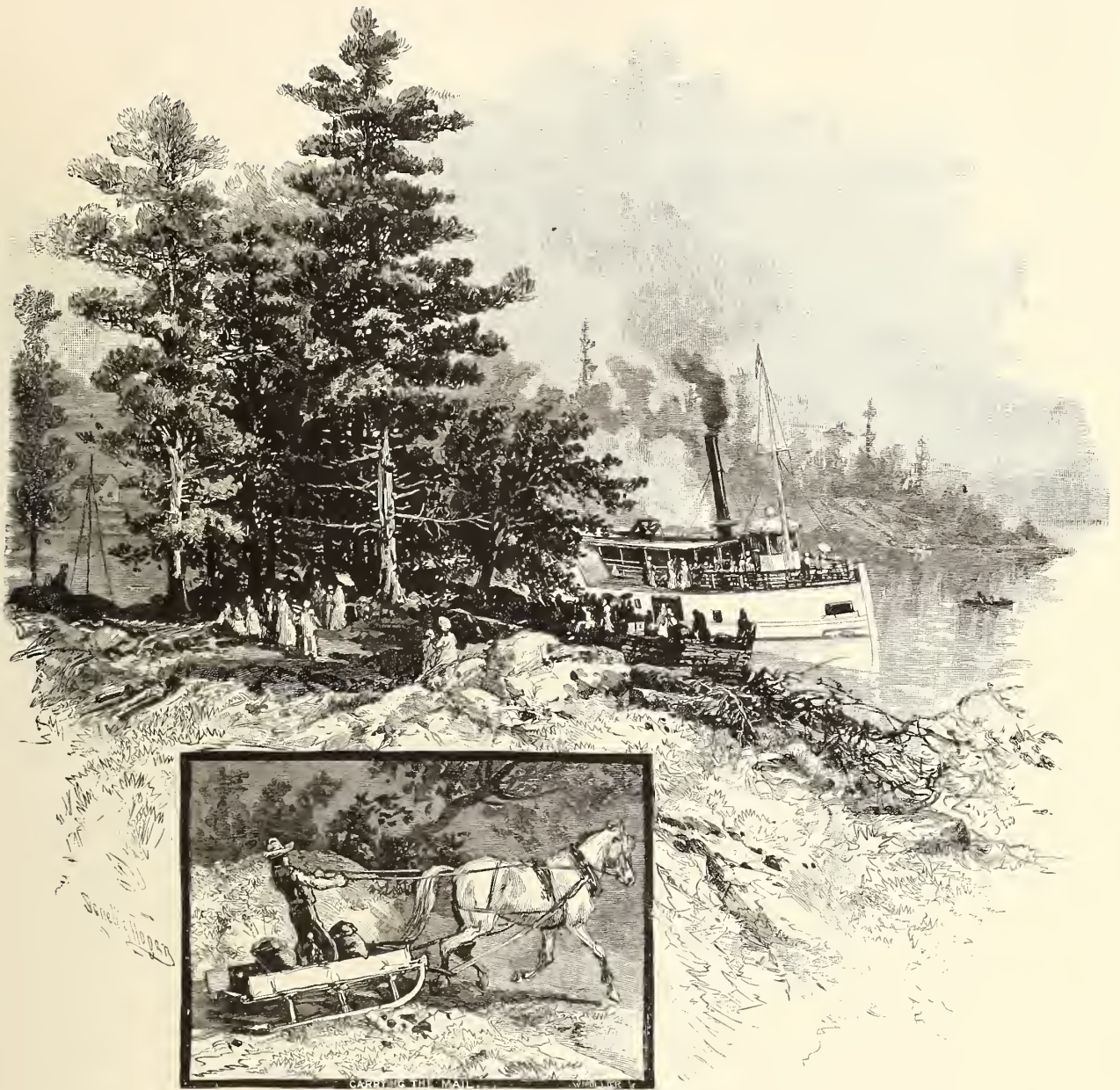
There are drawbacks, of course, to settlement in Muskoka, but only such as time will remove. There is want of increased railway communication, and the facilities which the cattle-raiser, in particular, is in need of in reaching a market. For his purposes, also, the command of capital is a necessity, to enable him to import into the district the means of improving his stock. With increased capital, there is also need of the dissemination of more liberal ideas on farming, for it will pay to drain and fertilize the land, and much of the best of it is yet to be reclaimed from the beaver-meadow and swamp.

The proportion of good land is said to be sixty per cent. of the whole, the soil for the most part being a sandy loam with clay subsoil, and in extensive tracts lying back of the lakes, generally free from stone. The root crops are unusually large, and, if we except the turnip, are unaffected by the attacks of pests. Potatoes yield some three hundred bushels to the acre, and turnips from six to nine hundred bushels. Oats, rye, barley, and Indian corn are the chief cereals; oats, the chief crop, generally yielding fifty bushels to the acre. Wheat, in the absence of lime and the scarcity of salt, rarely yields more than twenty-five bushels to the acre. The hay yield is from one and a half to two tons.

The lumberman, too, has his harvest in the district, and though the best of the hardwood is being rapidly thinned out, there yet falls to his axe many sturdy giants of the forest. The timber products of the region include white-oak, black-birch, black-oak, black and white-ash, red-pine, spruce, tamarack, and hemlock. The bark of the latter is to the settler no inconsiderable source of revenue at the hands of the tanner; and from the lumberman's camp comes much ready money for hay and oats sold to it during the winter operations. The settler who is a good sportsman has also in the district other means of keeping the pot a-boil. The winter brings him, if a Nimrod, many products of the chase, or if a trapper, a variety of more or less valuable fur. Though the bear and the wolf are receding with the advance of civilization, moose and deer are yet plentiful; and with a good dog and skill in wood-craft, the settler can supply his larder with no end of venison. The treasure of the trapper includes mink, beaver, marten, and muskrat. The lakes and streams, moreover, abound with fish, and even the novice can always make a good basket of trout, bass, pickerel, perch, and what is termed herring. Whatever his disadvantages, it will be seen, the lot of the immigrant in Muskoka need not be an unhappy one.

Passing from this enumeration of the resources of the region, let us now introduce





AT THE LANDING, ROSSEAU.

the reader to the lakes, at the approach to which we had for the time left him. Arriving at Gravenhurst, the railway journey is completed, and the train is shunted down by a side line to Muskoka wharf. Both at the town, which lies on the shores of Gull Lake, and at the wharf, the rough picturesqueness of the region is dominated by the lumbering operations of many saw-mills, and the eye is fain to seek the placid beauty of the water as a relief to the uncouth disarray of the scene on shore. Lake-ward all is inviting, and one at least of the trim little steamboats at the moorings is impatient to be off. Steam navigation on these water-stretches, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. A. P. Cockburn, the Dominion representative of the district, was begun in 1866, when the "Wenonah" made her first trip to Bracebridge, whither she still plies, followed in 1871 by the "Nipissing," on board of which let us seek an appetizing

dinner and passage in the first stage of our excursion on the lakes. The "Wenonah's" service is confined to the lower Lake (Muskoka,) plying daily between Bracebridge and Gravenhurst, and semi-weekly between the latter port and Bala. The "Nipissing," in addition to her service on the lower Lake, makes a daily trip to the head of Lake Rosseau, and twice a week to Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph. The length of the single trip is about fifty miles; and the steamer is "timed" to make connection with the morning trains from Toronto and Hamilton, and, running the entire length of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau, brings the tourist to the head of the latter, with its ample hotel accommodation, in time for the evening meal and a comfortable bed.

The tourist, if he is not absorbed in the scramble for dinner, as he leaves Gravenhurst will note the view that almost instantly opens up in fine panoramic effect before him. Passing the "Narrows," which seem almost to close the waters of the Lake from intrusion into the port, we begin to thread our way through a succession of islands little, if at all, inferior in romantic beauty to those on the historic St. Lawrence. The interest is varied at every turn. Now we are attracted by some tiny, moss-grown islet, a mere speck of rock above the water, but upon which, nevertheless, a few stunted specimens of the Red Pine of the region have contrived to gain foothold. Anon, we brush the margin of a densely wooded island, whose shady ravines and hillsides are clothed with a vegetation almost tropical in its undisturbed luxuriance. Artist or botanist, here is material in profusion for either! Yon glimpse, were we not hurrying by, how we should like to transfer to our sketch-book; and there! on the face of that cliff, we are sure there is much we should take away in our specimen-box. The region, as it has its own physical conformation, has its own distinctive flora. Many plants of more than ordinary interest to the botanist here find suitable conditions of growth. The beautiful White Fringed Orchis—the loveliest of all the Habenarias—and the splendid Cinnamon and Royal Osmund Ferns grow to perfection in low and moist situations, while the Polypody and the Shield-fern flourish in the higher grounds. In the district are also found in exceptional abundance Club-mosses of various species, and the curious Pitcher-plant nestles in its moss-setting along the margins of marshy pools. But to describe farther the Muskoka plant-world we should want our native "Macoun and Spotton" or the ample text-books of American botanists.

Meanwhile "The Nipissing" has traversed the long reach of gleaming water that fills the lower basin of Lake Muskoka; and for the next half hour we skirt on our left two of the largest islands in the Lake, their banks laden with a tangled luxuriance of brushwood, bramble, and wild-flowers. The first of these is called Browning's Island, and is partly owned, it will chill the heart of the lover of the picturesque to be told, by the Muskoka Mill and Lumber Company. The second is a veritable Eden, and the taste as well as the wealth of its owner, a well-known and much respected



member of the local judiciary, will, it may be taken for granted, long preserve "Eilean-Gowan" from the desecrating hand of Commerce. Lying, a mass of verdure on the Lake, the ledges of rock glistening under the afternoon sun, the stray glimpses we get of the interior beauty of the island are as many voices that cry a halt, and excite unappeased longing to land and invade its recesses. There are walks and drives in and round about this island of great attractiveness, and no little ingenuity has been displayed in blending art and nature in one harmonious whole. Wild masses of rock, fallen or decayed trees, hollows and irregularities in the surface, have been taken advantage of to secure effects as surprising as they are delightful; while landing-stages have been improvised, and cool nooks, commanded by grottoes and embowered lounging-places, engirt the island at successive stages, and woo the sojourner with irresistible attraction to one of the most beautiful of the many woodland shrines in this northern "Land of the Lotus."

Opposite the eastern front of "Eilean-Gowan" is the delta of the Muskoka River, and from the reedy shores that mark the river's outlet a bewildering haze of mist rises to confuse the helmsman, as the steamer makes a wide detour to strike the channel. The course of the river is tortuous and full of surprises; at times the steamer seems to be heading right into a precipitous cliff fringed with forest, at others to be "boomed" by a mass of rank vegetation in a *cul de sac* of green. For six miles we pursue our sinuous course until the echoes of the steamer's whistle are borne back to us in mocking notes from the cascaded heights in the heart of the village of Bracebridge, and for a time we pull up at the busy landing-place of the metropolis of the Free Grant District and the head of Muskoka River navigation.

The site of Bracebridge is elevated and well-chosen, and gives access to the sport and picturesque beauty of some ten townships, whose waters are drained by the two branches of the Muskoka River. To the immigrant it is a centre of importance, for here is the chief agency of the Immigration Bureau, and from here settlers are forwarded to their locations, either about the lakes, or distributed at near or distant points along the Government Colonization roads that penetrate the region. To the immigrant, in another sense, is Bracebridge important, for here is the local source of the settler's supplies, and here at need, too, is the doctor. It is, we believe, no uncommon thing for Æsculapius to receive a summons that will take him, it may be, fifty or sixty miles off through the wintry woods, to give his services to those who need them. At such disadvantage, equally hard is the lot of those who have to summon, and him who responds to the appeal for, the doctor.

In winter, when the lakes are frozen, and Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay are, too, in the grip of the Ice-King, Bracebridge more than ever asserts its supremacy, for it then becomes the sole dependence of the settler for his extraneous wants, and to and from it come the passenger stage and the daily mail,



LAKE JOSEPH.

together with the ample-robed conveyances of those who traffic in the woods. But Bracebridge has reason to hold up its head, for not only is it an important local centre, and a city set upon a hill in the great highway of northern travel, but it has the distinguishing characteristic of getting along without railway facilities, and is thus sufficient unto itself. Some day it will become in name, as it is now in reality, the county town, and may boast itself of a cathedral and an ecclesiastical endowment, as it already contains the see-house of a bishop. As a manufacturing centre, it has already made progress, and its excellent water-privileges supply the motive power for a number of woollen, grist, planing, and saw-mills, sash and door factories, etc., in addition to the indispensable industries of the blacksmith and wheelwright. The village, moreover, rejoices in the possession of one of the most complete and well-equipped tanneries in the country.

To counteract the materializing effect of a rapid industrial development, and to woo the lover of the picturesque, Bracebridge has not only in the neighbouring townships, but in its immediate vicinity, many natural attractions, and much in the way of fine scenery which, with the sport for which it is noted, give it preëminent position among the pleasurable resorts of the district. In full view of the tourist, the Bracebridge Fall, sixty feet in height, displays its allurements as we approach the landing;



and to those who are content with a superficial inspection of the cascade a view may be had without quitting the steamer. But a stroll to the bridge that spans it, and an excursion to the South Falls of the Muskoka, some few miles from the village, are well worth a day's sojourn at Bracebridge, even if the tourist is unwilling to extend his trip to the series of lakes that lie to the north-east. To the canoeist, as well as to the sportsman, the whole region is unique in its attractions; the chain of connected waters, reached by way of the south branch of the Muskoka River, embracing the Lake of Bays, Peninsula, Fairy, Vernon, and Mary Lakes, and returning by the northern waters of the Muskoka, opens a panorama of thrilling pleasure and delight to those who enjoy Nature in seclusion. Those unaccustomed to the amphibious life of the canoeist, and to whom the broken river navigation and the necessary portaging would be serious obstacles in taking this trip, may proceed by stage or private conveyance to Baysville, where they can board the steamer and make the circuit of Trading Lake; or they can drive to Port Sydney, at the foot of Mary Lake, take the steamboat for Huntsville, and make the tour of the three charming sheets of water in that region. To the sportsman, the territory embraced in the townships lying to the north-east of Bracebridge has a special charm, for in the lakes and streams trout are abundant, and in the woods, in season, will be found plenty of deer.

Besides the Falls at Bracebridge, there are others on both branches of the Muskoka which well repay a visit—the High Falls, some four miles distant, being specially picturesque. But the honours are carried off by the South Falls, whose features are made familiar by the artist in our pages. They occur on the south branch



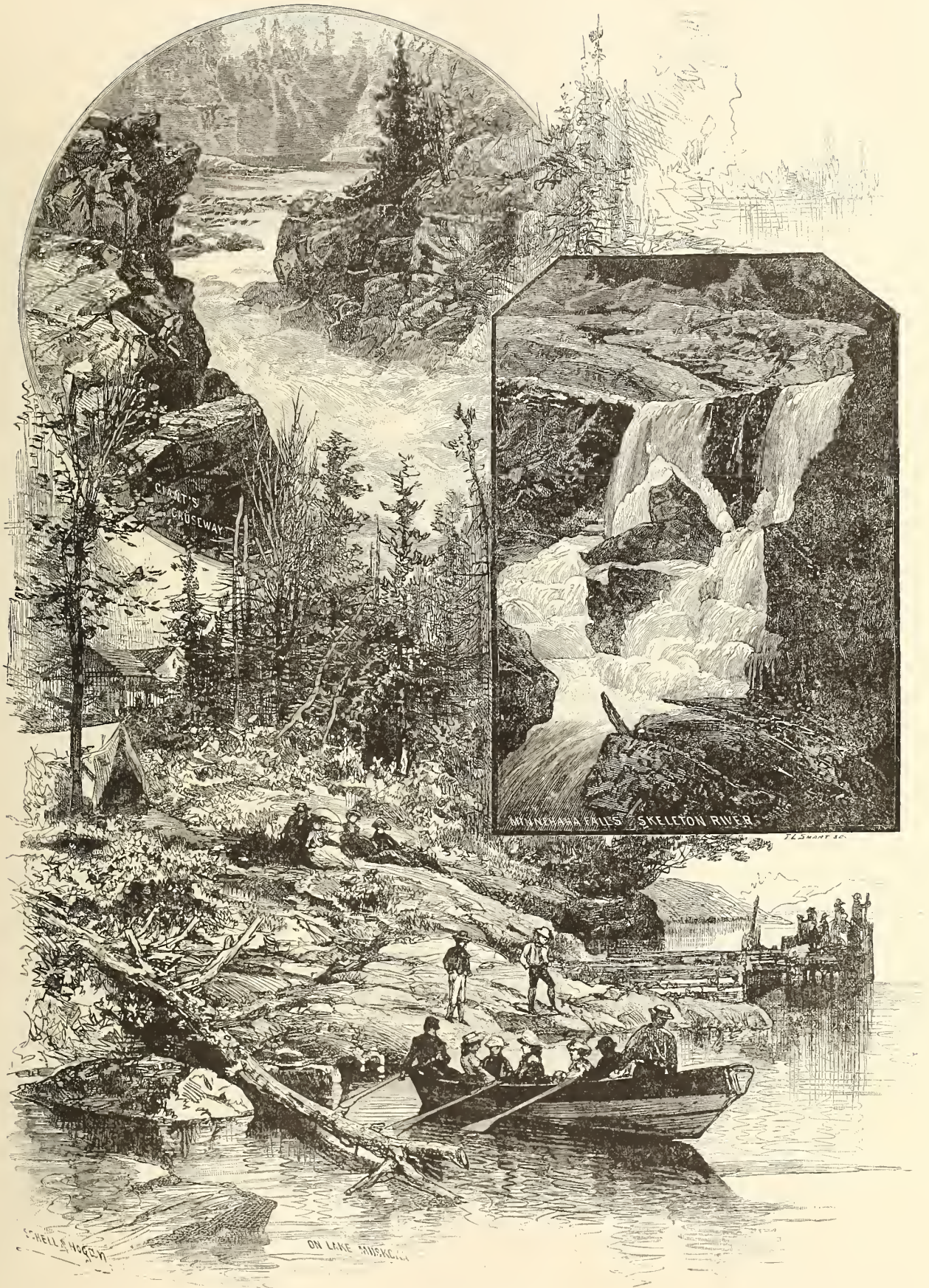
STAGE ROAD—  
ROSSEAU TO PARRY SOUND.

of the Muskoka, on the stage-road to Gravenhurst, and no visitor to the region should omit to see them. The scene is a wild one, the river shooting a series of ledges, and making a descent of a hundred feet in the space of three hundred yards. The tourist comes suddenly upon the cataract, for it is not seen until he pulls up on the bridge, a short distance above the upper basin. Here the river, which for miles has been sauntering along in idle dalliance, the dark forest crooning over the Stygian stream, suddenly awakes from its sleep, and flings itself headlong through a narrow, winding gorge, the sharp ledges of rock fretting it into foam, and here and there dashing the water up in spray with an impact that shivers it into beauty and lightens up the gloom of the beetling crags that overhang the torrent. At the foot of the cleft the river passes again into gloom and stillness, as it winds its way in swirling circles of white-bells to the Lake beyond. Approached by canoe from below, the view is a memorable one: the torrent, lashed into foam, hurling its mass of gleaming water down the ravine; the stern grandeur of the jutting cliffs, their grey walls moistened and black with the spray of ages; the bridge, clean cut against the sky, poised over the roaring abyss; and the weird pines on the summit singing eternal dirges in harmony with the scene. The vision while it delights also awes, and you are glad ere long to turn from it and get into the quiet beauty of still water, the sunshine glimmering softly down on the stream, or breaking in patches of light through the branches of the over-arching trees. But we leave the river and return by the highway, the air filled with the resinous odours of the surrounding pine. As we re-enter the village a great burst of colour in the west throws a tinge of softened red on the dark-green of the forest, and gilds the river with a flame of light.

On the morrow we continue our tour to the upper Lake, and board the steamer for Port Carling and Rosseau. Swinging from our moorings at Bracebridge, we pass down the Muskoka River, and, regaining the Lake, strike north-west for Beaumaris and Tondern Island, the Canadian Anglesea, which juts out from the upper water-front of the township of Monck. Just before reaching Beaumaris we pass the channel that admits to the western estuaries of Muskoka, to the village and Falls of Bala, and to the Muskosh River, the outlet into the Georgian Bay of the waters of the Lake.

The scenery on the western waters of Muskoka easily rivals, if it does not surpass, that on the south and east; and to the angler and camper-out there open bewildering attractions in the innumerable lakes, bays, and islands of the region. Here, as elsewhere on the lakes, islands of every size and form rise in picturesque beauty from their glassy setting, the largest of them dense with forest to the water's edge. Many of them bear names well-known in the business and social circles of the Provincial capital, and the summer-houses of their owners peep at you, in every form of rusticity, as you pass on the steamer. At Bala the Muskoka stage-road from Gravenhurst, on the west side of the lakes, here crosses the river and trends north-





MUSKOKA SCENERY.



ward, by way of Glen Orchard, to Port Cockburn and the head of Lake Joseph, thence to Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay. A mile or two to the west of the village the Moon River, one of the finest streams for maskinonge and brook-trout, branches off from the Muskosh, and loses itself in the unsurveyed township of Freeman, or turns up, a western Congo, in the township of Conger.

But we resume our upward trip on the Rosseau steamer, which by this time has reached the wharf at Beaumaris. Here the scene recalls in miniature the arrival of the Ramsgate boat from London, the summer-lodgers at the hotel close by having gathered at the wharf, each spouse looking for her lord and master, while crowds of little ones, in every conceivable boating-costume, hail chums on the steamer, as it draws in to discharge its living freight, together with the necessary supplies for the hotel larder. But presently we set off again for the upper end of the Lake, and thread our way through the Seven Sister Islands, an archipelago lying to the south of Point Kaye,—on past Idlewild, One Tree, and Horse-Shoe Islands,—into the converging channel of the Indian River and the lock at Port Carling, which admits to the waters of Rosseau and Joseph.

A glance at Mr. Rogers' excellent maps of these lakes, which no visitor to the region should be without, will indicate the peculiar land conformation we are now approaching, and enable the tourist to appreciate the ingenuity which devised a route for the navigation of Muskoka waters. Were the lakes such as the English or Scotch tourist is familiar with, hollows or basins, of tolerable regularity of form and shape, the navigation, though varied and picturesque, would not be tortuous and erratic. But they are unlike anything else, and their coast-line is indented in the most irregular and fantastic manner. At one part of the route we pass a great estuary, at another a shallow inlet; now we round a high bluff, anon, we steam past a low marsh,—island and peninsula, strait and river, all meet us in succession, as if the place had been submerged that its elevations may form a pictorial chart, descriptive of the geographical terms that represent the divisions of land and water. Varied as the coast-line is in its configuration, the disposition of the crust-surface is hardly less unequal. The islands are of every height and shape: in one direction, they tower up in stupendous masses of black rock, with a dark crown of green; in another, "scorched by the lightning's livid glare," their only covering is the gaunt spectres of burnt timber. Nothing in the district can surpass in effect the beauty of some of these little islands, which Nature does its best to clothe, but which man, in his heedlessness, often allows to become food for the flames. The devastation caused by fire in the bush is one of the most melancholy sights which the lover of Nature can witness. A hot summer scorches the edge of the woods, and if the fall be dry, a fire is readily started, which will run through the bush with amazing rapidity—the thick carpet of dry leaves and the fresh cuttings of the lumberman acting like a powder-train in



igniting the whole region. In Muskoka many square miles of beautiful forest annually fall a prey to the devouring element. This with care might be avoided, and the timber preserved for shelter and ornamentation, and the important atmospheric purposes which the forests so well serve. When the sportsman and camper-out can appreciate the economic advantages of growing timber, and realize the loss to a settler, even where there is much forest, of a burnt bush, scrupulous pains will be taken to extinguish fire on quitting a camp. Even the settler has need to be more careful than he is, for he has been known to let fire run through a bush, to save the toil of chopping, regardless of the injury he is doing to the soil. His greed, too, has sometimes to be put under restraint, when the lumberman offers him the bait which is to denude the land of its glory and the farm of its wealth.

But we are recalled from this digression by the steamer's whistle as we approach Port Carling, the Government lock on the Indian River, which gives access to the waters of Rosseau. The village is perched on a mass of Laurentian rock, the "Polar Star Hotel," close by, reminding us of the northern latitudes we are now coming to. The lock has evidently been a difficult bit of excavating, and Irish muscle and Irish dynamite have here been put to legitimate and laudable use. A few stores and houses, and two or three churches, which veritably have been built upon a rock, comprise the buildings of the place. An unpretentious swing-bridge over the lock supplies the link of connection between Port Carling and Bracebridge. The scenery in the neighbourhood is wild and uncouth, though there is a pretty by-path through the woods to Rockhurst, opposite Port Sandfield.

Passing through the lock at Port Carling, the steamer traverses a finely wooded basin, in which there is good fishing; and a sharp turn brings us into the upper entrance of the Indian River, and another bend leads into Lake Rosseau. Here we come to what many consider the prettiest part of the lakes. From Baker's Island, round to Fairy Land Island and the "Eagle's Nest," and on to Port Sandfield, Lake Rosseau is fairly gemmed with a profusion of islets, many of which are owned by Toronto citizens, of known aquatic tastes, and whose summer cottages peer out of their sylvan settings at every bend of the Lake. As we pass the foot of this channel, on our way to Windermere, the evening sun paves it with gold: if ever there was an Eden, we think, we must find it here. Seldom has our eye lit upon a lovelier scene, and never, to our mind, has Nature made a more effective use of her materials. Sky, and land, and water, here all combine—as we have often seen—to make a perfect picture, the effect of which, particularly when the woods are ablaze with the colouring of a Canadian autumn, is almost indescribable. Here the hemlocks mass up, in spots familiar to us, with an effect that would ravish an artist's heart, their lighter colours and more graceful forms relieving the sombre character of the intermingling spruce and pine.

Presently we touch at Windermere, which has no visible attractions to remind one of its English namesake, though, some little distance back of it, is an alluring sheet of water, bearing the name of Three Mile Lake. For the next hour, we skirt the eastern flank of Big Island, which looks as if it had fallen accidentally from the shoulder of some giant aloft, and had escaped being chopped into the little islets which strew the Lake with their tree-tufted beauty. The coast-line on the right, as we proceed northward, preserves its pleasing irregularity, and in parts is quite pretty. Jutting out, on the left, is the peninsula, with its wharf and post-office, of Juddhaven, and a little higher up, on the right, is Skeleton Bay, the *entrepôt* for the waters of the beautiful lake and river of that name extending some miles inland. The fishing on both lake and river is the delight of those who have been born under the constellation of Pisces, and the region, with the Rosseau River higher up, is the frequent resort of visitors to these high latitudes. On Skeleton River are the beautiful Minnehaha Falls, which are well worth a visit.

But we approach the head of the Lake and the high wooded bluffs which give it character and beauty. The dark shadows of evening have fallen as we approach Rosseau, but suddenly we catch sight of a glitter of lights that bespeak comfort and good cheer in the hostelry of Pratt. It is said that amusing, and sometimes peppery, *contretemps* are the result of the *brusquerie* of the proprietor of this hotel. Hence, it is well to know that, in the "Monteith House," there is another resort, if it is the humour of the owner of "The Rosseau" not to suffer invasion from the fashion of the south.

The visitor will here naturally seek to note his surroundings. In the season, he can hardly come to so favourite a resort and fail to meet with some one he knows. Should he not have this luck, he will find atonement in the scene out-of-doors. Only an artist's eye could have chosen the spot. The features of the scene are few and simple. The water, the sky, and the distant woods. Besides these, there are the usual accessories of a Muskoka watering-place—the shelving rocks, and the muslined womanhood that people them; the boats, and the young paddlers that swarm about them; the islands, and the boating and fishing parties that resort to them. Already, there go three boat-loads to "do" Shadow River! Leaving the wharf, two or three craft are hoisting sail for the trolling-fishing of the Lake. Approaching, is a boatful of campers come to the village to forage. The scene in all directions is full of play and movement.

Animated for the time as is the scene we have been looking at, its winter aspect is a sharp contrast. Yet it is solacing to learn that the spot, remote as it is from civilization, is still within reach of the outer world. Rosseau is one of the most northerly links in that electric chain that girds the globe, though, with the solitudes about, we little expect the place to be reached by the hand-bell of Commerce. But





A BUSH FIRE BY NIGHT.

the village is as the hem on the garments of the north. Away inland stretches a kingdom that in winter might be ruled by a Jarl-King of Norway, and in summer by a successor to the Doges of Venice. In the Parry Sound and Muskoka districts there are some seventy townships, covering an area of six or seven thousand square miles. Of these townships, less than seven are watered by the Muskoka Lakes: we are therefore only on the frontier of a realm of solitude. The colonization road



to the Magnetewan, and on to Lake Nipissing, which runs almost due north from Rosseau, gives access to much of this territory, and is now increasingly frequented by the tourist, as well as by the lumberman and settler. The Magnetewan region is the Mecca of sportsmen, for here, in lavish plenty, is to be found every variety of fish and game. The river traverses an immense tract of country, and, with its affluents, may be said to water half the district of Parry Sound. It is the objective point of all lovers of the gentle craft, and no water teems more fully with fish. Pickerel, ten or twelve pounds in weight, speckled trout, from two to four, and bass, from four to eight, can be caught in the streams of the region, while the sport can be varied by the use of the gun. There is excellent duck shooting, and, in season, the best of moose and deer. To insure good sport a guide should, of course, be of the party. In the neighbourhood of Rosseau one can usually be hired

"who knows the bush  
As the seaman knows the sea."

To return from the Magnetewan region, the visitor may either retrace his steps on the Nipissing highway, by way of Seguin Falls, to Rosseau; or, he may continue his canoe voyage westward on the Magnetewan River until he reaches the intersection of the Great Northern Road, in the neighbourhood of Whitestone Lake. Here he will be tempted to tarry, making his headquarters at Dunchurch, to enjoy the sport at the Narrows, either of herring and pickerel on the lake, or, if the season be advanced, of deer in the woods. Round this neighbourhood the deer seem to have their favourite haunts, though the brutal system, not unknown to the "Dunkirkers," of herding them into "yards" and knocking them on the head, should make the deer chary of frequenting the place and of furnishing venison for the pot-hunter.

From Dunchurch, the tourist may descend to the Georgian Bay in two easy stages, first, by the colonization road to the village of McKellar, and secondly, from that Venice of the North, by a series of natural canals and the Seguin River, to Parry Sound and the Canadian Adriatic.

To the sportsman, if an explorer, there are two other ways of reaching the outer world from the Magnetewan. First, he may go north from the water-stretches that link the townships whose names are dear to the student memory,—of Chapman and Croft,—until he comes to Commanda. From this point his route will lie, by lake and creek of the same name, to the French River, and so on to the Georgian Bay; or, proceeding still northward from Commanda, he may make for Lake Nipissing, thence down the Mattawan River by the old trapper's route to the Ottawa. Whichever is his choice, despite the solitude, he may be assured of both pleasure and sport. If, as cicerone, we are responsible, however, for his safe-keeping, we shall conduct him by the speediest route to Rosseau and to Pratt.



The route homeward from Rosseau may either lead us directly down the lakes to Gravenhurst; or, taking the steamer as far as Port Carling, we may there transfer ourselves to the "Kenozha," which plys on Lake Joseph, and with it proceed to Port Cockburn, at the head of the Lake.

Emerging once more from the Indian River, on the latter excursion, we round the peninsula, whose water-front in Rosseau is bestrewn so charmingly with islands, and reach Port Sandfield and the Government canal that cuts the sand-bar which the waters of Joseph and Rosseau have jointly thrown up to estrange the lakes. Passing through the canal, at which there is an excellent summer hotel, with good fishing in the neighbourhood, we again proceed northward, though there is little to interest until we reach Hemlock Point, the woodland home of the hydrographer of the lakes. Here Lake Joseph begins to fascinate, and, as it broadens, to enclasp in its jewelled embrace a galaxy of islands, a summer sojourn upon which must be a perpetual and delirious pic-nic.

Threading our way through these clumps of green in a setting of silver, for the waters of Joseph are unlike those of Muskoka and Rosseau, which are dark and tawny, we come to the long water-lane of Little Lake Joseph, and to the islands of the Ponemah group that stand warder at its entrance. The larger of the group, called Chief Island, is owned by a veteran pioneer of the lakes, who, it is safe to say, extracts more pleasure from his domain than do the collective crowns of Polynesia. Just beyond this group lies another, the apple of the eye of the Muskoka Club, an early organization of campers, whose advent and many summers' visits to the region haunt the memory of the discoverers of the group with yet unchilled delight. The group is called "Yohocucaba," a strange mouthful, derived from the fusion of the first letters in the surnames of the original owners. Passing this, and Morris and Maclennan Islands, which nestle under the lea of Equity Crest, an hour's steaming brings us to Port Cockburn and the head of Lake Joseph. Here the tourist will find comfortable quarters, and a vista of rare beauty looking down the Lake.

As a summer resort, Port Cockburn vies with Rosseau in attracting to the region those who have been accustomed to spend the holiday months by the "multitudinous seas." Both resorts are within easier hail of the cities and towns of Ontario than are the watering-places of the St. Lawrence or the coast of Maine. There may not be the same tonic to the system as in a sojourn by the sea, but the change is delightful, and there is no end of sport. In many respects, Lake Joseph is more attractive than the other lakes, and, but for the many burnt islands that disfigure its upper waters, would decidedly have the advantage.

The stage-road from Port Cockburn to Parry Sound is rough but picturesque, and skirts stretches of water, which freely meander through Foley Township, alternating with belts of large oak, birch, and red pine. The lumbering operations of Parry Sound and

neighbourhood are greatly facilitated by the waters which vein the region in every direction, but at times they successfully detract from the effects which Nature strives to produce in her water-courses. But for this, Parry Harbour and Sound would be an unrivalled possession; though, once out on the Georgian Bay, Nature asserts herself in regal fashion. The coast-line from Byng Inlet at the mouth of the Magnetewan, or rather from the French River, a little to the north, down to the outlet of the Severn, in the Matchedash Bay, is chafed and frayed in a marvellous manner, and ten thousand islands are said to bestrew the path of the steamer from Parry Sound to Penetanguishene. The calamitous story of the early French Missions at Penetanguishene, and the British naval occupation of the place in the opening years of the present century, have already been touched upon in our pages, and need not now detain us. Both Penetanguishene and its rival, Midland City, are rapidly making new history for the region, aided by the railways which at each of these points tap the waters and the commerce of the inner shores of Lake Huron. Going south by the Midland Line, the tourist can diversify the route which brought him to the district we have been describing, and, by way of Orillia, Beaverton, and Lindsay, make a descent upon the picturesque scenery that lies to the north-east of the Provincial Capital and in the lines of travel that wend sea-ward. In this new region, if our pen has been faithful, the reader of these pages will be slow to dismiss from his mind the beauties of Muskoka, or to forget, if he has ever visited the spot, the most attractive of Ontario's forest shrines, encircled

"by the laughing tides that lave  
Those Edens of the Northern wave."







## THE UPPER LAKES.

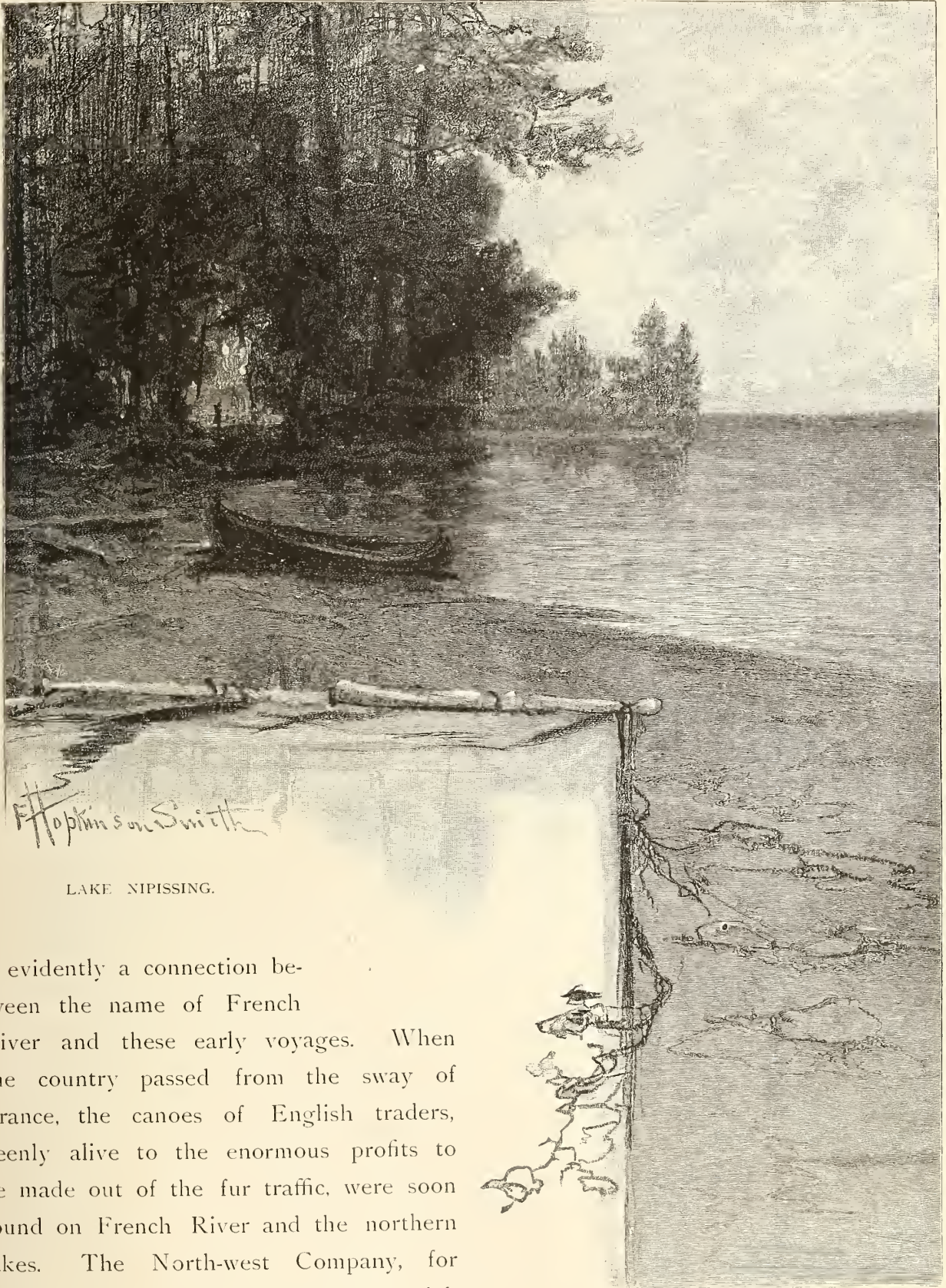
THE route to the upper lakes by the Ottawa, the Mattawan, Lake Nipissing, and French River, has historic, as well as picturesque, interest. For more than two hundred years before whistle of locomotive awoke the echoes of the northern woods, commerce used these beautiful water-stretches as a highway to Lake Huron. The Hurons came down by this way to trade with the French at Montreal, avoiding the more direct route from their villages, through dread of their hereditary foes, the Iroquois.

By this way, as long ago as 1615, went Samuel de Champlain to the Huron country. His immediate object was to lead a small force, whose arquebuses might turn the scale in a proposed foray of the Hurons upon the Iroquois; but we may be sure that the north-west passage to the Indies was not absent from his thoughts. Champlain was not the first white man to navigate French River and gaze upon the *mer douce*, or great fresh-water sea of the Hurons. One Joseph le Caron, a friar of the Récollet order, had made the journey in the previous summer, his mission being to plant the cross in Huron soil. Le Caron was one of four priests who had come from the town of Brouage, in France, to Christianize the savages. They were the forerunners of those Jesuit Fathers who have peopled the woods and fields of parts of Canada with memories of a heroism as disinterested and devoted as any that history has to record. In a letter to a friend, Le Caron tells how he was tired out by paddling all day with all his strength, wading the rivers a hundred times and more, through mud, and over sharp rocks which cut his feet, carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid rapids and frightful cataracts, a little pounded maize and water his only food. Not an imposing figure this Récollet friar, as he wields a canoe-paddle, or stumbles over the portages, in coarse gray gown, peaked hood, and bare, sandalled feet; and yet, in the judgment of the "eyes that regard us in eternity's stillness," his journey does not compare ill with the triumphal progress of an Alexander or a Napoleon.

We may easily to-day follow the course by which Le Caron passed to Lake Huron. We may even yet tread portages beaten by the moccasined feet of his rude companions. After the bluff from which the towers of the Capital now spring is passed, the two lakes of the Allumette are gained; "and now for twenty miles the Ottawa stretches before him, straight as the bee can fly, deep, narrow and black, between its mountain shores. He passed the rapids of the Joachim and the Caribou—the Rocher Capitaine, where the angry current whirls in its rocky prison—the Deux Rivières, where it bursts its mountain barrier—and reached at length the tributary waters of the Mattawan. He turned to the left, ascended this little stream forty miles or more, and crossing a portage track, well trodden, stood on the margin of Lake Nipissing. The canoes were launched again. All day they glided by leafy shores, and verdant islands floating on the depth of blue. And now appeared unwonted signs of human life, clusters of bark lodges, half-hidden in the vastness of the woods. It was the village of an Algonquin tribe, called by courtesy a nation—the Nipissings—a race so beset with spirits, so infested by demons and abounding in magicians, that the Jesuits in after years stigmatized them as 'the sorcerers.'" Out of Lake Nipissing the current of French River, broken by numerous falls and rapids, bears the traveller to the vast bay to which the loyalty of Governor Simcoe gave the name of the third George.

By the route thus first explored soldiers and priests, trappers and traders of the French race, found their way to the upper lakes for a hundred and fifty years. There





LAKE NIPISSING.

is evidently a connection between the name of French River and these early voyages. When the country passed from the sway of France, the canoes of English traders, keenly alive to the enormous profits to be made out of the fur traffic, were soon found on French River and the northern lakes. The North-west Company, for years the rival of the Hudson's Bay Adventurers, but now merged with them into

one great corporation, for a long time used the French River route as the shortest practicable line of communication between Fort William, their headquarters in the



interior, and Montreal. For many years the forests echoed to the song of the *voyageur* and the splash of his paddle, as the fleet of canoes made the annual voyage to or from the east.

Derrière' chez nous, ya-t-un étang,  
 En roulant ma boule. (*Chorus*),  
 Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,  
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,  
 En roulant ma boule roulant (*Chorus*),  
 En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,  
 En roulant ma boule.  
 Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,  
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,  
 En roulant ma boule roulant,  
 En roulant ma boule.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant  
 En roulant ma boule.  
 Avec son grand fusil d'argent,  
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,  
 En roulant ma boule roulant.  
 En roulant ma boule.

Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, under whose rule the amalgamation of the two corporations was effected, describes the trip by the Ottawa and the French River in his "Journey Round The World." Following the tracks of these early navigators, we are in the heart of that remarkable region of broken, rocky Laurentian country, so called from the Laurentides, or Laurentian Hills. Rising on the Labrador coast and forming the northerly wall of the St. Lawrence valley; withdrawing from the river some miles below Quebec, and passing north of Ottawa; sending down a spur to cross the St. Lawrence near Kingston into the State of New York, where it towers into the Adirondack range; continuing their progress in Canada to the Georgian Bay; thence around its shores and the north shore of Lake Superior; leaving Lake Superior to take a majestic sweep northward and westward and sink into the icy sea—the Laurentians form a mysterious mountain chain whose age and origin are wrapped in obscurity. And in this Laurentian country is found what is distinctive in the scenery of the eastern half of the Dominion. The crag, hewn and planed into every romantic shape; the fir rooted in the crag; the stream pursuing its way between walls of living green, now foaming down a boulder-strewn bed, now widening into a tranquil lake; the island-rock clothed with verdure, and surrounded by





AT THE PORTAGE.

Hudson's Bay Company's Employees on their annual Expedition.



countless companions—these characteristics of Canadian scenery belong to the Laurentians. Broken up into astonishing diversity, the Laurentian tract abounds in the picturesque, and affords the people of Quebec and Ontario opportunities for pleasant and healthful summering which few countries enjoy. Hence, also, come the vast supplies of timber which create the greatest of Canadian industries. Stores of minerals of incalculable value lie in the bosom of the hills, and extensive tracts of good land in the river valleys and other depressions. True, the tiller of the soil has a hard fight with nature before she yields a fair return, but such struggles produce men of strong wills and earnest natures. “What do you raise here?” asked a stranger, with something of a sneer, as he surveyed a stony field in New Hampshire. “We raise men, sir,” was the proud reply.

Lake Nipissing is in the centre of one of the most promising tracts in the Laurentian district. Until lately, but little has been known of the character or capabilities of this unoccupied region, but the active explorations of the government of Ontario have brought to light much important information. The total area of unsettled Crown lands between the Ottawa and Georgian Bay, south of Lake Nipissing, is little short of twelve million acres, or more than half the area of Ireland. At least half of this is well suited for settlement, a country capable of sustaining, at a moderate estimate, a hardy population of five hundred thousand souls. Of the three sections into which this region is divided—the Red Pine, the White Pine, and the Hardwood country—the latter is much the best adapted for agriculture. This tract, commencing at the headwaters of the Mattawan, and extending sixty miles to the west, contains some seven thousand superficial miles. It is a singularly isolated region. Between it and Lake Huron, and bordering French River on both sides, lies an expanse of barren country, terminating in bare rock towards the shore of the lake. On the south, also, along or near the division of the waters of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, it is girded by a belt of rugged, stony land, about twenty miles in breadth, utterly unfit for settlement. To the east it is separated from the inhabited country on the Ottawa by the timber district. Within these boundaries, for the most part in primeval solitude, is an extensive tract of excellent farming country. Here are found, also, numerous water-powers of value, and timber of the finest description. The forest is full of game—moose, cariboo, red-deer and bears, of the larger sort; and of smaller game—hares, swans, geese, ducks, wild turkeys, partridges and quail. Of fur-bearing animals, there are the silver-gray, red, and black fox, the otter, marten, mink, and beaver. The lakes and rivers swarm with fish. The climate is clear, bracing, and healthy.

There is no testimony to the character of this region more interesting than that of the German-Swiss delegates, who visited it and have already promoted thereto a Swiss immigration. One describes the soil on the slopes of the South River of Lake Nipissing, as much resembling that of the vine-growing hills encircling the lakes in the





ON FRENCH RIVER.

French cantons of Switzerland. It is his conviction that in the course of time vine culture will be successfully carried on in this part of the Nipissing district. "The striking resemblance which that district bears to the north-west cantons of Switzerland, with its numerous fine lakes, the mildness and great wholesomeness of its climate, and the extraordinary fertility of its soil, would make it a splendid new home for Swiss immigrants to Ontario, in whose hands would soon flourish a 'New Helvetia' in Canada."

A visitor from Württemberg to the "Free Grant" territory, pleasantly relates his experience of "the Bush." He travels on the colonization road from Rosseau to Nipissing. To the right and left of the road there are thousands of acres of the best land. The soil improves as the lake is approached. Now and then a log-house is passed, erected a few months ago, but even now surrounded by a "clearing" of ten or



twelve acres, with splendid potatoes, wheat and oats, corn and vegetables. Wherever a stoppage is made the settlers are able to offer a good meal. The cattle are in excellent condition, pasturing partly in the woods, and partly in the fenced lots. In the midst of the forest a cart is met, the farmer walking behind it. He stands still, with the words, "You are surely also a Swabian?" "Yes, and whence are you?" "Half a mile



KILLARNEY.

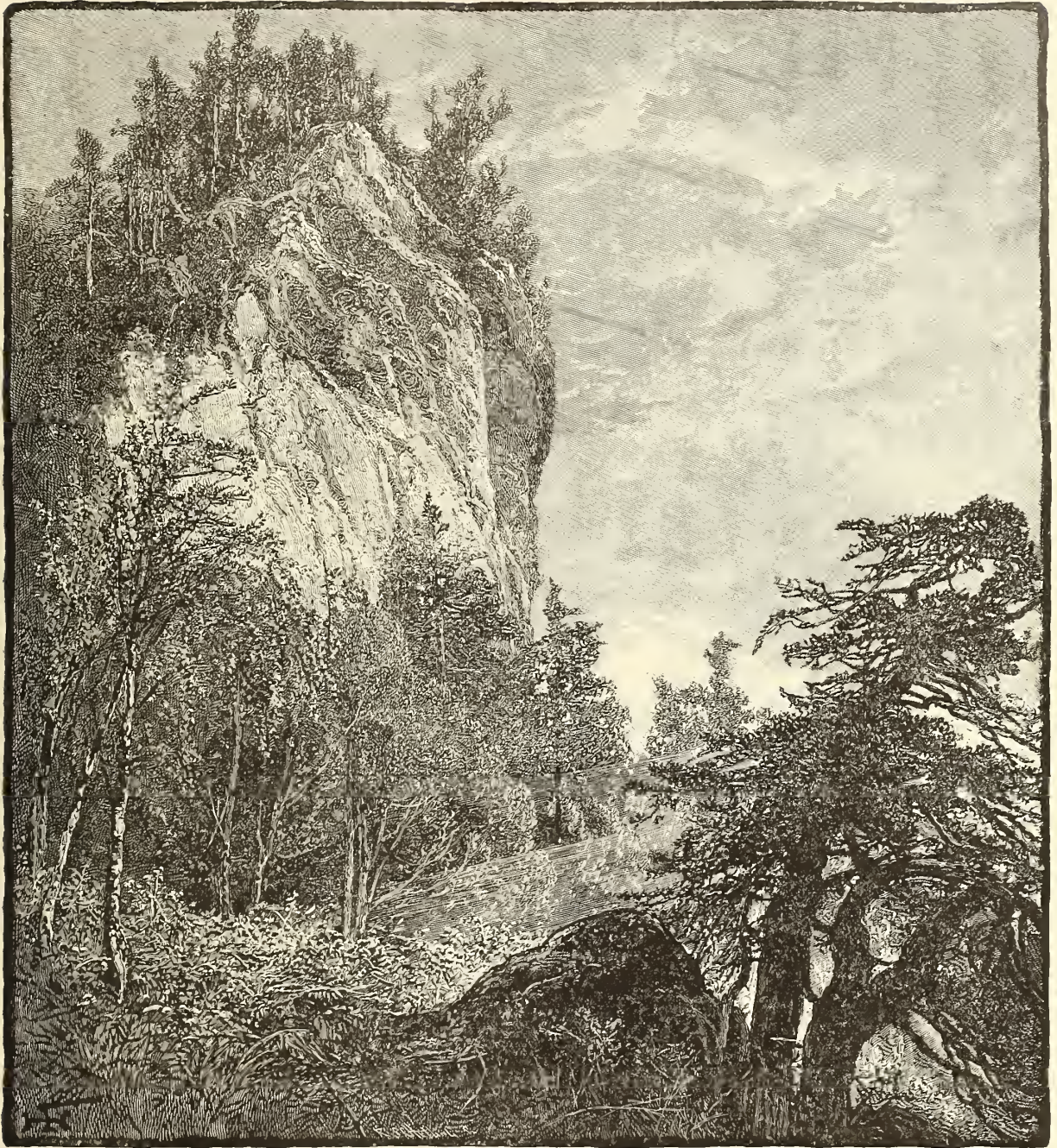


from Oppelsbohm is my home;" and the visitor listens to an encouraging tale of contented industry.

North and west, also, of Lake Nipissing the land is good. The agents of the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany, the only white residents, have seen an unwonted sight, the surveyor, with his theodolite, making townships in the wilderness. There is reported to be more fertile, arable land on the west bank of the Ottawa, above the Mattawan, than on the banks below it. A line drawn from Lake Nipissing to the lower end of Lake Temiscaming, with the Ottawa to the north and west, and the Mattawan to the south, forms a rough triangle, within which is a large area of hardwood land. It is in every way well adapted for settlement. On one side it touches a great navigable reach of the Ottawa, and on the other a large lake, which, at a small cost, could be rendered easily accessible from Lake Huron, and on the very route which must be used for the timber trade, now extending to Lake Temiscaming. North of this tract to Lake





A LAURENTIAN BLUFF.

Abbitibee, a distance of eighty miles, soil for the most part favorable to cultivation is found to exist, being a level alluvial over a limestone formation. The timber is a heavy growth of beech, maple, elm, and pine. Where these woods grow, wheat will also grow well. The climate will not be an obstacle to settlement. It is certainly not as rigorous as that of the North-West.

Already the shores of the Lake of "the Sorcerers" are awaking to the sounds of a new life. The lumberman, pioneer of settlement in the bush, has invaded the forest, and set up his saw-mills and shanties. The farmer has followed his steps, opening up tracts for cultivation; and for the produce the lumberman pays well. Government roads



make access easy for the settler. Steam-power has disturbed the waters which floated Champlain's canoe. The Canadian Pacific Railway commences its course westward from Callendar, on the north-east shore of the lake. The work of construction has begun, and goes actively on, bringing settlement and civilization along with it. It will not be long before thriving communities spring up throughout this great "Free Grant" district, which will be the nurseries of men such as New England has furnished to the United States.

Though the railway has reached the Mattawan and is skirting the shores of Nipis-



THE SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS.

sing, commerce does not yet make its way to the upper lakes by the route which Champlain followed. For the present, communication is by rail to Sarnia, Goderich, Owen Sound, Collingwood, and Midland, from which ports the steamboat commences the circuit of the inland seas.

At Killarney, a fishing village on the northern shore of the Georgian Bay, modern travel first comes in contact with the old *voyageur* track. An expedition of two, in search of the picturesque, approached this place by steamer one August afternoon. On the west rose the wooded bluffs of the Grand Manitoulin Island, and on the east and north the Laurentian Hills, which are to be our companions for the greater part of our journey. The neat houses of the hamlet were clustered on the edge of a plain which extended to the base of the mountains, and through which forbidding patches of granite, planed into curious shapes by glacial action, protruded. In the narrow chan-



nel, formed by parallel lines of picturesque rocks, and apparently closed altogether at the upper end by a blue wall, fishing-boats with bright-red sails, scudded before the wind.

The upper lakes teem with fish. Salmon-trout and white-fish are the most important varieties. These are caught in large quantities and shipped to Toronto and the United States. The old method of salting has been to a great extent superseded, now that speedier transit is obtained, by packing in ice. The large boxes, or "fish cars," running on wheels, which are seen at Killarney and other fishing stations, carry each from ten to twenty-five hundred weight of fish to the market.

White-fish, salmon-trout, and cranberries are the staple products of Killarney—Indians and half-breeds the staple population. Not feeling moved to linger, we proceeded westward on the quiet waters of the Northern Channel, with the soft outlines of the Grand Manitoulin on one hand and the grim Laurentians on the other. Manitoulin Island is not, geologically, akin to the north shore of the mainland; it is rather an extension of the peninsula of Ontario. It is laid out into townships, and, like St. Joseph's island farther west, is a flourishing agricultural settlement.

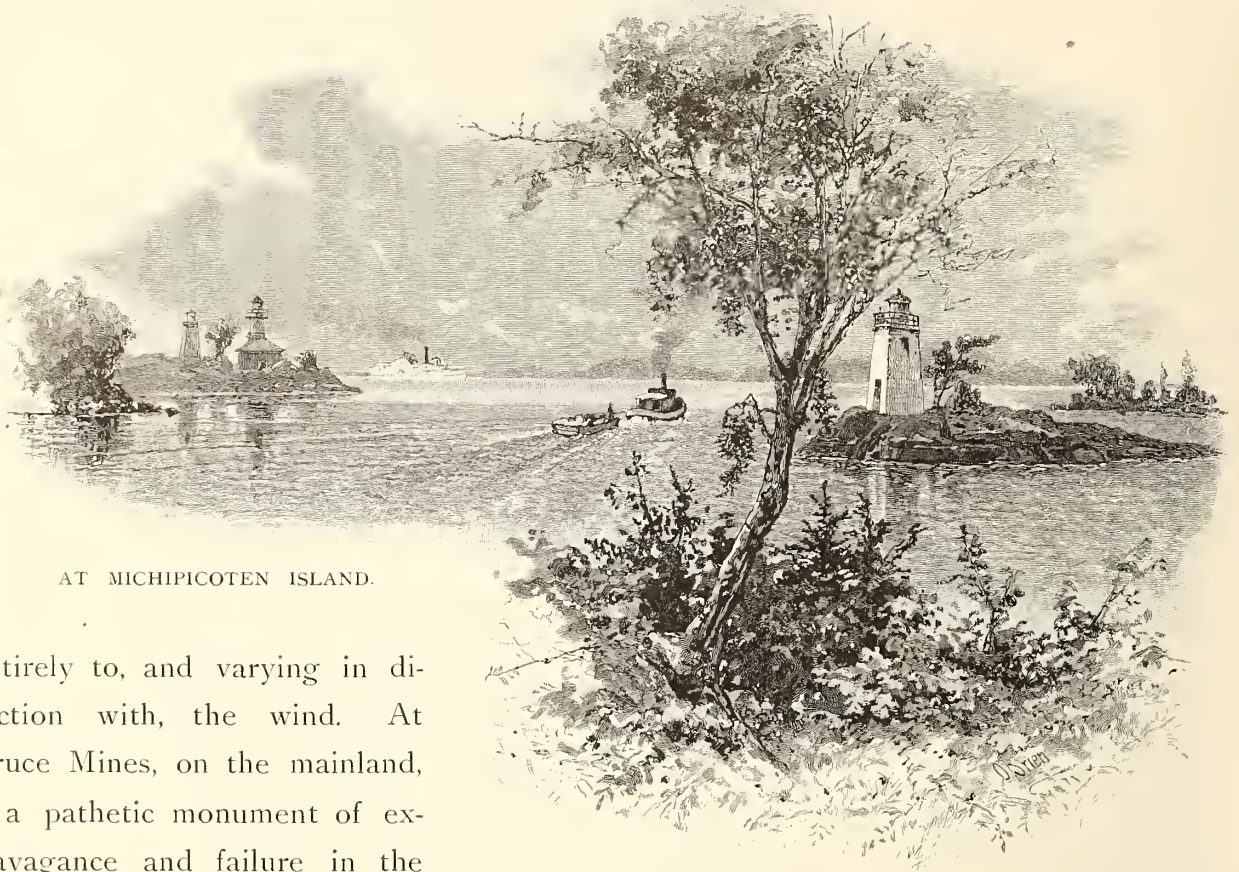
There is nothing particularly striking in the Northern Channel above Killarney. In places the Laurentians are broken up into islands, as they are where they cross the



VILLAGE OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

St. Lawrence. Below Killarney, the rocky fragments are scattered along the coast in picturesque profusion.

At Little Current, on the Manitoulin side, we encounter a strong current, due



AT MICHIPICOTEN ISLAND.

entirely to, and varying in direction with, the wind. At Bruce Mines, on the mainland, is a pathetic monument of extravagance and failure in the shape of great ranges of skeleton machinery, rusting and decaying around the shafts of an abandoned copper mine. Our next resting-place is Sault Ste. Marie.

Originally a Nor'west Company's post, "the Soo," as the place is called, has expanded into a village of five hundred inhabitants. Its importance will shortly be enhanced by the construction of a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to cross the strait at this point. We walked to the old trading-post, which has long lost all signs of commercial activity, and thence made our way to the Indian village. Here we met the hereditary chief of the Chippewas, a hard-featured, spectacled old gentleman, engaged in building a boat. Two of his retainers undertook to take us down the rapids. Poling their canoe to the head of the current by a comparatively quiet course, we descended swiftly, but without danger. The river falls eighteen feet, in some places with much fierceness, but the descent is made by a course which can be run without excitement. Indians were catching white-fish at the foot of the rapids. One man holds the canoe with wonderful skill in the swift current, and another stands in the bow with a large scoop-net some three and a half feet in diameter. This he drops over the noses of the fish as they swim up stream. Drawing the scoop-net towards him, the fisherman, by a dexterous twist, closes the mouth of the net and hauls his prize aboard. In the spring and fall large quantities of fish are captured in this way. To the peculiar excellency of the rapids white-fish we bear cordial testimony.



It is nearly two centuries and a half since the Sault Ste. Marie was first visited by white men. In 1641 two Jesuit missionaries—Fathers Raymbault and Jogues—pushed their explorations as far as this place. They found an Indian village of two thousand souls where the small city opposite the Canadian town now stands. On the 14th of June, 1671, a grand council assembled here, in which fourteen Indian tribes were represented, four ecclesiastics represented the Church, and one Daumont de St. Lusson, with fifteen of his followers, represented the Government of Louis the Fourteenth. A large cross was blessed by one of the Fathers and erected on a hill, while the Frenchmen, with bare heads, sang the *Vexilla Regis*. After certain other ceremonies, M. de St. Lusson stood forth, with upraised sword in one hand and a clod of earth in the other, and in somewhat bombastic language claimed the Sault, as also Lakes Huron and Superior, the island of Manitoulin, and all countries, rivers, lakes, and streams contiguous thereto, as the sole property of that most high, mighty and renowned monarch, His Most Christian Majesty the King of France and Navarre.

In a few hours after leaving the Sault we are on the bosom of Lake Superior. When the surface of the water is stirred by a light breeze, just enough to give it life and energy, when fleecy masses of cloud float over the sky and draw lines of purple across the deep, it is delightful to sail upon the mighty lake, in its broad, mysterious expanse worshipped by the aborigines as a god. Much of such delightful sailing the traveller in July and August may enjoy. But in any season on the upper lakes, light breezes have a tendency to swell into what landsmen consider gales. Stiff nor'westers frequently make the progress of the steamboat slow and laboured. At such times the invitation of the dinner-bell meets with no response from two-thirds of the passengers; social intercourse languishes, and one is thrown upon his own reflections for entertainment. And food for reflection the prospect of sea and sky affords. What beauty there is in it all! though by sea-sick or half sea-sick passengers for the most part unregarded. The rainbow springing from the prow; the dark-green waves overlaid with glances and flashes of blue; the fantastic shapes, the mysterious shadings and colourings of the clouds—as restless as the waters below—proclaim that even in the midst of an uncomfortable gale, we are surrounded by infinite forms of divinest beauty. The limit of our knowledge limits our appreciation of these things. If we could trace the cause of each change in the ever-changing heavens, marking the invisible ministers of God's power as they "post o'er earth and ocean without rest," what a book of inexhaustible interest would lie always open before us!

Michipicoten House, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, is almost the only bit of life on the desolate northern shore of Lake Superior between the Sault Ste. Marie and Nepigon River. At Michipicoten Island, opposite the mouth of the river of the same name, the steamer makes a short stoppage. Nine miles from the land-locked harbour are mines of native copper, worked by a wealthy partnership of English





R. Smith & Co. N.Y.

W. H. L. & Co. N.Y.

SUNRISE ON LAKE SUPERIOR.



capitalists. A large and profitable yield, comparing favourably with that of the famous Hecla and Calumet mines on the south shore, is looked for.

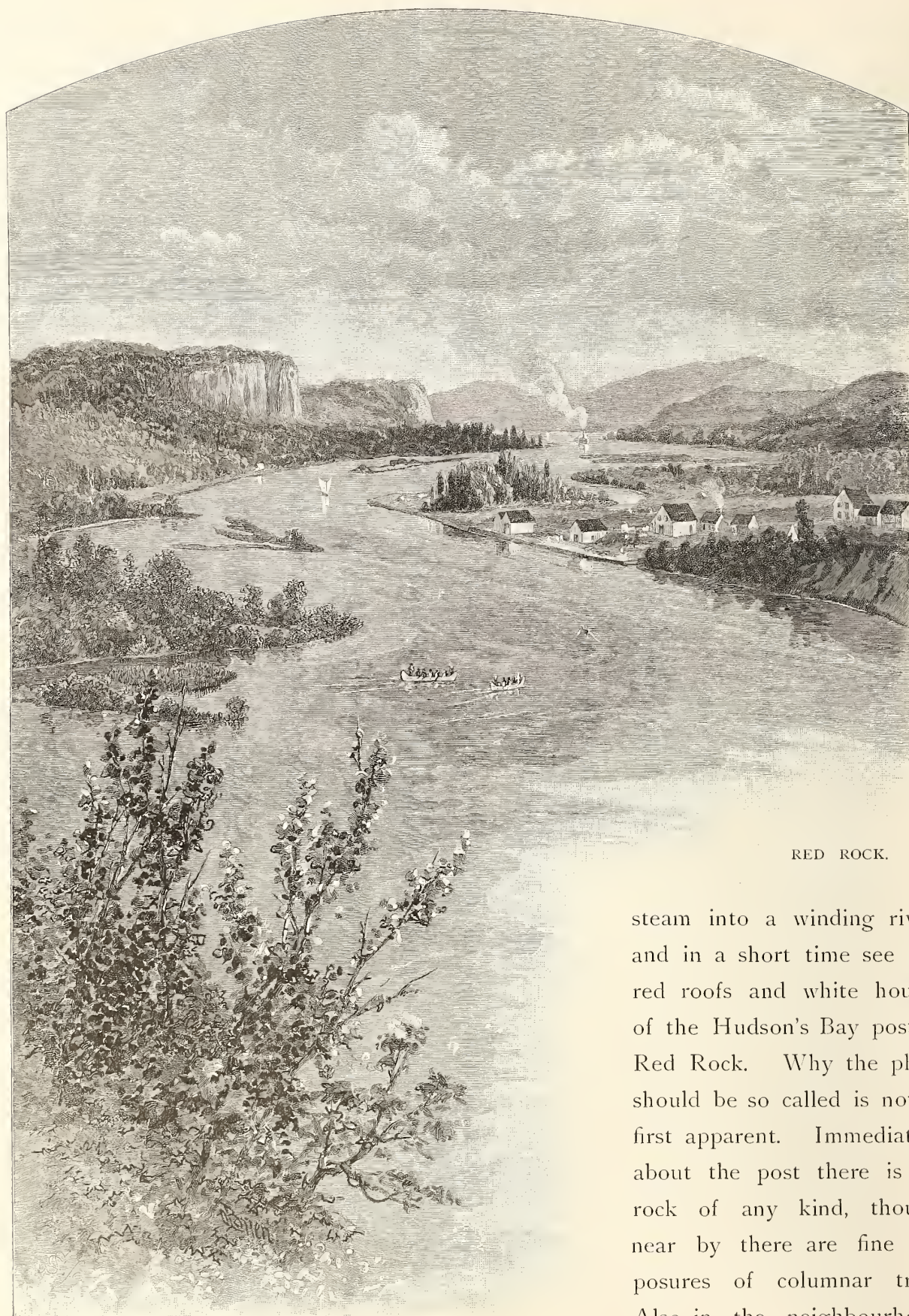
The existence of minerals on Michipicoten Island was known to the savages who lived about Lake Superior, as appears from the records of the Jesuit Fathers, the first European explorers. The working of the mineral deposits, however, was not begun till two centuries after the Jesuits announced their existence. Stranger than this, there is evidence that a race far older than the savages with whom the Fathers conversed—a race of which little more is now known than that it existed—must have been extracting copper from the mines of Lake Superior long before Columbus set forth to discover a new world. These people are supposed to be the Mound Builders. In the mounds, which are their only memorials, copper ornaments have been found. The Indians of the days of Jesuit exploration had no knowledge of mining nor skill in working metals.

We are beginning to realize that we have a respectable sea-voyage on hand. The steamer has already made some 460 miles; Duluth, at the end of the lake, is 350 miles farther, so that those who take the round trip—Collingwood to Duluth, and return—travel in all about 1600 miles by water. There is plainly a demand upon the cordiality of fellow-passengers. “We hadn’t a nice crowd on board, outside ourselves,” remarked a tourist, “but we amused ourselves by *satirizing* them all the way down.” A method not to be recommended, if the voyage is to be a pleasant one.

Every one who has heard of Lake Superior has heard of the Nepigon. “It is the finest trout-stream in America,” as an enthusiastic New-Yorker, who met us on the pier at Red Rock, declared. A strait, bay, river, and lake, on the north shore of Superior, about midway between the Sault and Duluth, all bear the name of Nepigon. In the strait the tourist makes the acquaintance of the trap, the characteristic rock of this northern region. Thrust up from the interior of the earth in a molten condition, and cooled in perpendicular lines or columns, it forms a massive sea-wall on the north edge of Lake Superior—lofty, abrupt, and indented. A huge mass of trap fifteen miles long, and in places more than a thousand feet high, cuts off, with some smaller islands, Nepigon Bay from the lake, and bears the name of St. Ignace.

Entering Nepigon strait to the west of St. Ignace, we passed between frowning walls of columnar trap, recalling the familiar pictures of Fingal’s Cave. For two or three hundred feet at the top the rock presents a precipitous face; below this, the *débris* of broken trap, torn down by the action of frost and time, a confused pile of titanic blocks, slopes, into the pale-green waters. Under the cliffs, ranged like battlements on either side, we passed into Nepigon Bay. The bay, some thirty miles long and twelve miles wide, is one of three estuaries in this irregular coast lying in close proximity to one another. Black Bay and Thunder Bay, both of which run inland for some forty miles, are the other two. Out of the north-west corner of the bay we





RED ROCK.

steam into a winding river, and in a short time see the red roofs and white houses of the Hudson's Bay post at Red Rock. Why the place should be so called is not at first apparent. Immediately about the post there is no rock of any kind, though near by there are fine exposures of columnar trap. Also in the neighbourhood there is found a soft, red

sandstone of which the Indians make their pipes, and this gives its name to the station.



Here we bid good-by to steamboat navigation, and prepare to take to the canoe and tent. It is no more possible to see the north shore of Lake Superior from a steamboat than it would be to see the Alps from a railway train. John Ruskin says that travelling by rail is not travelling at all—it is simply going from one place to another. As compared with canoeing, we are compelled to pass a similar verdict upon travelling by steamer. Many people who have heard beforehand of the picturesque shores of the upper lakes make the round trip, and come back with the conviction that the scenery is overrated. An endless sky-line of inhospitable cliffs, viewed over seas uncomfortably rough, varied once and again by a closer glimpse of some commanding headland, does not afford an exciting panorama. But these same coasts, visited at leisure in a small boat—the bays and islands explored, the rivers followed up—reveal scenes of surpassing loveliness. If there is disappointment when the north shore is visited in this way, the fault lies with the traveller, not with the country.

The Nepigon has become of late years a resort for sportsmen. The trout are magnificent, and in the early part of the season—June and July—are caught in astonishing numbers; six and seven pounds are ordinary sizes. There is, too, a peculiar delicacy in a trout caught by your own rod, and cooked before the fire on sticks—spatch-cock fashion—within ten minutes after it has left the water. The fish bite best when the flies do, and neither flies nor fish at this late season were lively; though the latter would have been considered so in any less famous stream.

Though our visit to Nepigon was not for fish, we had the satisfaction of landing some five-pounders, and our table was always sufficiently supplied. The trout are caught at the foot of any swift rapid, but there are certain large “pools” where rare sport may always be relied upon. The pool is a good-sized basin, below a strong rapid or fall. The water rushes over the fall and across the basin with great violence; it then turns back and swirls around the edge of the pool to the foot of the fall in a strong eddy. In the eddy, under logs half hid in creamy foam, or in holes over which the current runs swiftly, lie the big trout, ready to dart like lightning at the gaudy fly, or later in the season at the shining spoon or minnow. The latter method is of course voted unsportsmanlike; but sportsmen have to adopt it in August and September. In the decline of the fur-trade in these parts the Hudson’s Bay Company do a large business in supplying fishermen with stores and tackle.

*“A. B. & C. D.:*

*“In account with*

*“THE COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS OF ENGLAND  
TRADING INTO HUDSON’S BAY.*

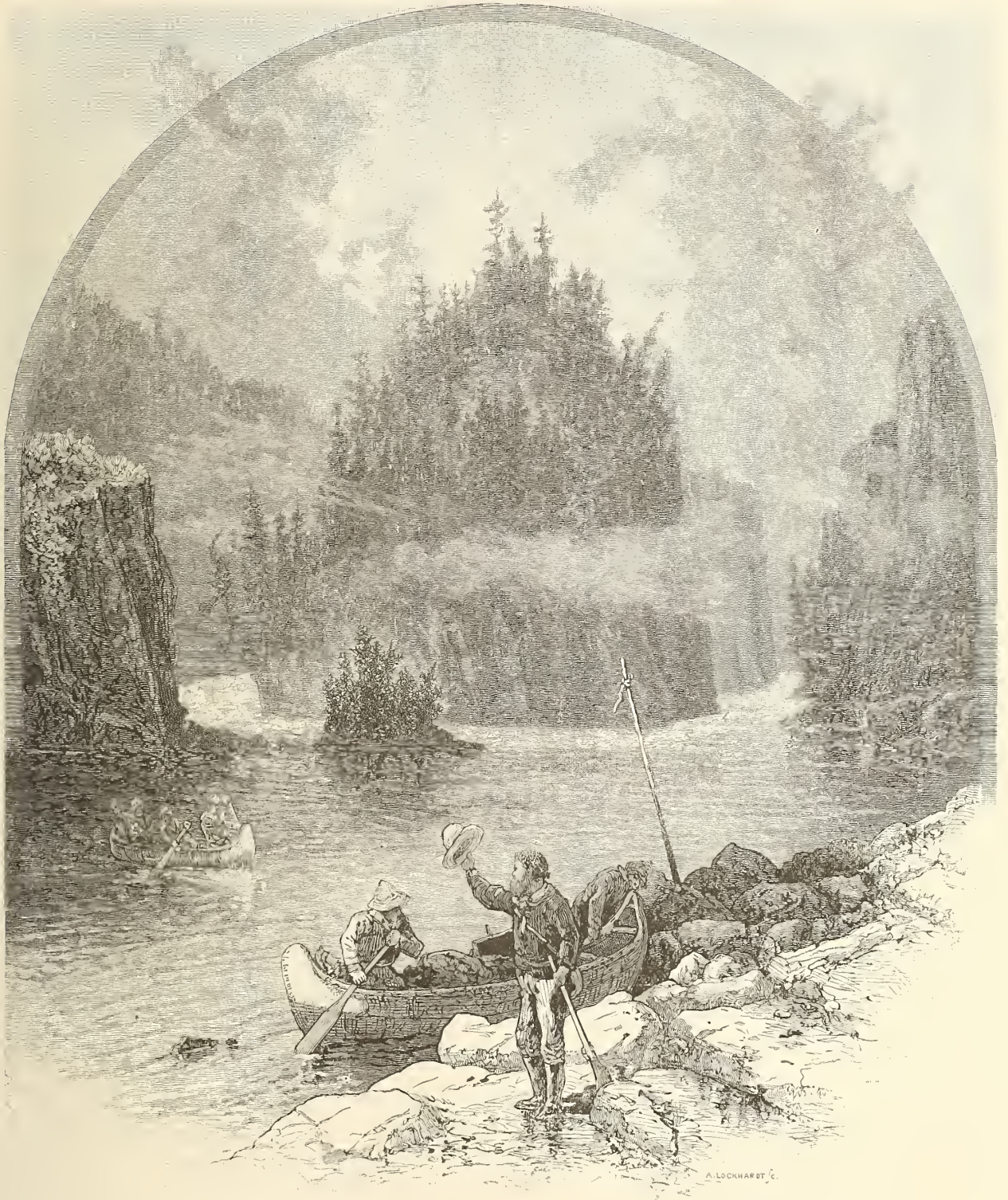
*“TO ONE CAN OF PEACHES, . . . \$0.40.”*





A TROUT POOL ON THE NEPIGON.





SPLIT ROCK.

It struck us that this would have looked impressive ; but in rendering their accounts the successors of Prince Rupert and his gentleman associates do not use their full corporate title.

Having secured a canoe, a sufficient store of provisions and camping utensils, and two half-breeds—the pure aboriginal seems still to avoid the borders of civilization—



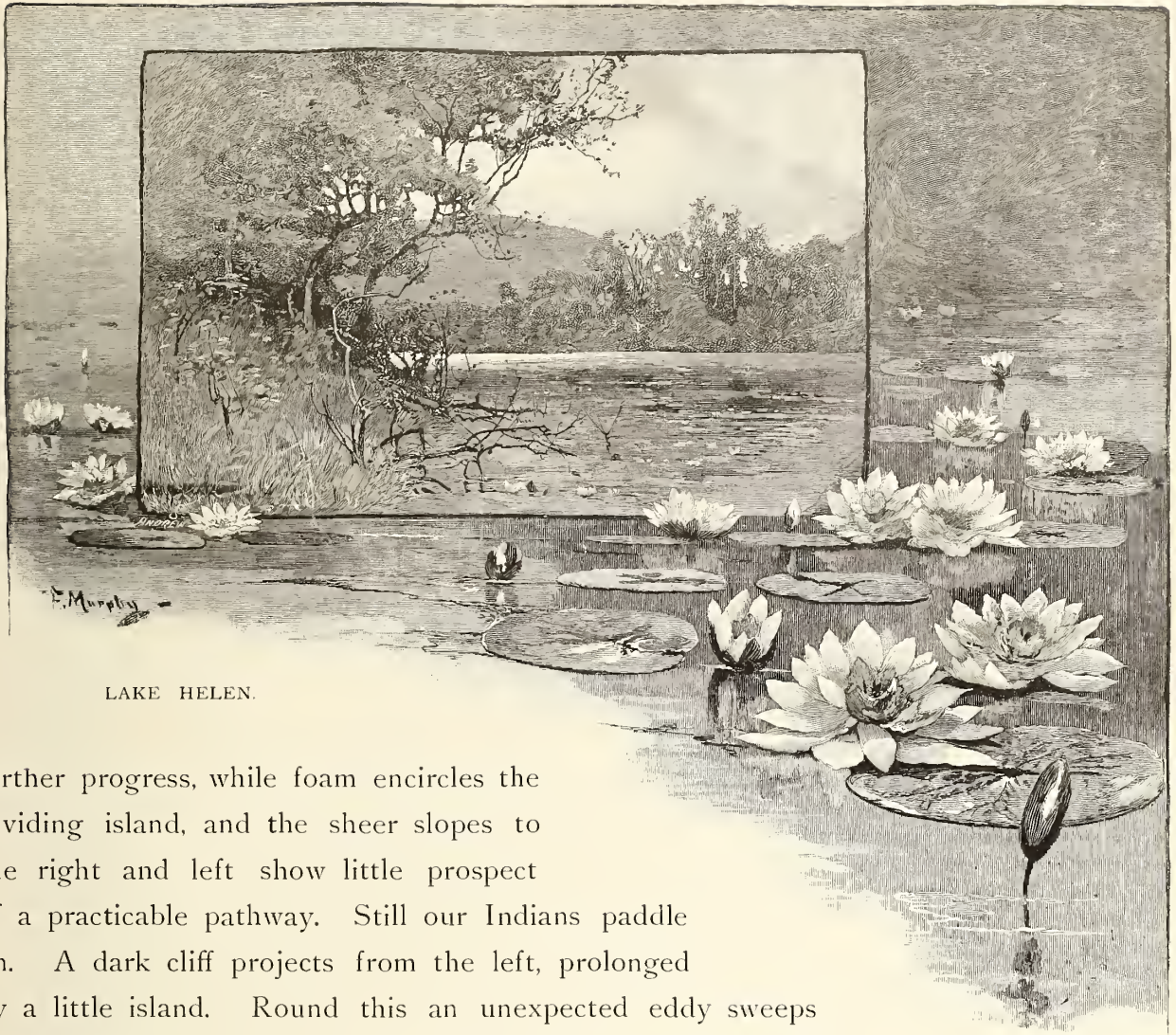
we commenced our progress up the river. Along the lakes and streams which from time immemorial have been his highways, the red man of the woods has wandered from early spring to late autumn, hunting, fishing, loitering, fighting, bearing with him his family and household gods, and setting up his wigwam wherever for the time it suited him to dwell. Upon these waterways his conveyance has invariably been the birch-bark canoe, and nothing has ever been constructed by man more perfectly adapted to the purposes required. A skin of the tough outer bark of the white birch, sewed together with the fibrous roots of the spruce, tightly stretched over a thin lining and ribs of cedar, the seams daubed with the resinous gum of the pine or tamarack—such is the Indian canoe, light, strong, and buoyant, simply constructed and easily repaired. Modelled somewhat after the fashion of a duck's breast, it floats like a bubble on the water, and, if not too deeply laden, will ride safely over seas sufficient to swamp an ordinary boat. Astonishingly easy to be upset by a novice, it is, in experienced hands, the safest and most stable of crafts, and it is, of all, the most picturesque. Exquisitely graceful in form and curvature, the varied orange and brown of its exterior contrasts brightly with the transparent reflections of the river. Stealing noiselessly along by the banks, under the overhanging branches, or appearing unexpectedly round a point, it forms just the spot of colour, and touch of life and human interest, which make the wild and lonely scene a picture.

Between the great Lake Nepigon—*Annimibigon*, "lake that you cannot see the end of"—and the post at Red Rock, there are four lesser lakes bearing the commonplace names of Helen, Jessy, Maria, and Emma. Till we reached the head of Lake Jessy the scenery was not what our imagination had conceived. From this point there is no room for disappointment. Passing through the narrow gate by which the river flows into Lake Jessy, we enter an enchanted land.

We are amongst the trap again, having for some time been in the region of the tamer granite. The stream is deep and swift, flowing in a narrow channel of rock, untainted and clear. The lofty walls on either hand undulate, and, jutting out into headlands, overlap each other, so that we seem to be travelling, link by link, a chain of beautiful lakelets. The colours of the rocks are most vivid. At a short distance they are suffused with a haze of rose-pink; on approach we distinguish the different lichens which deck their hard features in gay colours—orange and yellow, green and gray, in every shade. The exquisitely pure water, the splintered crags lichen-painted, the silver-stemmed birches, aspen-poplars, and balsams crowning the banks, conspire to make ideal scenes.

At Split Rock a mountain of trap rises from the centre of the river-bed, splitting the stream into two branches, for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The water, crowded into two narrow channels, pours down on each side of this huge wedge in impassable torrents. As we approach the foot of the rapid the way seems barred to





LAKE HELEN.

farther progress, while foam encircles the dividing island, and the sheer slopes to the right and left show little prospect of a practicable pathway. Still our Indians paddle on. A dark cliff projects from the left, prolonged by a little island. Round this an unexpected eddy sweeps our canoe into a tiny bay, with a quiet landing-place.

The portage path winds close to the brink of the rapid, around trees, and over rocks. Along it, with cautious tread, our guides move lightly, under loads which, to an unaccustomed eye, would seem incredible. We linger, for this rippling pool, partly shaded by thick foliage and just flecked with sunlight, must be the lurking-place of trout. From a stone of vantage a fly is cast, well out on the stream. A quick flash, a little whirl on the water, and the reel flies round. A big trout, in search of a dinner, dashes off in short-lived triumph. Finding himself a captive, he darts to and fro in terror. Turning on his side he bends double, and strives again and again to leap from the merciless line. A cruel sport, after all, we cannot help feeling, as with a passing sense of pity, we hold the bending rod firm, and wait till the death-struggle of the beautiful creature is over.

Meanwhile a couple of canoes of Lake Nepigon Indians, on their way home from Red Rock, the metropolitan centre of this region, have landed. Most carefully the canoes are beached, and their contents lifted out. A strapping young fellow, with copper-coloured face and long black hair, takes the first load. A large box is first





ABOVE SPLIT ROCK RAPID.





CAMPING GROUND AT THE PORTAGE.

swung at his back, by a broad leather strap which crosses his forehead. This serves for a foundation. Upon it his comrades lay a bag of flour, one hundred weight at least. Next comes a roll of blankets, and a miscellaneous bundle on top of all. An axe is put in his belt, he picks up his gun, and off he goes contentedly, traversing without a stumble the rocky path which we find it hard enough to pass unincumbered. All the party, men and women, are also laden; the canoe, turned bottom up and poised upon his shoulders, forming the last man's load.

As a matter of convenience the portages are usually selected as camping-grounds. At the upper end of this one we pitch our tent in a rarely beautiful spot. The rocks rise high about us like the walls of a mountain cañon. Through our tent-door we gaze upon a placid pool, in strong contrast with the cataract hard by, whose voice,



subdued to a murmur, intensifies the sense of utter stillness suggested by the pool. The busy river seems to have turned aside here for a few moments' meditation, as a Londoner might turn into St. Paul's Cathedral. If this be a church, those little emerald islands are two kneeling maidens, and the gaunt pine which just looks in at the entrance is a storm-beaten prodigal, in whose heart the resolve is dimly forming to arise and go to his father.

Up stream we make but slow way against the strong current of the Nepigon, now helped by the eddies which sweep us up below the bends, now shooting into the current and plying the paddles with quick muscular strokes till we pass the jutting point, and regain our breath in the quieter pool above. Down stream we have less work and more fun. Out in mid-channel, courting instead of dodging the current, we glide smoothly down the rippling waters, now swiftly, now slowly, pausing to throw a fly to a big trout in an eddy, or lazily watching the panorama of rock and foliage, moss and lichen, fern and flower, endless in variety of colour and endlessly varied in the mirror below. Lulled by a low roar, like the sound of the distant sea, which, growing louder, warns us of a cataract not to be too closely approached, we scan the shore for the familiar signs of the portage landing.

Over a mile and a half of bare, burnt granite ledges, in the blazing noonday sun, the heavy packs and canoes have been carried; a mile and a half farther across a high hill the portage still stretches its weary length. We reach a small stream which leads into the river proper at a point where, after tossing and tumbling for a mile or more in foaming thunder, it is comparatively quiet. Below are two smaller rapids, over which we are tempted to run the canoe and save the rest of the portage. The Indians, who are cautiousness itself, consent to go down light; the packs must be afterwards carried by the path. The canoe is launched again. The first rapid is intricate, and dangerous from the sunken rocks and startling passages through which the canoe is guided with unerring skill. Then a wide still pool, a sharp turn, and a long dark slope, with a white fringe, as to the meaning of which there can be no mistake, at the bottom. The bowman, who has not been here before, looks at it with some dismay, but it is too late to draw back. He whips off his jacket, quickly unwinds and regirds his sash, and is ready for a swim. "Sit down low!" is his warning shout. With bated breath we are glancing down the swift incline; with poised paddles we reach the great curls which lift their crests where the dark purple water breaks into white. In mid-stream they are highest, flashing up in great masses of spray, but with a few dexterous side-strokes of the paddles, they are avoided, and almost before we know it, we are tossed safely into the eddy far below the fall. "Very big water" is the pithy remark of the Indian as he looks back at the great white waves, already small in the distance, and points the bow to the beach at the lower end of the portage.

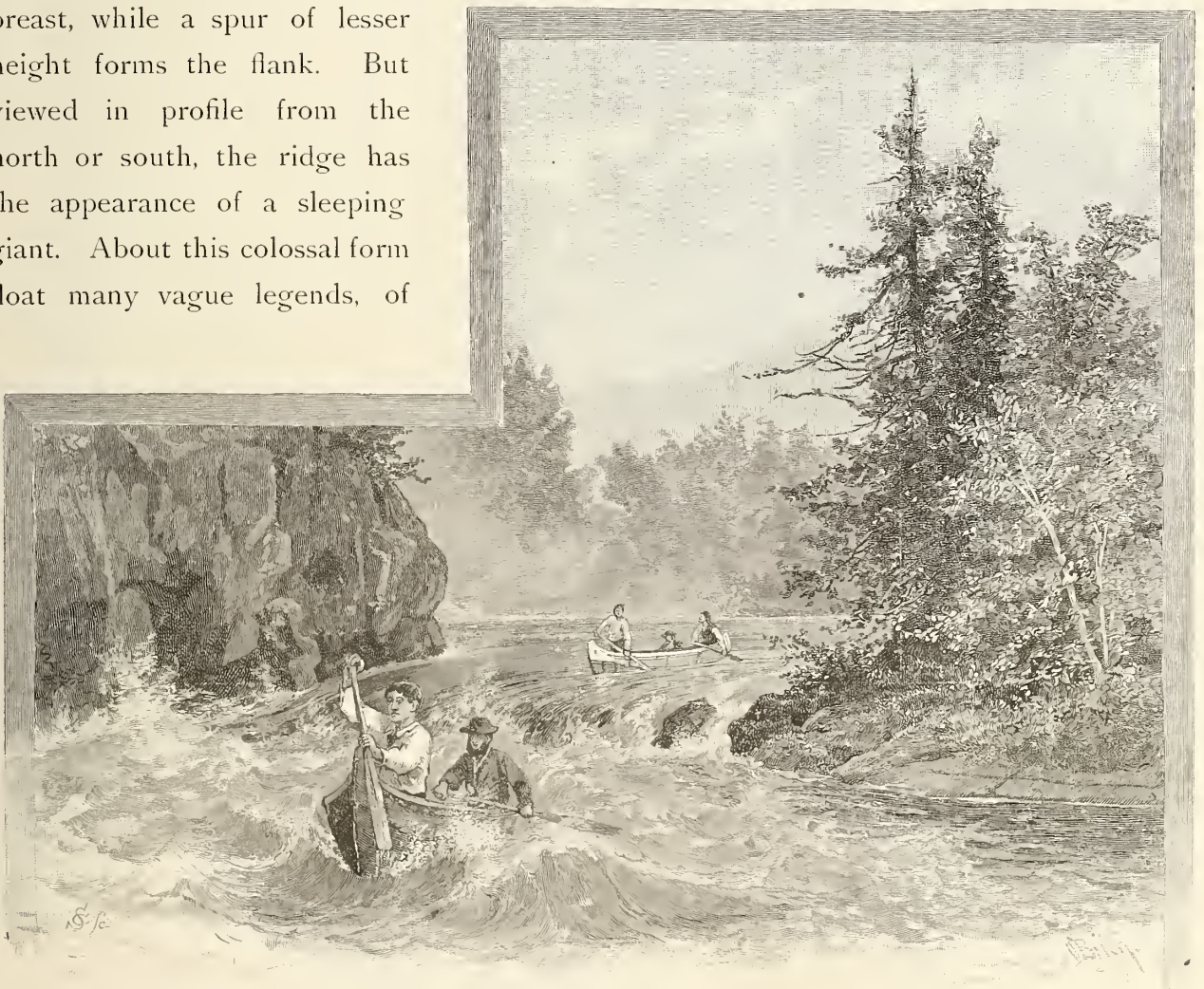
Gladly would we have lingered in summer idleness upon the lucid stream of beau-



tiful Nepigon, but other scenes called us westward still. Steaming out again between the walls of trap, we passed over the rough billows of Superior to Thunder Bay.

Thunder Bay is the most westerly of the great inlets which have been mentioned. At its entrance Thunder Cape, the extremity of a long, rocky peninsula, rising abruptly to a height of thirteen hundred and fifty feet, is the eastern janitor of what the Marquis of Lorne has named the "Silver Gate of Lake Superior." To the west, eighteen or twenty miles across the water, the dark mass of McKay's Mountain looms up. Pie Island lies in the mouth of the bay, like a huge monitor at anchor. These three gigantic upheavals dominate the scene. They sit in massive dignity, superior to all surrounding objects, like the three emperors, each with a cloudy crown about his brow. As we entered the bay on a gloomy and tempestuous morning, Thunder Cape stood out against a fierce red sky. Ragged clouds out of the north-west trailed across his forehead. A fit abode it seemed for the storm-spirit, this cloud-canopied bay, with its three grim sentinels half wrapped in creeping mists.

Thunder Cape from the south-west has the outlines of a couchant lion, the highest elevation forming the head and breast, while a spur of lesser height forms the flank. But viewed in profile from the north or south, the ridge has the appearance of a sleeping giant. About this colossal form float many vague legends, of



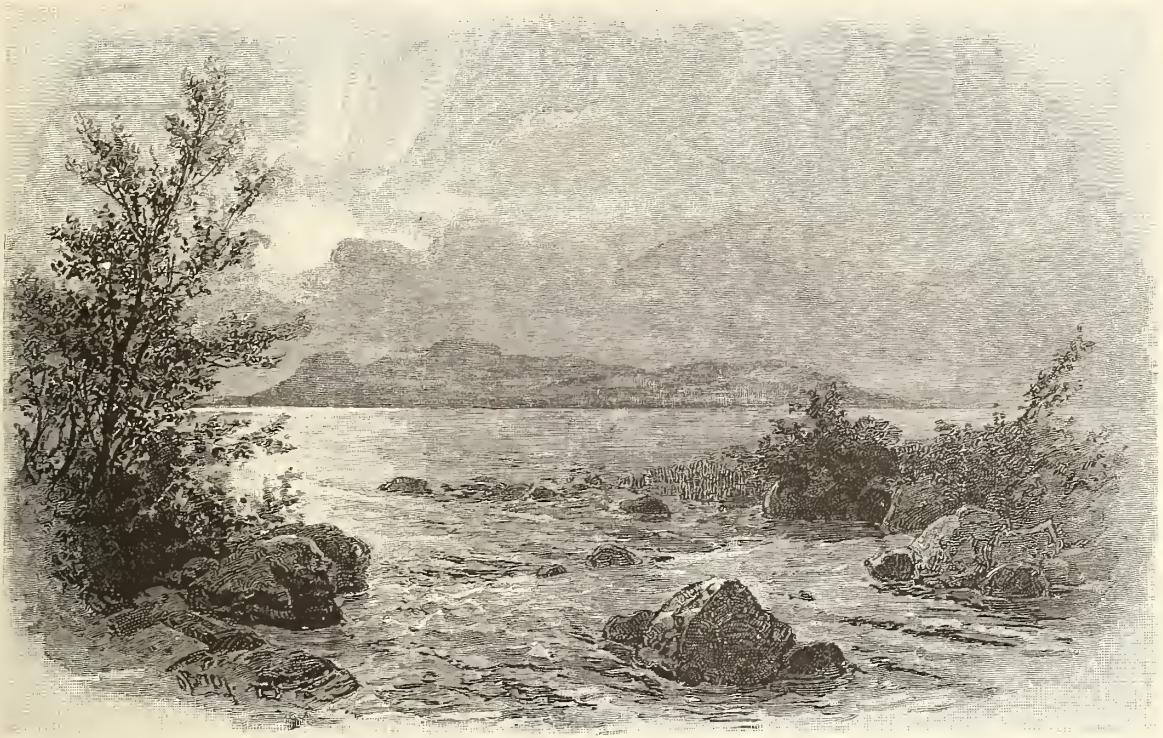
SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.





THUNDER CAPE.





THE SLEEPING GIANT.

which it is almost impossible to obtain from the Indians a connected account. It is agreed that the giant who lies there with his face to the sky, like a marble knight upon his tomb, is one Ninnabijou—the Nanabush or Manabozho referred to in the introduction to the “*Jesuits in North America*”—an Ojibway Hercules who performed, before his lamented demise, many remarkable feats of prowess. As to how he came to make Thunder Cape his last resting-place, the authorities differ. However that may be, the giant who there sleeps the sleep which the sun rising over him each morning will never disturb, will remain to the citizens of the town which is growing up on the shore of Thunder Bay, a memorial of the race who once held undisputed sway over forest and stream.

McKay’s Mountain, though not so lofty as the Cape, is quite as prominent a feature in the landscape. It lifts its huge bulk into the sky, from the right bank of the Kaministiquia River, like Behemoth coming out of the water to sun himself. We rowed some distance up the bay from Prince Arthur’s Landing, to the mouth of Current River, and took a good look at McKay, ten miles off. How solidly he stands, immovable as one of the pillars of the earth; and yet McKay and all this iron-ribbed coast were once a mist as impalpable as the level plain of clouds above. Even now the mountain slowly but certainly moves to dissolution. The very cloud which he himself begets feeds upon him; every rain-drop helps to eat away some particle; the winter-frost delights in the sport of gnawing big fragments from his sides. The lesson of these mighty rock-masses is, after all, not one of permanence, but of decay.



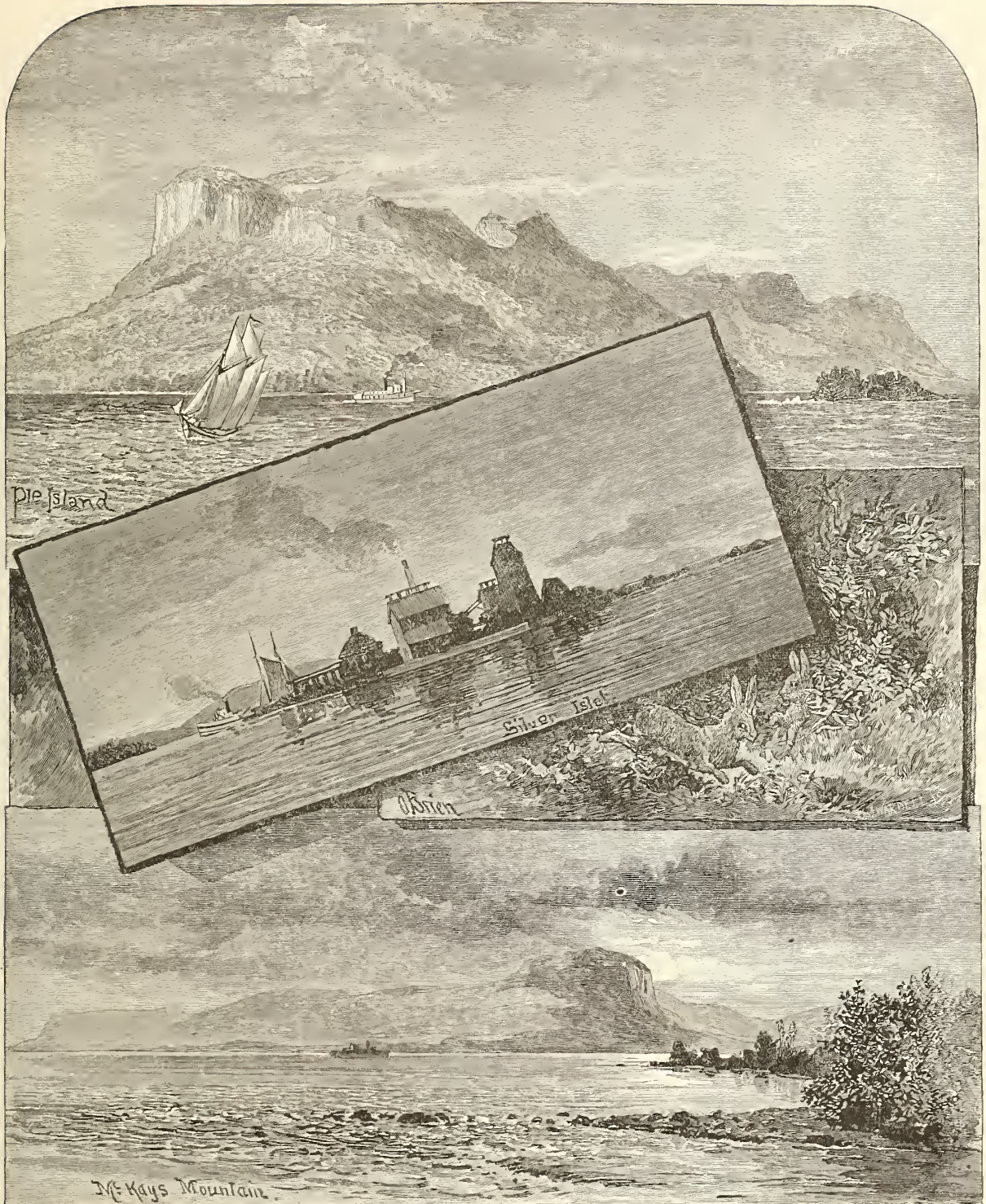
They all proclaim that the true substance is not that which meets the eye and hand. These things are shadows, all in their time to melt into "thin air," until at length,

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

Prince Arthur's Landing, so named by the officers of Colonel Wolseley's expedition to the Red River settlement in 1870, is a town of twelve hundred people and large hopes. Between the Landing and the town plot of Fort William, once intended for the Lake Superior terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, there exists a deadly rivalry. The former stands on the north shore of Thunder Bay, on ground that rises gradually, and offers an excellent site for a city. What there is of the place is business-like. The six miles of railway which connect it with the Canadian Pacific road at the Kaministiquia, were originally built by the people of the town. The Landing will probably become one of the chief summer watering-places of the people of Manitoba and the West—a spot where they may meet, amid beautiful scenery and bracing air, their fellow-countrymen of the East.

One forgets that the Landing is within the limits of Ontario, over 700 miles from the capital of the Province, as it is. The ideas of the people are not those of Ontario. Mining is the chief topic of conversation, and the expected source of wealth. Just outside of Thunder Cape the traveller sees a few wooden structures standing on a pier or crib about a mile from the shore. This is the famous Silver Islet, originally a few feet of rock above the surface of the lake, offering the only avenue of approach to vast stores of hidden wealth. Ten years ago an excavation was made in the little protrusion of rock, which disclosed a rich pocket of silver. The lumps of quartz first taken out, seamed with silver ore, served, for the time, in the construction of cribs, to protect the mouth of the shaft from the inroads of the waves. Farther mining revealed the fact that, under the water, there was a silver mine of unknown extent and value. Three million dollars in silver came out of it in the first ten years, though the expenses of working and protecting the mine are said to have about equalled that sum. To-day the roof of the mine contains a fortune in silver, which—oh, bitterness to the cupidity of man!—cannot be touched without admitting the waters of Lake Superior, to the conclusion of all farther operations. Mining locations and prospectings, quartz and blende, amygdaloid and mica, occupy a large space in the thoughts of most of the Landing people. We found three silver mines in active operation, with any number of abandoned shafts. What the extent of the silver deposit on the





THUNDER BAY.

north shore may be it is impossible to guess. The world may be dazzled some day by the discoveries of sanguine "prospectors" whom one is sure to meet in the country. Up to this, however, the universal experience has been that there is nothing truer than the Spanish proverb, "It takes a mine to work a mine."

From Prince Arthur's Landing west to Pigeon River—the boundary between our own country and the United States—the coast is particularly bold and irregular. One



afternoon we steamed away westward in one of the tugs which afford the speediest means of local transit in this region. Our way led us first to Pie Island, a chain of unshapely trap upheavals, increasing in height till, in the Pie proper, 900 or 1,000 feet are attained. To those who connect the idea of "pie" with the flat and somewhat deleterious construction held in esteem by our American kinsfolk, or the "deep" apple pie whose recesses the Englishman explores with zest, there is at first a difficulty in tracing any identity between a pie and the cistern-shaped mass of rock in Thunder Bay. But in time it dawns upon us that the mutton or pork-pie is that variety of the species which led the French to name the Island "Le pâté," and the English to adopt the present title. At a distance the base of Pie Island seems to be thickly clothed with brushwood. On approach we find this to be a dense forest of birch and poplar. The vertical columns of rock rise sheer for a height of four hundred feet, out of the usual confused mass of *débris*. A gray cloud suddenly



THE DESERTED MINE.



wreaths itself about the summit, and almost as suddenly vanishes away. The trap up to the top is of a dark gray colour, with reddish stains like spots of iron rust. These are really the colouring of the tiny orange lichen which ekes out a humble existence on the rocks on all sides. We know that the great spots of red which brighten the sombre face of the Pie nine hundred feet from its base, are constituted of myriad tiny



CAMP ON VICTORIA ISLAND.

plants, shaped like coral, each one displaying inimitable workmanship. How wonderful is this exquisite particularity and finish in every detail of nature's work, though eye of man may never rest upon it; and how vain to imagine that man's delight alone is consulted in the glory of creation! This tiny plant that clings to the dark rock so far beyond our reach, teaches us that the realm of nature ministers not only pleasure to created beings, but to the Creator that joy which the artist feels in his work when he sees that it is good—that joy which would never have been in the mind of Raphael and Turner had it not first been in the mind of God.

Steaming away from the Pie, and looking back, we see it turbaned again with gray cloud, though the sky is quite clear above. In a few moments there is a shift in the sun's rays, and an immediate change passes over the mountain. The gray cloud becomes pure white; the rock from green and gray becomes a sombre black. Another shift, and in an instant the green and gray again appear; the effect is just that which



is produced by placing glass slides of different colours between an object and the electric light. It is a fascinating occupation to watch the play of the sunlight on any one of the three imperial guardians of Thunder Bay. We have seen McKay standing a uniform mass of deep purple against the sky; through a sudden rent in the clouds a stream of sunlight is poured upon his forehead; here and there bits of gray rock, with the vertical lines distinctly traced, shine out, and gray and black take the place of the purple; the sun at length draws near his setting, and dyeing the mountain in rose pink, causes him to mingle with the golden curtains which minister to his pomp as he retires to rest.

Leaving the solemn Pie to enter with such serious decency as it may into the sportive intentions of the sun, we proceed under precipitous forest-clad shores and by numerous beautiful bays to Victoria Island, a few miles from the boundary. Here, at nine o'clock at night, transferred from tug to canoe, we grope our way into a quiet inlet, at the end of which the wash of the water has deposited a sandy beach. The canoe is drawn ashore. Jean Pierre, our guide, and his faithful assistant, an Indian lad of phenomenal ugliness whom we have named Orson, search for some birch-bark and soon kindle a fire. It crackles and blazes merrily, deepening the surrounding darkness and thereby intensifying the comfort of its own cheerful glare. The shivering alders seem to gather in closer to warm themselves at the pleasant blaze. A level space is selected for our tent; the hatchets ring, as the tent-pole and pegs are cut. When the tent is spread how bright the interior, with the firelight glancing through the canvas walls! and what a bed for a king the twigs of the aromatic balsam make! We are truly sorry for the man who has not the opportunity of spending a fortnight in "camping out," that he may get a taste of that life "under the green-wood tree" which the good duke in the forest of Arden commends so feelingly.

At the mouth of the bay where we are encamped, there is an island more beautiful than anything we have seen on the north shore, and yet there are doubtless many like it in this endless panorama of beauty, defying descriptive capacity of pen or pencil; awakening thoughts that lie too deep for tears; filling the mind with thankfulness, humility and awe, as they suggest infinite design, and power, and goodness. This island is a ruin. The deep gashes in its sides; the huge boulders strewn in the water at its feet, or clinging loosely about its summit, threatening to tumble at a breath; the uprooted trees entangled one with another, and hanging headlong down the cliff, all speak of ruin. But it is ruin softened and silvered by the hand of age. Gray mosses droop from the boughs of the dead cedars, and lichens silver-gray and pale gold, deck the rock in mild splendour. Mosses cushion every jutting point and promontory. And out of the decay, like the new life from hopes that are dead, a bright young vegetation springs. The mountain ash and spruce lift a glory of tender green above their fallen companions; the alder thrives in the fissures, and a modest



blue floweret here and there finds a home, where it blooms contentedly, on the hard surface of the rock itself.

On one side, the island, so eloquent in its silent beauty, meets the full sweep of Lake Superior. The winds have swept the high cliffs almost clean of moss and foliage, and great square boulders bare of lichen show how high the waves reach,

Shattering on black blocks their breadth of thunder.

A vein of quartz, promising silver, has in some past day induced mining operations on Victoria Island, which, however, have not led to anything but an excavation resembling a natural cave. Out of this, with minds probably in a happier frame than those whose unprofitable labour leaves its record here, we gazed, as from a window, upon our own peaceful encampment and the sheltered bay. Then bidding adieu to this wonder-land we folded our tents and turned our canoe eastward to the mouth of the Kaministiquia.

Vast as Lake Superior is, covering with water an area of some 32,000 square miles, it drains a comparatively small extent of territory, and is fed by no great river. The Nepigon is the largest of its streams; the Kaministiquia next in importance; and both of these are navigable by large vessels for only a few miles. The Kaministiquia enters Thunder Bay a short distance south of Prince Arthur's Landing by three mouths. Its principal attraction to tourists consists in the beautiful falls, which, by a strange perversion of the true title, have come to bear the name of the Kakabeka Falls.

To visit these falls and make the acquaintance of the Kaministiquia, we took passage on a construction train of the Canadian Pacific Railway at the Landing. A mile or two from the village a powder-car, containing ten tons of pure oil of nitro-glycerine, was coupled to our train, causing a perceptible sensation amongst the passengers. Nitro-glycerine is not a pleasant travelling companion under the most favourable circumstances, still less on a partially constructed railway on which the cars, in the expressive dialect of the rail, indulge in the sport of "playing on their bearings." From the Landing for several miles the Pacific Railway runs through the low flat valley of the Kaministiquia. The scenery is uninteresting, but the soil gives promise of good agricultural returns. At the Town Plot of Fort William, we come upon the dark river washing the base of McKay's Mountain. Some miles farther on we touch the river again, and look down upon it flowing swiftly between high wooded banks. Where the railway bridge crosses the stream, near its junction with a tributary named the Mattawan, we take leave of the train and the nitro-glycerine, and embark upon the water.

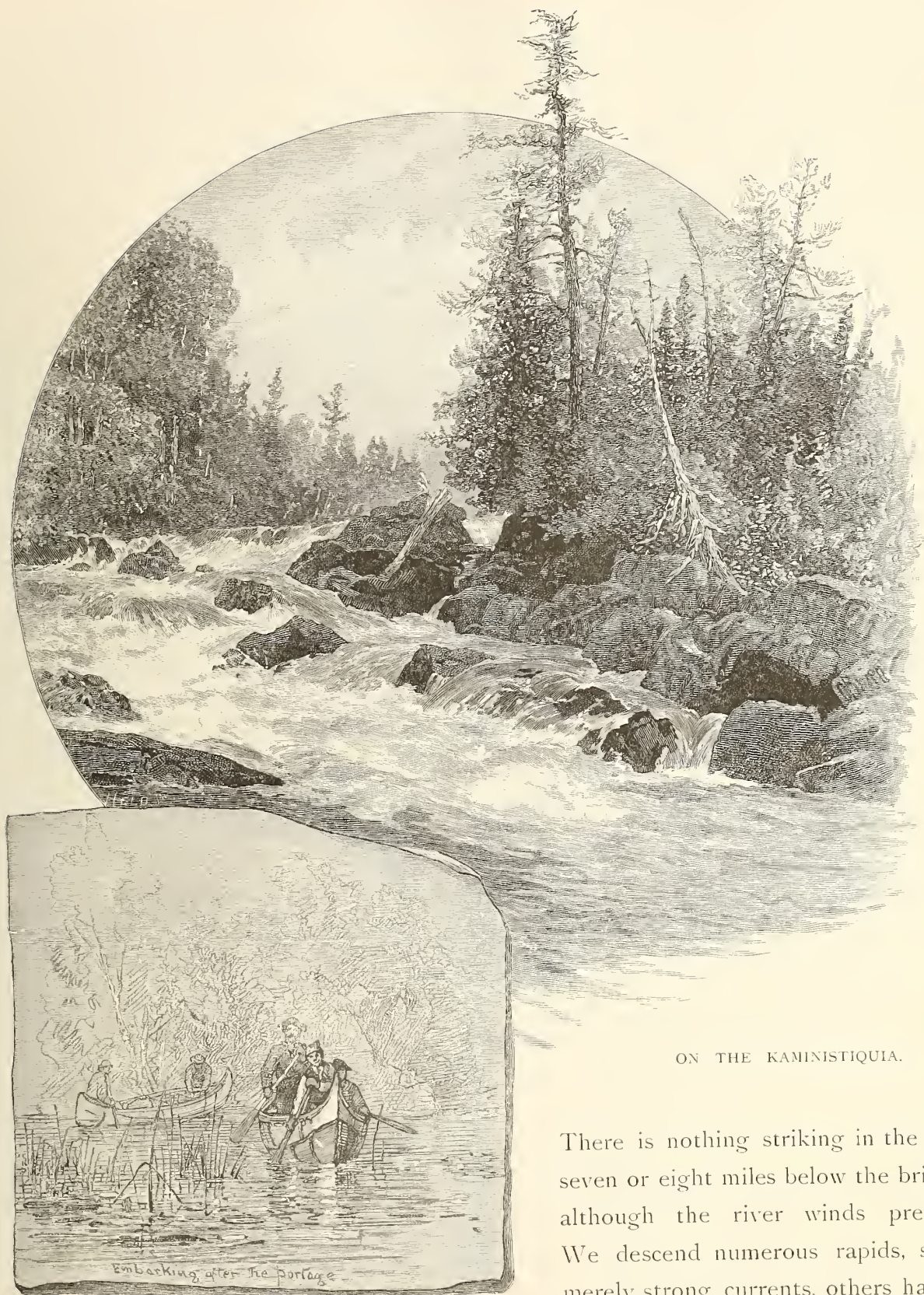
We are now one hundred and fifty feet or more above the level of the lake.





KAKABEKA FALLS.





ON THE KAMINISTQUIA.

There is nothing striking in the first seven or eight miles below the bridge, although the river winds prettily. We descend numerous rapids, some merely strong currents, others having a considerable fall. The water is

low, and the canoe requires skilful management. Though the descent is slower it is more exciting, as there is constant danger of a smash-up upon the boulders which protrude on all sides. Baptiste, a grizzled half-breed, is in command, and excites our



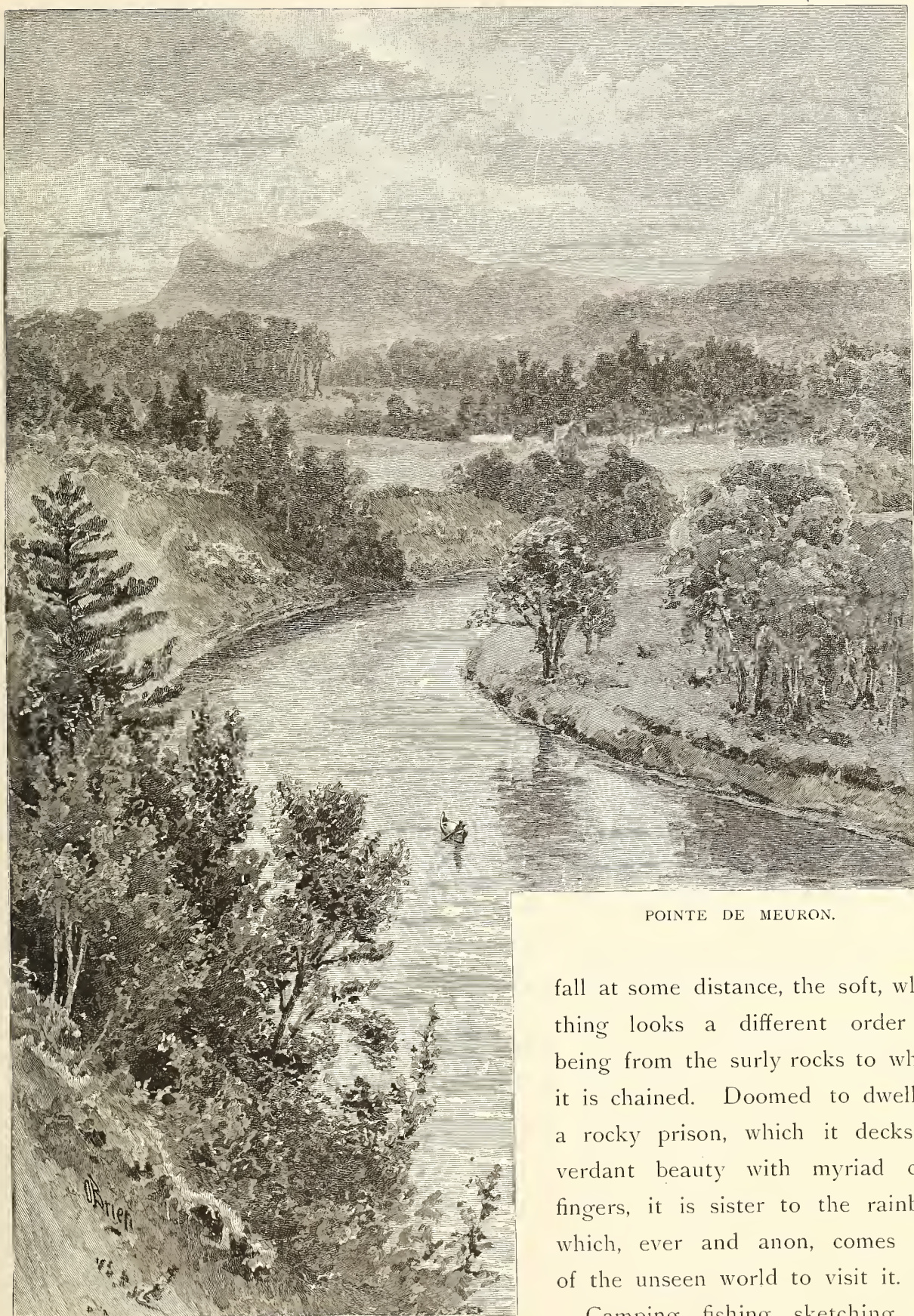
admiration by his management. He knows the meaning of every swirl and ripple in the stream. Channels which invite the unwary by their smooth but treacherous flow, he avoids for others which often look threatening and impassable. Innocent-looking circles on the water turn out to be boulders, whose tops are barely wet. Baptiste, with a strong pole, stands upright in the bow, and coolly and skilfully guides us in a devious course between the rocks. Sometimes he checks the speed of the canoe; sometimes holds her still in the swift current, while he deliberately looks ahead for a practicable course. By a slight motion of the hand or head he signifies his commands to Pierre, who uses a paddle in the stern. The expedition sits quiet. There is work here which we know nothing about, and for the time our red brothers are our superiors. We are eager and watchful. A slip, a false stroke, an error of judgment, means a wrecked canoe, baggage soaked and perhaps lost, a plunge into the boiling fall, and possibly something more serious. We trust Baptiste implicitly. At some of the rapids we are compelled to use the portage, and at a place where the river is straitened in a rocky cleft through which it surges impetuously, we haul our canoe ashore and pass the night. The next day we reach the falls.

We have said that "Kakabeka" is a perversion; the true name, as inquiry from our intelligent guides taught us, is "Kakapikank," the *a*'s having the sound of *aw*, as in Chippewa. The name signifies "high fall"; it is evidently the same word as Coboconk. Jean Pierre assures us that there is no such word as "Kakabeka" in the Indian tongue; "white man can't say it right"; that is the origin of the mistake. The fall itself is as beautiful as anything on the continent. The river meets a vast barrier of slate, over which it tumbles into a chasm cut out of the rock by the unceasing flow of ages. At the top of the cliff the water, illumined by the sun, comes to the edge in a band of purple and gold. Thence it descends a height of more than a hundred feet, a mass of creamy, fleecy foam, not to be described by pen or brush,

Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall, did seem.

One may sit by the hour spell-bound and study the motion and colour of this wondrous creation. The foam is softer in appearance than the finest wool, more translucent than alabaster, and behind it the more solid mass of falling water is seen, by gleams and flashes, in colour and transparency like the purest amber. The spray from the foot of the fall does not rise, as at Niagara, in a slumberous cloud. It shoots into the air at a sharp angle with immense velocity and repeated shocks of thunder, giving the impression of a series of tremendous explosions. This peculiarity is due to the fact that the water falls upon a hard stratum of rock, from which it is dashed upwards in smoke, as from a floor of marble. As our lingering gaze rests upon the





POINTE DE MEURON.

fall at some distance, the soft, white thing looks a different order of being from the surly rocks to which it is chained. Doomed to dwell in a rocky prison, which it decks in verdant beauty with myriad cool fingers, it is sister to the rainbow which, ever and anon, comes out of the unseen world to visit it.

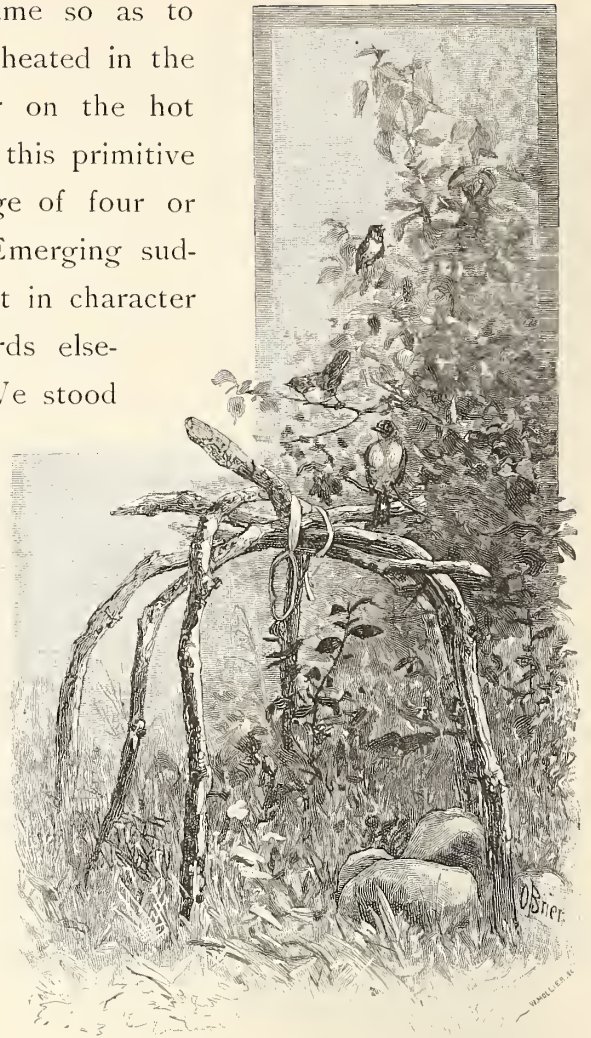
Camping, fishing, sketching, and amethyst-hunting, we proceed at our

leisure down the stream. At one camping-ground we find the frame of an Indian



vapour-bath. A blanket, thrown over the frame so as to exclude the air, a vessel of water, some stones heated in the fire, and a piece of brush to sprinkle the water on the hot stones, are the adjuncts necessary to complete this primitive sanitary apparatus. From this point a portage of four or five miles brought us to a charming scene. Emerging suddenly from the woods, a prospect quite different in character from anything which the rugged country affords elsewhere, broke upon us at a moment's notice. We stood on the edge of a bluff some eighty feet high. At our feet the wayward river took the shape of a perfect letter S. In one circle, it embraced a lovely park-like promontory, beautifully wooded with drooping elms. In the other circle lay Pointe de Meuron, some farm-buildings and a field of ripening wheat on its well-sunned slope. This bright home-like spot was framed by the bristling forest and the purple hills, McKay on the flank overtopping all.

Pointe de Meuron commemorates in its name the stirring events of by-gone days. It is so called from some soldiers of the "de Meuron" regiment in the service of the Earl of Selkirk, stationed here by that nobleman in the year 1816, to farm and trade. The de Meuron regiment was formed principally of Germans and Piedmontese who had been forced to act as conscripts in the army of Bonaparte. They subsequently served in the British army, under Col. de Meuron, and being disbanded at the close of the Peninsular war, a number of them joined the Earl of Selkirk as settlers for his new settlement in the Red River country. How came the de Meuron soldiers to found a station on this remote river? The question can be answered by a reference to the history of the mouldering Hudson's Bay post, a few miles down the river, known as Fort William. This place was once the busy headquarters of the Nor'west Company. The struggles between the adventurers of Hudson's Bay and the Nor'west Company, more particularly in reference to the settlement of the Red River country by Lord Selkirk, representing the older corporation, are facts of history. In 1816, the mild and just Governor Semple, of the Hudson's Bay Company, was killed at the Red River, with a number of his associates, and the settlement, for the second time, laid waste. Lord Selkirk heard of these events at Sault Ste. Marie while on his way to his new



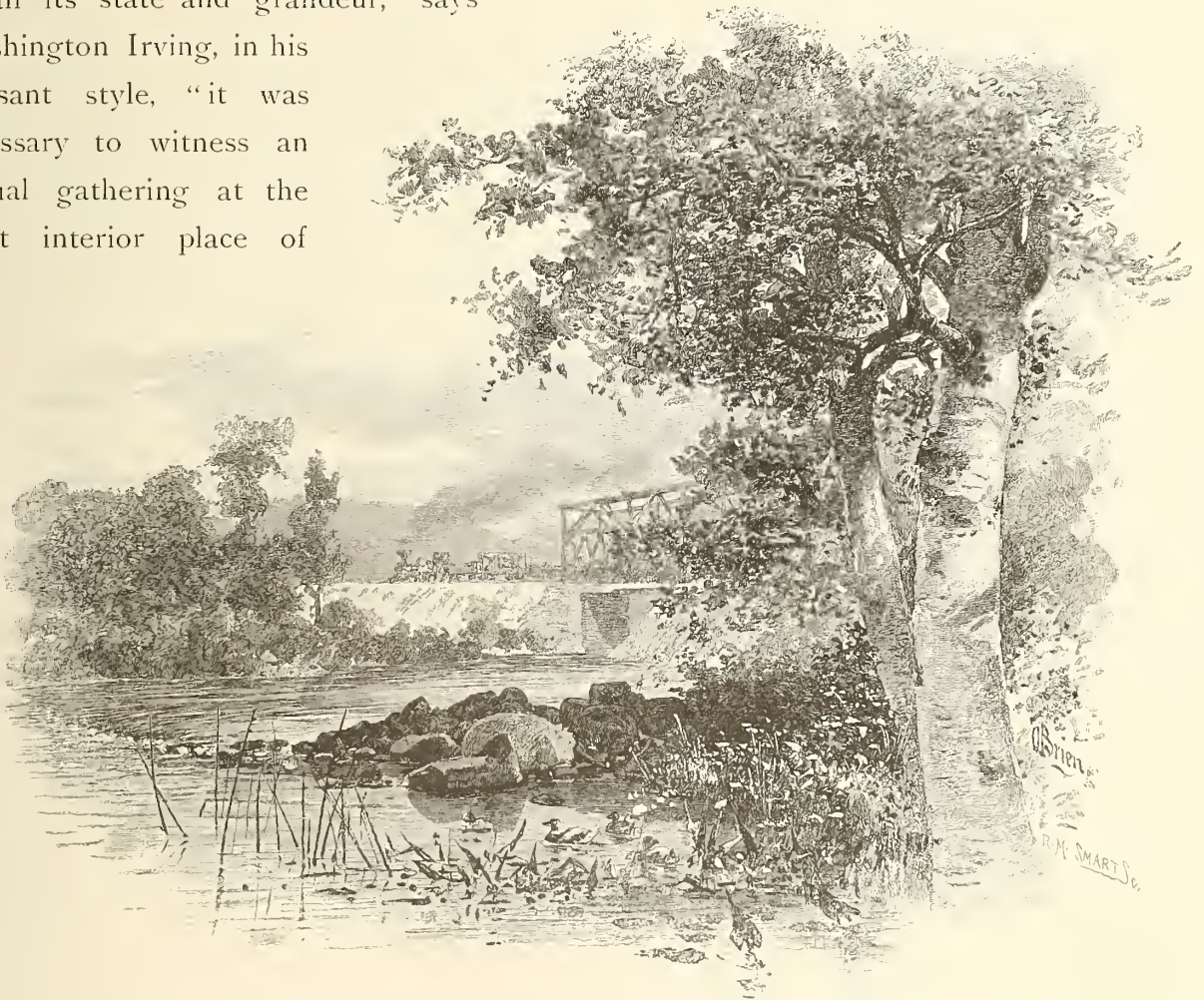
INDIAN VAPOUR BATH.



land of promise. He also heard that some of his Red River people had been brought down to Fort William, and were held as prisoners, and that the leading spirits of the Nor'west Company were likewise there. To Fort William he therefore directed his course. In his capacity of a magistrate he issued warrants against his enemies, arrested them, and by the help of his de Meuron soldiers took possession of the fort. The captive Nor'westers were sent to York, and from thence to Quebec to be tried for implication in the Red River massacre.

The weeds flourish peacefully in the court of the deserted fort. Little here to remind us of the days when the great traders met to lay their plans and cast up their profits, and made the rafters of the big dining-hall ring with their jovial fellowship. "To behold the Nor'west Company in all its state and grandeur," says

Washington Irving, in his pleasant style, "it was necessary to witness an annual gathering at the great interior place of



CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY—KAMINISTIQUE RIVER.

conference established at Fort William, near what is called the Grand Portage, on Lake Superior. Here, two or three of the leading partners from Montreal proceeded once a year to meet the partners from the various trading-posts of the wilderness, to discuss the affairs of the Company during the preceding year, and to



arrange plans for the future. On these occasions might be seen the change since the unceremonious times of the old French traders; now the aristocratical character of the Briton shone forth magnificently, or rather the feudal spirit of the Highlander. Every partner who had charge of an interior post, and a score of retainers at his command, felt like the chieftain of a Highland clan, and was almost as important in the eyes of his retainers as of himself. To him a visit to the grand conference at Fort William was a most important event, and he repaired there as to a meeting of Parliament. Such was the Nor'west Company in its powerful and prosperous days, when it held a kind of feudal sway over a vast domain of lake and forest. \* \* \* \* When as yet a stripling youth, we have sat at the hospitable boards of the mighty North-westers, the lords of the ascendant at Montreal, engaged with wondering and inexperienced eye at the baronial wassailing, and listened with astonished ear to their tales of hardship and adventures. \* \* \* \* The feudal state of Fort William is at an end; its council chamber is silent and deserted; its banquet hall no longer echoes to the burst of loyalty or to the 'auld world ditty'; the lords of the lakes and forests have passed away, and the hospitable magnates of Montreal—where are they?"

The glory of the great fur-traders has departed. Their vast monopoly is broken up; the husbandman, true lord of the soil, is entering upon their ancient hunting-grounds. Those parallel bands of iron stretching away to the west proclaim that a mighty revolution is in progress. The gray hunter, full of memories of wild days gone by, shall soon hear the trains of the Canadian Pacific rumble past Fort William, and see a vision of golden harvests and smiling homesteads on the once desolate plains where he followed the buffalo.

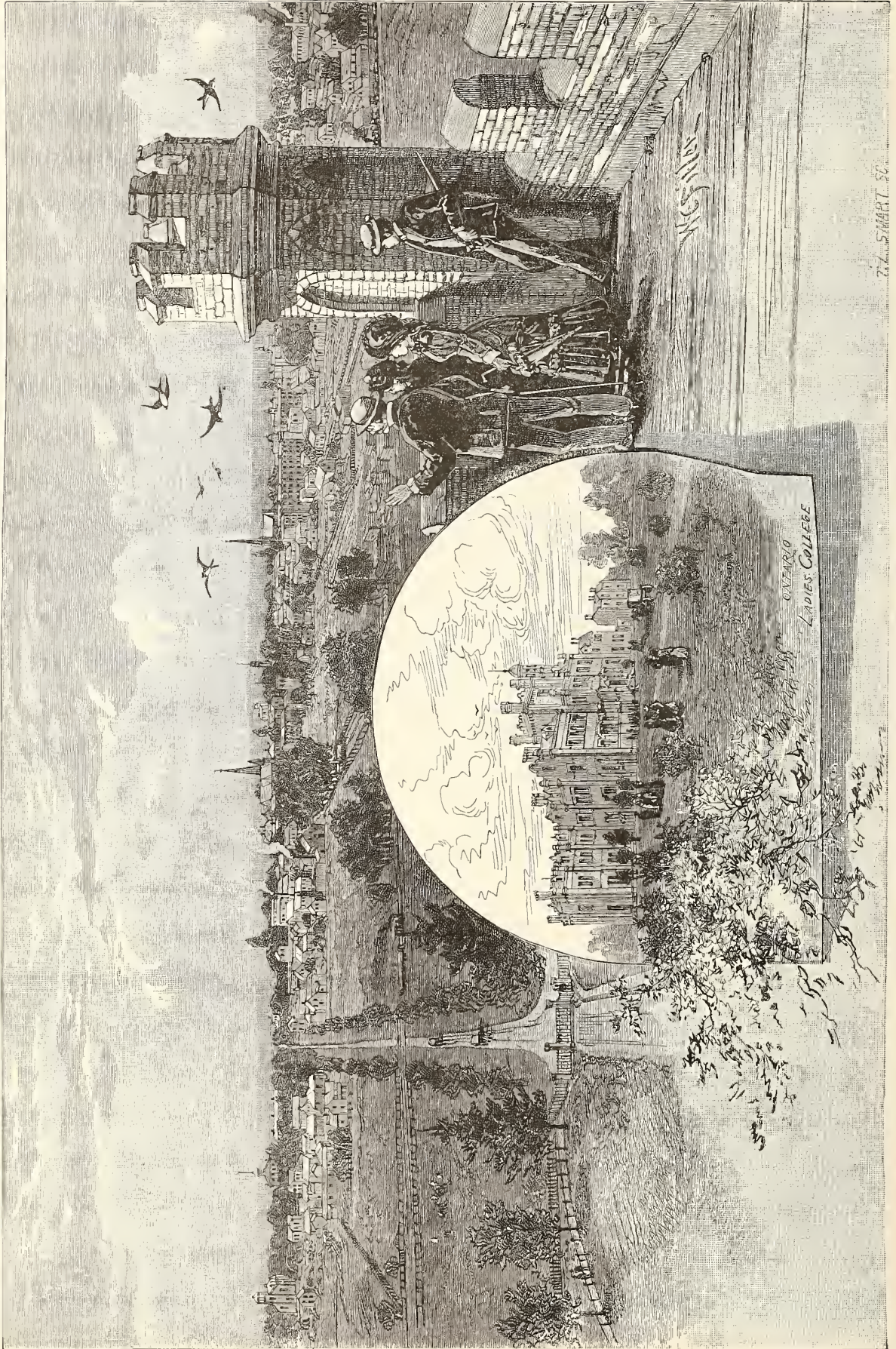




## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

AT the dawn of our Provincial History,—two hundred and odd years ago,—when the first light was breaking on Lake Ontario, you might have discovered an Indian village a few miles to the west of Whitby Harbour. The village looked out upon a wide and land-locked mere, which every summer was fringed anew with floating milfoil, and embroidered with pond-lilies. This peaceful bayou was so little moved by the Great Lake, that the stormiest wrath outside awoke but a soft response within. It was a welcome retreat in wild weather for lake-birds when “blown about the skies,” Sedges and sweet-flag, and tall reed-mace so concealed the entrance that it was known only to the Seneca Indians of the village within. Out of this quiet bayou Pickering Harbour has in our day been formed, and the entrance has been dredged, and widened, and lighted. But, two centuries ago, these blue lake waters had not yet been vexed by merchantmen; and a sufficient beacon was found in the natural features of the





WHITBY, FROM ONTARIO LADIES COLLEGE.



land. When twilight was coming on, the returning water-fowl and canoes would seek the low, receding shore midway between Scarboro' Heights and Raby Head,—that glooming water of Moore's lines,—

“Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed  
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed.”

In 1669 the Indians of this shore would have called the village that lay beyond them to the west not *Toronto*, but Teyoyagon. This we know from the contemporary maps of Sulpician Missionaries—the first Europeans who explored and mapped the north shore. “Toronto” was then applied to the water that is now Lake Simcoe; afterwards, by extension, the name of the lake described also the western portage that led thither; and finally, in the fur-trading era, it described the southern end of the portage, which, as early as 1673, is described by La Salle as the chief trading place of the Ottawas with the Northern Iroquois. In reducing the scale of the early maps some geographers carelessly neglected the precise sites of Indian villages; and succeeding geographers, having at hand neither the explorers' maps nor narratives, attempted by conjecture to restore these sites. French fur-traders had meantime transferred “Toronto” to the southern end of the Simcoe portage. The true Indian name, Teyoyagon, being thus cut away from its moorings, drifted down the lake, and stranded at Port Hope. But Port Hope had already an Indian name, Ganeraské, which, being now dislodged, floated down the lake and was cast ashore at Trenton. By 1744, Bellin, the Hydrographer to the French Navy, found the chart of the lakes in hopeless disorder. Disregarding, therefore, altogether the maps of Sanson, Coronelli, Delille, and their plagiarists, he went at once to the archives of the Department of Marine, and collated the original maps and reports of exploration. Bellin had also the great advantage of Charlevoix's recent travels, which had been written, compass in hand, and after observations taken for latitude. So Bellin's *Carte des Lacs* leads us back once more to solid ground; it also vindicates the general accuracy of the Sulpician maps of 1669–70.

The Senecas of Pickering Harbour called their village Gandatsetiagon; so the Sulpician Trouvé, who visited the place in 1670, represents the sound. Phonetic variants of the name appear in contemporary maps, and in official documents that passed between Louis the Fourteenth and his Canadian Executive. The tribal home-  
stead of these Senecas, as of the four other Iroquois Nations, lay southward beyond the Great Lake, and within the vast forest that stretched from the Niagara to the Hudson. This colony of warrior-sportsmen was doubtless attracted northwards by the sheltered shore and the easy landings, as well as by the endless fishing and deer-stalking there to be had. To the west were the well-wooded Heights of Scarborough, which



early French explorers called *Les Grandes Écores*. This the Loyalists englished into 'The High Lands,' so that the stream flowing through the Heights is still called "Highland Creek." A little to the west of the Seneca village was a stream that gave kindly shelter to distressed canoes; and so by Indians of the next century, and of a different race, it was named *Katabokokonk*, or the "River of Easy Entrance." In making its way to the lake it pierced a hill of red tenacious clay, which sufficiently colored its waters to justify the old French name, *Rivière Rouge*. In his attempt to reproduce in Upper Canada the east coast of England, Simcoe re-christened this stream the Nen, just as he had converted *St. John* into the Humber, and *La Grande Rivière* into the Ouse. But, like the Grand River, the Rouge fortunately survived the palimpsest maps of Governor Simcoe; it is still the Rouge, and the name is interesting as the sole trace now remaining on this north-west shore, of the old Sulpician Mission and of Louis the Fourteenth's domain.

Eastward of the Seneca village flowed into the lake a considerable stream, which for about a century has borne the name of Duffin's Creek. An early French name was *Rivière au Saumon*; and the name was well deserved. A roll of birch-bark, lighted and thrust into a forked branch in the bow of a canoe, brought within reach of the fishing-spear shoals of the choicest lake-salmon. Then short portages through a famous deer-park led up from the Whitby shore to the bass-fishing on Lakes Scugog and Simcoe, anticipating the railroads that two centuries afterwards would lead the wayfarer over the same trails to Port Perry and Beaverton. The generation and race of fishermen whom Champlain, in 1615, found between these lakes had been swept away in the Iroquois invasion, but the conquerors, no doubt, deigned to imitate the old ways of the neighbourhood. They would encamp at the lake-outlets and ambuscade the fish within such osier-weirs as gave Lake Simcoe its early French name of *Lac aux Claies*, or "Hurdle Lake." In "Oshawa," the name of the busy manufacturing town between Whitby and Bowmanville, there is still a twilight memory of the ancient days, and of the old portage that led up from this shore to Scugog Lake; for *Oshawa* means "The Carrying-Place."

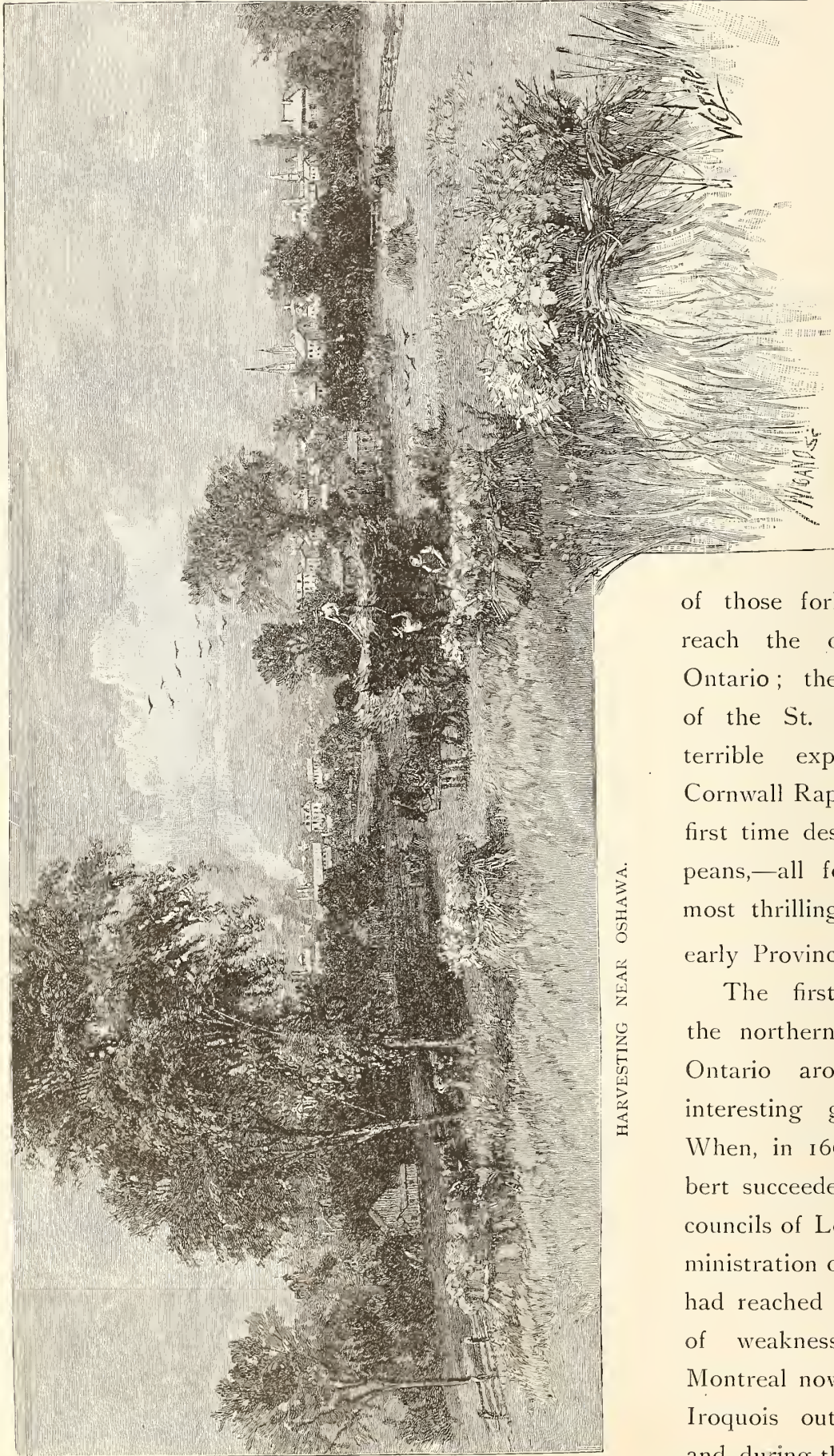
The Iroquois confederates had now beaten down all resistance from native races; they had become the tyrants of the Upper St. Lawrence, of both shores of the Great Lake, and the magnificent peninsula which in our day forms Western Ontario. From the Great Cataraqui Creek to the Grand River Portage the Five Nations occupied a chain of outposts, whose sites foreshadowed the future Kingston, Napanee, Belleville, Port Hope, Whitby, Toronto, Hamilton, and Brantford. Lake Ontario was now in fact, as it was in contemporary French maps, the "Lake of the Iroquois." A dreadful retribution had been exacted for the foray which Champlain half a century ago led into the heart of Iroquois Land. The Hurons who were his allies on that fatal expedition had been exterminated or dispersed; their corn-fields and populous villages



were now deserted wastes. Gone, too, were their stalwart kinsmen, the Neutrals and the Tobacco Indians, who had dared to shelter some of the Hurons in their last agony. And vanished were the Algonquin races who dwelt between the Lake of the Manitou and the River of the Ottawas; even the dread Nipissings themselves, that nation of sorcerers who spent their lives in communion with *okies*, when not serving at gruesome Feasts of the Dead. Magicians though they were, they could not turn aside the evil eye of the Iroquois. Like their Huron allies, the Nipissings had already become mere historical shadows, haunting at early dawn the lake that still bears their name. The Jesuit Missions on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe were now silent and blackened ruins,—mere heaps of embers in the midst of rank jungles that once were smiling fields and gardens. Several of the most eminent of the Jesuit missionaries had fallen in the effort to Christianize Western Canada; Garnier had received from a stone-axe his *coup-de-grace*; the fires of Brébeuf's martyrdom lit up the woods of Medonte.

Exultant in their victory over the native races, the Iroquois seriously menaced the French colonists on the St. Lawrence. Frequent attempts were made to conciliate or to divide the Five Nations. In 1654, that is within five years of the massacres at the Huron Missions, a Jesuit was found bold enough to undertake an embassy to the stronghold of the Onondagas, the torturers and murderers of his brother Jesuits. This Iroquois Nation dwelt, according to the journal which Father Le Moine kept of his mission, five days' journey back from the south-east angle of Lake Ontario. Their canton inclosed the now famous salt-deposit, which Le Moine was the first of Europeans to visit. He recovered what he tells us were treasures more precious than a silver or gold mine,—Brébeuf's New Testament, and Garnier's little Book of Devotion. With mingled joy and grief he recognized Christian women of the Huron race, some of whom in happier days he had himself instructed at the Huron Mission. They were now wearing out their lives in servitude. Among their fellow-captives was his ancient host of the Tobacco Indians and a girl of the Neutral Nation. On the friendly assurances of the Onondagas, confirmed by the usual exchange of wampum belts, a French settlement was begun in their midst; also a number of Hurons, with their wives and children, came up from the St. Lawrence, and accepted the urgent invitation of the Onondagas to reside in their canton. On the 3rd August, 1657, a general massacre of the Christian Hurons took place; it was now evident that the French Mission had been tolerated only as a decoy. The scene of this massacre seems to have been the very Onondaga town that forty-two years before witnessed the assault and the disastrous repulse of Champlain and his Hurons. It was surely glutting even Iroquois revenge to entice the French and the poor remnant of their ancient allies to this fatal spot, and prepare for both a common slaughter! Fortunately the Quebec Hurons had not yet accepted Onondaga hospitality; this delay saved them and afforded the French





HARVESTING NEAR OSHAWA.

settlers time to plan their escape. The wild Indian revel which was to be but the prelude to the French massacre; the stealthy withdrawal of the intended victims at the dead of a winter's night; the struggle

of those forlorn refugees to reach the outlet of Lake Ontario; their winter descent of the St. Lawrence; their terrible experience of the Cornwall Rapids,—then for the first time descended by Europeans,—all form one of the most thrilling passages in our early Provincial annals.

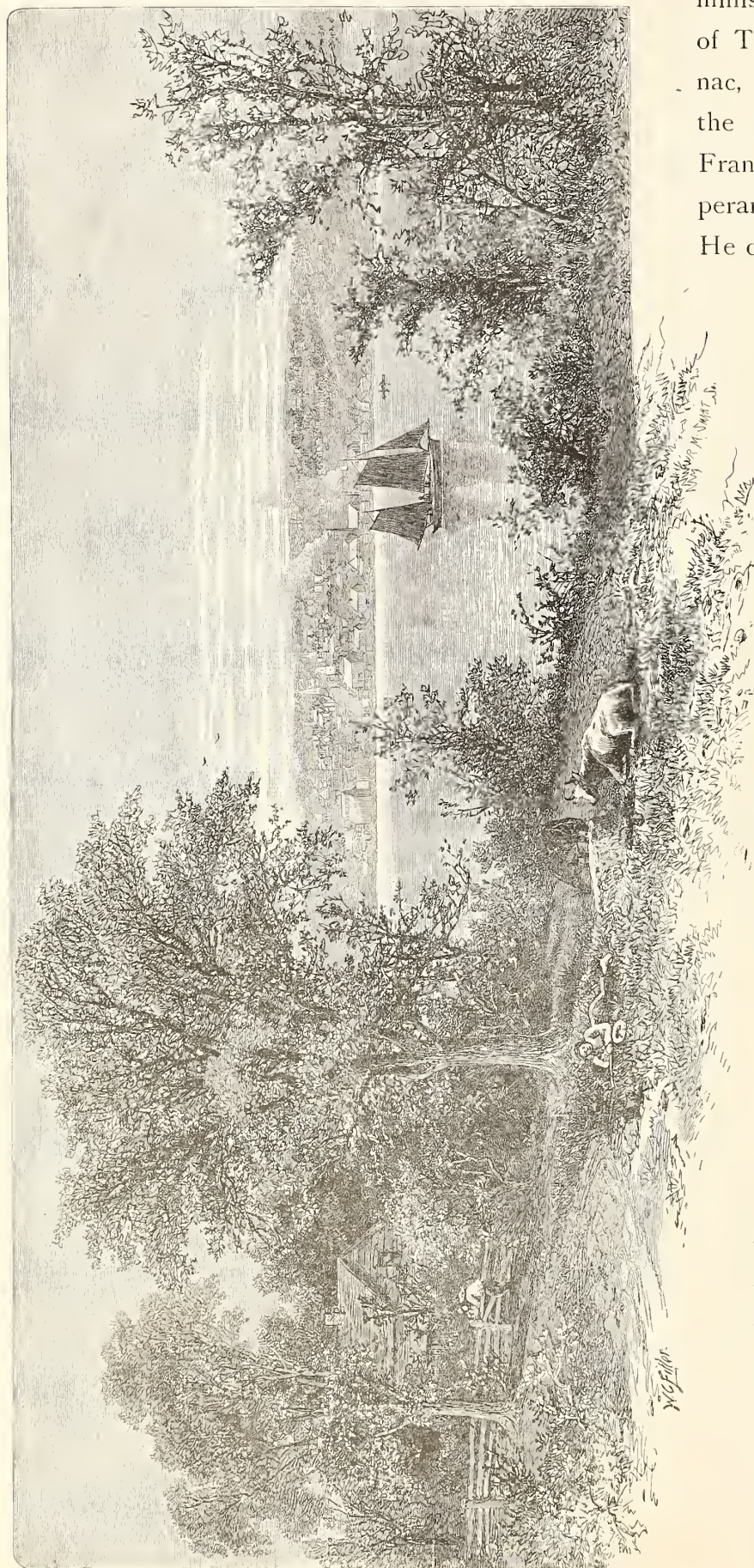
The first exploration of the northern shore of Lake Ontario arose out of an interesting group of events. When, in 1661, the great Colbert succeeded Fouquet in the councils of Louis XIV, the administration of Canadian affairs had reached the last extreme of weakness and disorder. Montreal now barely kept the Iroquois out of its streets. and during the preceding sum-



mer and autumn Quebec itself had been closely invested. The civil administration was in open conflict with the ecclesiastical. To save the colony from annihilation, Laval himself would go over to France and appeal to the compassion of the young monarch. Just then, at the touch of Colbert's genius, France had awoke; had become conscious of her wonderful powers, and was entering on the most brilliant epoch in her history. It was part of Colbert's policy to strengthen and extend the colonial system, so that in the new Comptroller-General Laval found a warm friend of Canada. It so happened, too, that the statesman's hand was forced by English aggression. Charles II had claimed the Dutch possessions in North America; he had even by anticipation bestowed them on his brother, the Duke of York and Albany. In 1664 an English fleet appeared off the shore of New Netherland; New Amsterdam became New York, and Fort Orange became Fort Albany. Almost simultaneously, the English colonists took the Iroquois under their protection, which, under the circumstances, was almost equivalent to a declaration of war against the French Canadians. On the following spring the Carignan-Salières regiment was despatched to Canada; forts were during the summer erected on the Richelieu, and a winter campaign was carried into the heart of the Mohawk country. The vigour and rapidity of these military movements overawed the Iroquois; one Nation after another made proposals for a treaty, and in 1667 a general pacification ensued, which lasted for a dozen years.

It was during this precious interval of peace that Lake Ontario was first opened to French exploration and settlement; that the north shore was planted with Sulpician Missions; that La Salle discovered the Niagara, and penetrated to Burlington Bay; that Jolliet added to geography our Western Peninsula and the shore line from the Grand River to the Sault Ste. Marie; that Fort Frontenac and Fort Niagara sprang up; that the *Griffin* inaugurated the commerce of the Great Lakes. Then, too, it was that Lakes Michigan and Superior were explored; that the great copper mines were discovered; that Jolliet found the Mississippi; that the French established themselves on Hudson's Bay. All this intense activity was created, directed, sustained by that silent, toiling, morose man of the hollow eyes and black shaggy brows, who, while insisting that he was a mere subaltern, governed the most powerful kingdom in the world; who officially reproved Frontenac for styling him "My Lord" instead of "Sir," though Colbert was nevertheless by sheer force of intellect the over-lord of the Grand Monarque himself. As accounts of explorations in Western Canada are read at the French Court, we watch with eager interest the gradual uprising of the mist that so long veiled the fair features of our Province. As the maps and reports arrive, we see coming into view the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands, the gateway of a great fresh-water sea, Kingston Harbour, the romantic Bay of Quinté, then a panorama of bays, streams, wooded headlands; and, back from the lake-shore, a chain of lovely sylvan lakes gleaming through vistas of majestic forest. As the great





PORT PERRY, FROM SCUGOG ISLAND.

minister peruses the despatches of Talon, Courcelles, and Frontenac, he sees growing up beyond the ocean a new and a fairer France, and even his cold temperament is fired to enthusiasm. He often writes on the margin an

emphatic "bon !" or he records his determination to strengthen the hands of the Canadian executive. The despatches, with Colbert's autograph notes, are still preserved in the archives at Paris ; but in the lapse of even two centuries how faded alike are the statesman's handwriting and his Colonial Empire !

From Colbert's instructions to the Intendant Talon, and still more from his cipher correspondence with Frontenac, it is evident that it was the policy of the French Court to hold back the Jesuits from Western Canada, and push forward the Sulpicians. In the autumn of 1668, two Sulpicians, MM. Fénélon and Trouvé, established a mission at a village of the Cayugas on the Bay of



Quinté. This M. Fénélon has often been mistaken for the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray. The Canadian missionary's labours in Central Ontario are commemorated by the recurrence of the name Fenelon in the county of Victoria. On the eastern edge of Fenelon Township a river of the same name discharges the overflow of



BOWMANVILLE, FROM THE WEST.

Cameron Lake into Sturgeon Lake, and at the head of the river there is a pretty cascade which has shared its name with the prosperous village of Fenelon Falls. Under the misapprehension above noticed a village towards the south-west of the township has been called *Cambray*. The historical error implied in this name originated with easy-going Father Hennepin; then it passed into Cardinal Bausset's *Life of Archbishop Fénélon*. Our Canadian Abbé was not the Abbé Fénélon who wrote *Télémaque* and became Archbishop of Cambray; the missionary-explorer of our lake-shore was the archbishop's elder brother. They were both sons of Count Fénélon-Salignac, though by different marriages. Both bore the name of Francis, though the younger bore the addition Armand; both entered the order of St. Sulpice; and both looked wistfully to Western Canada as the Mission-Land of Promise. The younger Fénélon, being of delicate constitution, was dissuaded from following in his brother's





MAKING PORT HOPE IN A STORM.

steps and undertaking the privations and dangers of a life among the Northern Iroquois. While the elder brother was teaching the Indian children of our Whitby shore, the younger was teaching Louis XIV's grandson and heir apparent; while the elder was enduring more than the toils of Ulysses, the younger was inditing the *Adventures of Telemachus*. Young Burgundy was explosive enough; but the heir of a Seneca Chief had a more volcanic temper than any prince in Christendom. Leaving the new mission of Quinté, Abbé Fénélon—first of all Europeans—explored the lake-shore, and reached the Seneca village that overlooked Pickering



Harbour. What Indian name was then borne by that quiet mere we know not; but thenceforward for two centuries it was "Frenchman's Bay." There Fénélon spent the last months of 1669 and the early months of 1670. Educationist as well as evangelist, his labours would extend from the village outwards to the lodges that lay scattered in the great wilderness. He was undoubtedly the first teacher of languages



A GLIMPSE OF PORT HOPE.

in the County of Ontario—this young scion of most ancient French nobility—and he had for pupils as lithe, and bright-eyed, and keen-witted young Canadians as ever were. But whether Abbé Fénélon's labours foreshadowed Pickering College, or the Whitby Ladies' College, or the Collegiate Institute of Whitby, or the High School of Oshawa,—is a question that we must reluctantly leave to local antiquarians.

From a political view as well as from an educational and ecclesiastical, this Sulpician enterprise was interesting. Richelieu and his generation of French statesmen had hoped for great national advantages from the labours of the Recollects and the Jesuits in Upper Canada. But now, after half a century of most devoted toil, France possessed but the most shadowy influence over the native races. Her Indian allies had been exterminated; her fur-trade was all but ruined. Talon, Courcelles, and Frontenac all blamed the Jesuits for their impolicy in teaching the natives through the Indian dialects, instead of moulding them through the French language to the service of France. The Jesuits themselves were perplexed at the disastrous issue of all their heroism and sufferings; they laid their failure to the abnor-



mal activity of the Powers of Darkness. Both parties went too far for a reason. They overlooked the enormous chasm that separates civilized life from barbarism,—a chasm which, as Canadians have since learned, centuries of earnest toil are insufficient to bridge over. Louis the Fourteenth's pride was touched by this Indian problem. To him, and his ministers, and courtiers, it was inconceivable that Iroquois wigwams could hold out against French civilization, when even the Turk had bowed in its presence. The new Canadian policy, as expounded by Colbert, was to make the French language the sole means of communication, and, by this means, "detach the native races from their savage customs;" in short, to fuse aborigines and colonists "into one people and one race, having but one law and one master." M. Olier had in 1645 founded at Paris the Order of St. Sulpice, and a branch of his Seminary had been already established at Montreal. Still unwedded to precedents or traditions, Sulpicians were thought to be more receptive than older orders of the principles that were to govern the new colonial policy. Young men of rank and fortune had already enrolled themselves as students of the Seminary, and it was expected that they and their friends would defray the expenses of the Mission without burdening the public exchequer. The headquarters of the new enterprise were to be on the peninsula which now forms our County of Prince Edward. A colony of Cayugas had established themselves on the lakeward side of the peninsula, within the cove which, in our time, is called West Lake, but by the earliest French explorers was named after the Indian village *Lac de Kenté*. In the lapse of two centuries this name has been converted into the Bay of Quinté, and transferred to the romantic water that separates the peninsula from the Counties of Hastings and Lennox. In 1668 a numerous deputation had been sent by the villagers of Kenté to Montreal, urging the settlement of a Missionary in their midst. September brought down Rohiaria himself, the aged chief of the village, to support the application, and, if he should succeed, to escort the "Black Robe" to Kenté. MM. Trouvé and Fénélon eagerly volunteered for the new enterprise, and procured the consent of their Superior, M. de Queylus. But in the days of Louis XIV a French Missionary was an ambassador in a political, as well as a spiritual sense; and, like Livingstone in our day, the Sulpician was to be explorer as well as evangelist. He would on occasion negotiate and conclude treaties in behalf of France with the native races; and, on discovering tracts hitherto unexplored by Europeans, he would in solemn form set up a cross bearing the Arms of France, and appropriate the territory to His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV. Through an anticipation, we have already witnessed the annexation of the north shore of Lake Erie by the Sulpicians Dollier and Galinée. The north shore of Lake Ontario was now to be annexed by other members of the same Order.

MM. Trouvé and Fénélon went down to Quebec to obtain their credentials from Bishop Laval; also from the Civil Government, then represented by Governor Courcelles



and the Intendant Talon. The two latter, with Colbert's instructions fresh in their memory, eagerly forwarded the Mission. Bishop Laval, too, was much interested in this new scheme which was to *francisise*, or Frenchify the Indians. Acting on Colbert's suggestion, he had just founded at Quebec his *Petit Séminaire*, and had selected eight French boys and six Indians to live under the same roof and to be carefully trained together. The research of Abbé Verreau has brought to light a private letter written by the bishop to Fénélon for his direction in the Kenté Mission; it recommends the young missionary when perplexed to write for advice to the Jesuits. This letter would have made interesting reading for Talon or Colbert!

From the scattered annals of this Kenté Mission we obtain our first knowledge of Central Ontario; we obtain at the same time most interesting glimpses of life among the ancient Iroquois Nations.

It was the second of October before the Sulpicians got away from Lachine. Two Cayugas were to form their entire convoy. With occasional portages and towings of canoes they surmounted the obstacles that lay between Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis. Smoke was noticed in an inlet of Lake St. Francis, and, on repairing to the spot, the explorers discovered two emaciated squaws and a boy ten or twelve years old. These unfortunates had been driven as slaves to the Oneida village that lay westward near the lake of the same name. They made a desperate attempt to escape to the French settlements, and had now been forty days in the wilderness without other food than a few squirrels, which the boy had contrived to shoot with rude arrows made by his mother. Ravenously they devoured some biscuits that the Sulpicians gave them; but, their hunger allayed, they were now in terror lest they should suffer the dreadful penalty of fugitive slaves among the Indians,—roasting to death at a slow fire. It was with the utmost difficulty that the missionaries saved these poor creatures from the tomahawk of their Iroquois guides, one of whom maddened himself for murder by drinking from a little keg of brandy procured in Montreal. Through many dangers the fugitives made good their flight, and joined the poor remnants of tribes that had escaped the general extermination in the west. To the Sulpicians this was no holiday excursion. Sometimes wading rapids with bruised and bleeding feet, sometimes swimming streams and inlets, these weary wayfarers reached Kenté on the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, (28th October), 1668.

Chateaubriand, in a cynical epigram, observes that of all Indian virtues, hospitality is the last to yield to European civilization. Indian larders were, nevertheless, subject to wide vicissitudes, ranging all the way from a stifling feast to gaunt famine. The pilgrims happened into Kenté on rather a lean day. Their first meal was chopped pumpkins fried in suet. With the ancient sauce of hunger, the worthy fathers found the entertainment excellent! Another day brought a pottage of maize and sunflower-seeds. This alarming preparation was called *sagamité*. It would sadly disconcert the

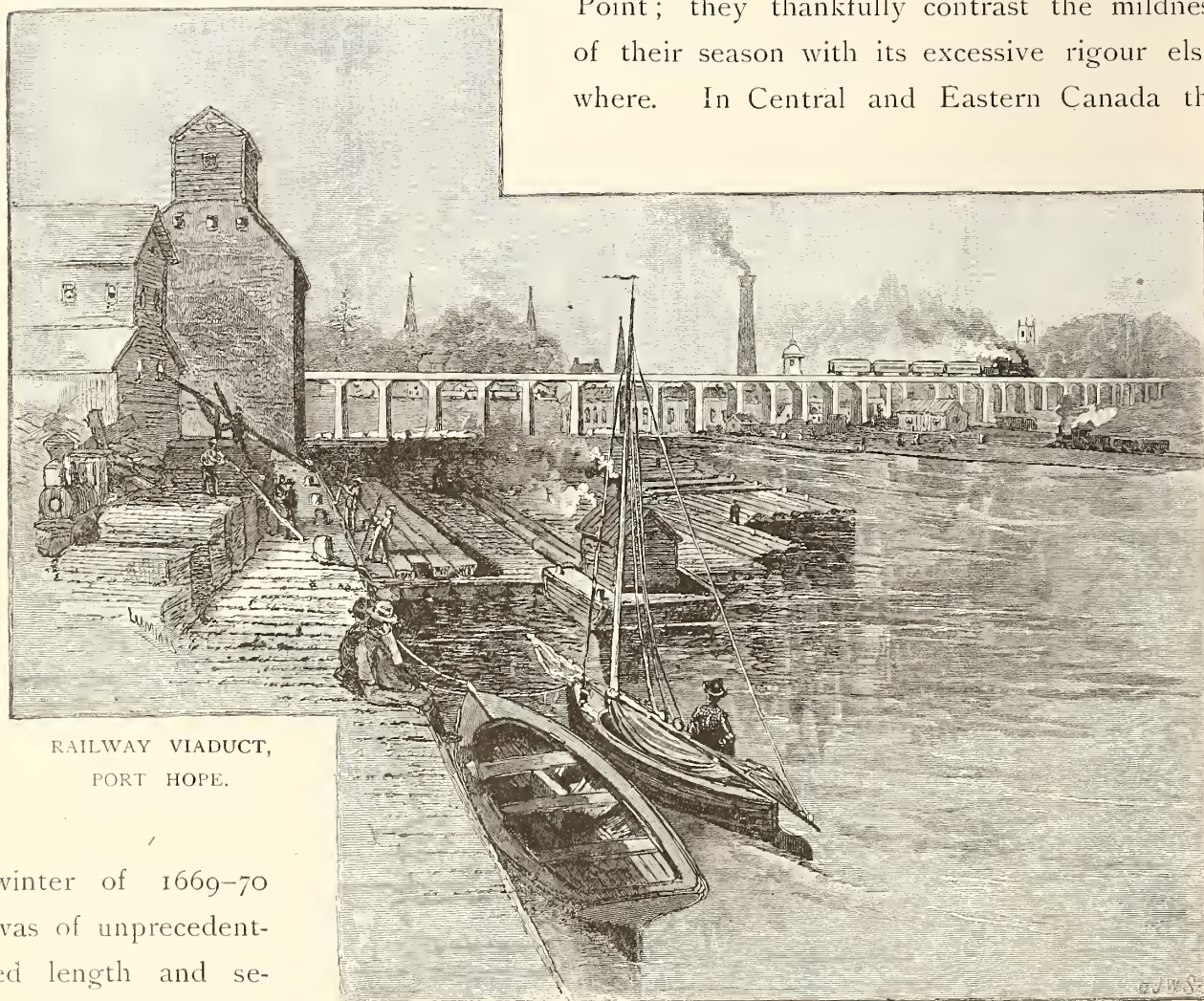


*chef* of the "Arlington" or the "Dafoe;" but, in the pre-historic gardens of Central Ontario, *æstheticism* was cultivated, and sunflowers lorded it over squashes, and pumpkins, and Indian corn. In the woodland kitchen, sunflower-seeds gave strength and character to weaker flavours; and in beauty's bower sunflower-oil disputed the place of honour with vermillion.

There were three outposts of this Kenté Mission: the Seneca village on Frenchman's Bay already noticed; Ganeraské, the Indian village on the future site of Port Hope; and Ganneious, the Iroquois representative of our Napanee.

In the spring of 1669 the Abbé Fénélon went down to Montreal and brought back with him as a reinforcement M. D'Urfé, who remained during the winter at Kenté, while Fénélon explored westward and wintered at Frenchman's Bay. Two other Sulpicians, Dollier and Galinée, spent, it may be remembered, the same winter in

the forest between the Grand River and Long Point; they thankfully contrast the mildness of their season with its excessive rigour elsewhere. In Central and Eastern Canada the



RAILWAY VIADUCT,  
PORT HOPE.

winter of 1669-70 was of unprecedented length and severity. June found the ground still

frozen in the gardens of Montreal, and all the orchard trees dead. Unlike the tribes across the lake, who kept droves of swine, and stored up maize in large



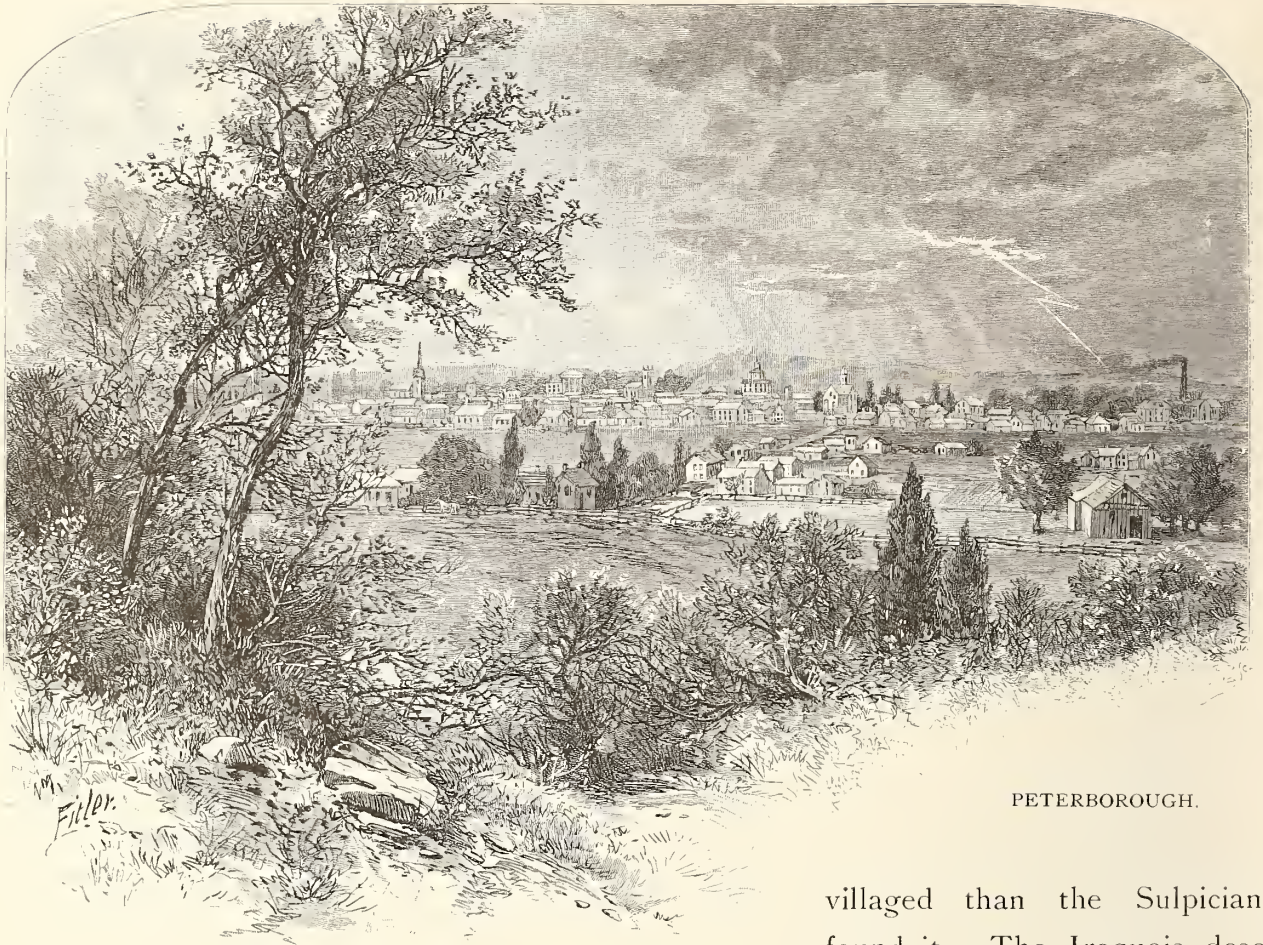


ON THE BEACH, COBOURG.

granaries, these Northern Iroquois had seemingly laid up nothing for winter. The missionaries were forced to range the forest for food, thankful for a squirrel or chipmunk, and sometimes gnawing even the fungi that grew within the shade of the pines. Fénélon's experience by the Whitby shore must have been worse than his brethren's at Kenté, for he had no one to share his thoughts or his sufferings. He died within ten years, at the early age of thirty-eight; and it is probable that his constitution was broken by the hardships of that memorable winter. To this delicately-nurtured son of the old *noblesse* what an appalling change from the *salons* of Paris, and from the refined luxury of the ancestral castle at Périgord! He would have been either more or less than human not to have been at times profoundly depressed. And he had sacrificed so much that his rank would have ensured to him! His uncle, the Marquis de Fénélon, was a distinguished soldier and statesman; the Marquis' daughter would presently marry into the great house of Montmorency-Laval. Another marriage alliance would secure for him the influence of the great Colbert. One of his uncles was Bishop of Sarlat; his brother would become the illustrious Archbishop of Cambray; and for himself, had he but yielded to the passionate entreaties of his uncle of Sarlat, and remained at home, the highest offices in Church or State were open to his legitimate ambition! The life of these warlike Iroquois was an alternation between wild revels and absolute destitution. Even amid their savage festivities Fénélon must have felt greater loneliness and dejection than Cædmon, the poet-recluse of the older Whitby shore tells us he felt amid the pagan revels of the Norsemen.

In the Huron-Algonquin era, this north shore was without doubt more thickly





PETERBOROUGH.

villaged than the Sulpicians found it. The Iroquois desolation had swept over it, and we learn from a letter of Laval's that only in 1665 did the conquering race begin colonization. In the earlier era there would certainly be fishing villages at Whitby, Oshawa, and Port Darlington. We feel confident that, from a very early period, grist machinery and agricultural implements were manufactured at Oshawa; though primeval machinery was no better than the Huron stump-mills figured by Champlain; while the sole agricultural implements were mattocks, fashioned from red-deer's antlers. Ages before the Bowman of 1824 settled on that hill-side, a bowman of different lineage chose for his village the winding stream and the shadowy elms. The burghers of ancient Bowmanville did not build organs and pianos; nor make luxurious furniture: delicately-pencilled sprays of hemlock served for their repose; and as for sweet symphonies, had they not the forest with its clustered organ-pines?

After Frenchman's Bay, the next easterly station of the Sulpicians was at Ganeraské. We have already been at some pains to trace the error by which, in some later French maps, the name "Teyoyagon" was marked at Port Hope, displacing "Ganeraské" the real name of the Indian village. Teyoyagon was later on discovered to be identical with Toronto; but as the former name now had shifted eastward, the latter name must follow. Thus it happens that in early conveyances covering the site of Port Hope the place is called Toronto; indeed, it was to end the confusion that this



eastern Toronto was, in the official post-office list of 1817, named "Smith's Creek." An examination of contemporary maps removes all doubt as to the correspondence of the ancient Ganeraské with the modern Port Hope. Even so lately as 1813 the mill-stream which races through the town was called in our official maps and gazetteers Ganeraska River. But, towards the close of the last century, Peter Smith,—an honest trapper and fur-dealer,—set up his log hut by the river near the site of the great Viaduct that now carries the Grand Trunk Railway across the valley; and then Ganeraska River began to shrink and modernize into *Smith's Creek*. The stream now babbled night and day of Smith's fair commerce, and to the lingering shades of Indians and Sulpicians became the very River of Oblivion; even the ancient elms as they lapped of its hurrying waters forgot the past, and ceased

"repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind."

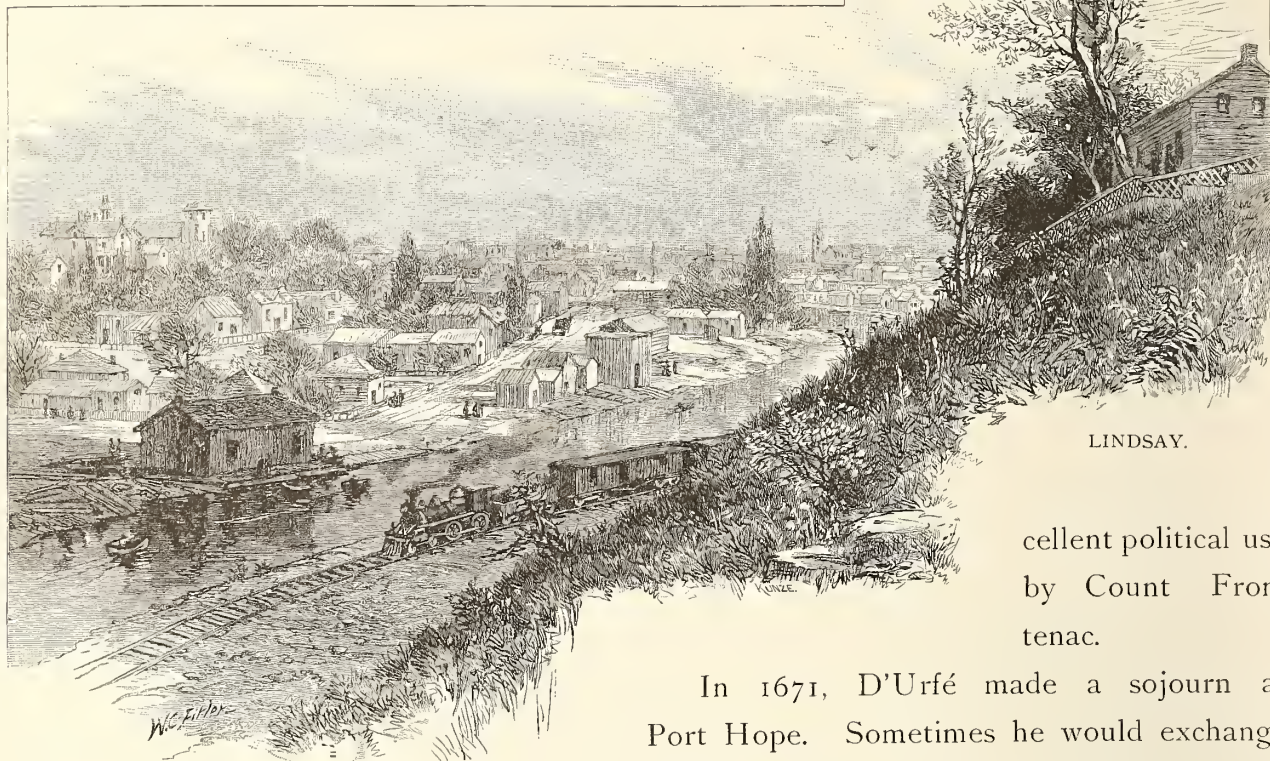
Where the Ganeraska entered the lake there was time out of mind a natural covert whither canoes flew for shelter. Canoe-voyages are over, and now lake-birds of longer and stronger flight haunt these waters; but, if a storm breaks, it is just as it



STONY LAKE, NEAR PETERBOROUGH.



was of old: steamers and sail-craft scud and flutter towards the ancient covert. This natural gateway to the new-discovered land was not overlooked by the Sulpicians. Fénélon visited the village more than once, and acquired great influence over the Indians, which, in 1673, was turned to ex-



LINDSAY.

cellent political use  
by Count Fron-  
tenac.

In 1671, D'Urfé made a sojourn at Port Hope. Sometimes he would exchange places with the Superior at Kenté; and the two Sulpicians would often range the

forests and neighbouring shores "*chercher les brébis égarées*,"—"to seek the lost sheep,"—that Laval's pastoral had so solemnly committed to their charge. In such excursions these pioneers must have become familiar with the sites on which have since arisen thriving towns and villages, and which even in pre-historic times were singled out for their natural advantages. Where the ivied tower of the Collegiate School now looks down upon Port Hope, the Sulpicians have no doubt often stood and looked out upon a waving landscape, of which the neighbouring pine-grove still whispers a reminiscence. As of old, Pine Street leads down to the harbour; but otherwise, how altered the scene! For the silence and romantic gloom of sylvan ravines, we have all the bustle and circumstance of a young city, through whose arteries is throbbing the trade of the midland lakes.

The Sulpicians must have been well acquainted with the Cobourg Beach, which was but a couple of leagues eastward. Two centuries ago, it was in great esteem for salmon fishing. So the Marquis de Denonville wrote Louis XIV in 1687. The Governor-General had rested on the site of Cobourg when returning with his army from the campaign



in Seneca Land. A force of two thousand men assembled at Fort Cataraqui (Kingston), and embarked on a flotilla of nearly two hundred *bateaux*. This expedition brought together names that have since become household words in Canada. The veteran Callières commanded under the Governor; then came the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, ancestor of the Marquis who governed Canada in the day of Montcalm; among the junior officers were Berthier, and Longueuil le Moyne. They coasted along the south shore of the Lake, and rendezvoused at the mouth of the Genesee. Here they were joined by Tonty, commandant of Fort St. Louis, with his contingent of Illinois Indians; by Durantaye, commandant at Mackinac; and by Du Luth, who was then commandant of Fort Detroit, and whose own fort on Lake Superior is still commemorated by a city on those waters.

Years afterwards this raid into Seneca Land was traceable by its ruthless devastation. Leaving a force to rebuild and garrison Fort Niagara, the expedition returned by the north shore. After an encampment on Burlington Beach, and then at Toronto, where they were detained by a storm of wind and rain, they reached Frenchman's Bay.



WATCHING FOR DEER.

There the Christian Indians feasted our warriors with a double hecatomb of deer, after which the flotilla of *bateaux* ran before a light south-west wind to Cobourg Beach;



and here the expedition encamped to reinforce the commissariat with lake salmon. It was the sixth of August, 1687. Denonville and Callières would pace the broad strand together. They would at times stop short to watch the restless lake rocking like a mighty loom, and weaving into endless patterns the gray, and purple, and black sands; while coquettish eddies, like Penelope, ran their fingers through the web and ravelled it all out again. When night closed in, the Governor would sit by the water watching the canoes of the fire-fishers shooting like meteors across the harbour. His eyes and his thoughts would involuntarily be borne towards that southern horizon so lately reddened by the burning of the Seneca villages. But no thought of remorse for thousands of helpless women and children left homeless and hungering! He is bethinking him in what terms he will set forth this business so as to flatter his royal master, and advantage himself. Two years hence such an anniversary of this August night will come as shall balance up the reckoning, and close Denonville's administration with that page of blood and flame, entitled *The Massacre of Lachine!*

Charming lake and landward views may be had at Cobourg. For them you may ascend to the campanile of Victoria Hall, as the stately municipal building here is called; or, better still, get President Nelles' permission to climb to the roof of Victoria University. The University which, from the inscription over the portal, was established more than fifty years ago as the "Upper Canada Academy," lies nestling in a leafy covert, like Plato's lecture-room in the grove of Academus. Faraday Hall is a vigorous off-shoot of the older curriculum, showing the President's resolution to keep his University abreast of modern research. A saunter through the laboratories and museums brings into startling neighbourhood the slumberous past and the feverish present. Here we found a powerful Gramme machine in process of evolution; there calmly slept an Egyptian mummy. Almost at a stride we passed from the era of electrical tension into the presence of a pyramid-builder!

The people of Cobourg feel a pride in telling you how many of their college boys have won distinction and influence; they tell you, also, how many students have left the old law-offices there to become judges, law-givers, and Cabinet Ministers. And pray observe in the local names the fires of United Empire Loyalism still glimmering. The village-nucleus of the proposed district-town used to be called Amherst; but when it was conjectured that the Prince of Coburg-Gotha might become the husband of the Princess Victoria, the Loyalists grasped the forelock of time, anticipated even the domestic diplomatist Baron Stockmar, and called the new district-town *Coburg*, which has since been unnecessarily amplified in the spelling. By an auspicious coincidence, the Prince of Wales was with us in 1860 when Victoria Hall was ready to be inaugurated; and he threw himself into the occasion with refreshing heartiness.

As the Sulpician pioneers ascended from the Cobourg shore and climbed the water-shed that separates the streams of the Trent Valley from those of Lake





THE HARBOUR-MOUTH, COBOURG.



Ontario, by gentle undulations the ancient lake-margins would be reached with their sandy soil and growth of pines and oaks. When the highest ridge was gained, the wayfarers would face about and view the great lake now six or seven hundred feet below. To these first European explorers the lake might well seem boundless. Yet, often by mirage,—and sometimes in actual presence, as Colonel Strickland declares,—might have been seen, away in the southern horizon, the farther rim of the primeval lake-basin. Of yonder dim ridge, Colonel Rochester would, more than a century afterwards, make a “coign of vantage” for a great city. Pursuing their route and descending the northern slope, they would see gleaming through aisles of stately forest a great link of that noble lake-chain which, for centuries of centuries before the Trent Valley Canal was thought of, must have led the forest-ranger from the Bay of Quinté to Georgian Bay. As our pilgrims approached the water, they found it deeply fringed with wild rice, over which hovered clouds of wild fowl,—beautiful wood-duck, with summer glistening in their plumage; also fall and winter duck just returned from the north. Nor did the birds take amiss the presence of a few red-men who were threshing some ripened rice into their canoes. Throughout the lake were scattered conical islets wooded with maples, already aflame with the hectic of the dying summer; and at times their bright leaves would fall on the water like flakes of fire. So Champlain had found this lake in September, 1615; and so, more than half a century later, the Sulpicians saw it,—for in Rice Lake their explorations mingled with the earlier current of adventure.

In the days of the Sulpicians there stood by the north shore,—apparently within the present Indian Reserve on the Otonabee,—the Iroquois village of Kentsio, so that early French geographers called Rice Lake *Lac de Kentsio*. Next century, when Kenté became Quinté, Kentsio became Quintio; and, at the word, English geographers taking a long stride eastward, called the water “Lake Quinté.” But, as already seen, Lake Quinté was a cove on the lakeward side of Prince Edward County. Of this confusion the notable result was that *neither* of the litigants ultimately got the English title; it was bestowed on a bay known to the early French as *Lac St. Lyon*. This is but another instance of the disentanglement necessary before we can recover the early history of our Province.

The map of Lake Ontario has within historic memory been over-written with five series of names and settlements: those of the Huron-Algonquin era; those of the Iroquois domination; those of the French occupation; those of the Mississaga or Ojebway Conquest; and those of the English occupation. Of the Huron-Algonquin period, but slight trace survives on Lake Ontario beyond the name of the lake itself. After alternate *fanfares* and *disgrâces*, it had been rechristened Lake St. Louis, and Lake of the Iroquois; Frontenac’s Lake and Lake Cataraqui; but the grand old Lake went calmly back to the simplicity,—the majestic simplicity,—of its ancient name.



Even in Charlevoix's day,—a hundred and sixty years ago,—the undisputed name was once more *Ontario*, "The Great Lake."

Of the Iroquois domination, also, but few traces remain,—a few sonorous names like Niagara and Toronto. The race of athletes who lorded it over half the Continent, whose alliance was eagerly courted by France and England, were, after all, unable to maintain their foothold against the despised Ojebways. Of these, the Mississagas became specially numerous and aggressive, so that their *totem*, the crane, was a familiar hieroglyph on our forest trees from the beginning of last century. One of the oldest of Greek legends relates the war of the Cranes and Pygmies. Though the foes of our northern Cranes were not Pygmies, but giants, they possessed not the craft of the little ancients who lived by the ocean shore. The Mississagas so multiplied in their northern nests that presently, by mere numbers, they overwhelmed the Iroquois. Most desperate fighting there was, and the battle-fields were still clearly traceable when English pioneers first broke ground. Colonel Strickland, in his explorations of the County of Peterborough, found near the Otonabee River the field that gave the Mississagas the lordship of Rice Lake and Stony Lake, and the other lakes beyond,—a domain now all but shrunk to the little village of Hiawatha. These old tragic scenes are fast fading into the twilight of a Homeric legend. With propriety, probably unconscious, a township on the lower edge of Rice Lake has been named Asphodel,—no unfit name for well-watered meadows, where the shades of Indian heroes may still linger! While thus sauntering over our ancient battle-grounds, one's thoughts find words in the sonnet-dirge of our native poet, Sangster:—

"My footsteps press where, centuries ago,  
The Red Men fought and conquered; lost and won.  
Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,  
Have found the Eternal Hunting Grounds, and run  
The fiery gauntlet of their active days,  
Until few are left to tell the mournful tale;  
And these inspire us with such wild amaze  
They seem like spectres passing down a vale  
Steeped in uncertain moonlight, on their way  
Towards some bourn where darkness blinds the day,  
And night is wrapped in mystery profound.  
We cannot lift the mantle of the past:  
We seem to wander over hallowed ground:  
We scan the trail of Thought, but all is overcast."

The Mississagas, though not endowed with either the Mohawk verve or intellect, were no more destitute of poetry than of valour. Take the names of some of their chiefs. One chief's name signified "He who makes footsteps in the sky"; another was





ENTRANCE TO IRON ORE MINES, MADOC.

*Wawanosh*, "He who ambles the water." The Rev. Peter Jones was, through his mother, descended from a famous line of poetic warriors; his grandfather was *Waubuno*, "The Morning Light." On occasion, the Mississauga could come down to prose. *Scugog* describes the clay bottom and submerged banks of that lake, which, taking a steamer at Port Perry, we traverse on our summer excursion to Lindsay and Sturgeon Lake. Chemong aptly names the lake whose tide of silt sometimes even retards our canoe when we are fishing or fowling. *Omemece*, "the wild pigeon," has given its name not only to Pigeon Lake and its chief affluent, but to the town where Pigeon Creek lingers on its course to the lake. Sturgeon Lake is linked to Pigeon Lake by a

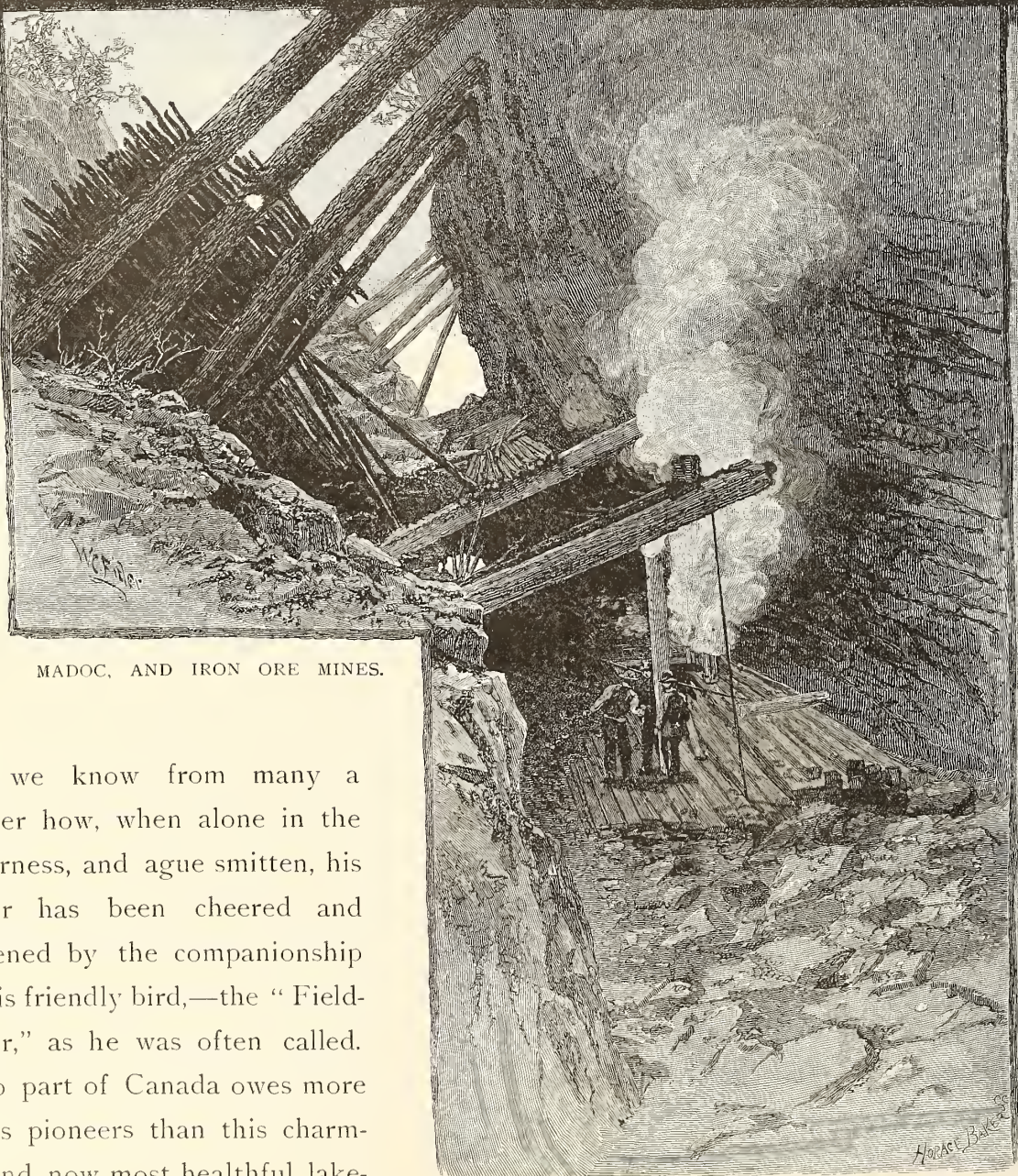


double gateway. This "rocky portal" the Mississagas described by *Bobcaygeon*. In our time the name has been transferred to the romantic village on the upper outlet, and the latter is now the "North River." By a reprehensible levity, the lower outlet is now called "The Little Bob." The steamer *Beaubocage*, which plies between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon, would evidently take us back for the latter name to the old French explorers, and to their outspoken admiration of the *lovely woodlands* on these waters. At the south-west corner of Stony Lake the overflow of the whole lake-chain is gathered into a crystal funnel, well-named "Clear Lake," and thence poured into Rice Lake through the Otonabee. This fine river flows south-westerly, expanding at Lakefield into Katchewanook, the "Lake of the Rapids"; thence, between bold and rocky banks, the Otonabee races rather than flows to Peterborough, the channel descending, according to Rubidge's survey, a hundred and forty-seven feet within nine miles. Riding on this current, even the massive rafts of the olden time used to gallop the distance within an hour. The wise millwrights at Lakefield and Peterborough grasp the mane of this wild river, and make him take many a turn at their wheels. By the time he has escaped the millers of Peterborough and Ashburnham, his tawny back is flecked with foam and sawdust, and his spirit is somewhat quelled. Were we to follow him over an erratic course some twenty-five miles farther, we should find him champing the sedges around a delta at Rice Lake. From this delta the river got its Indian name, Otonabee,—“Mouth-Water.”

On Rice Lake, the chief Indian settlement is Hiawatha,—named after the Hercules of Ojebway mythology, whom the American poet has immortalized in his melodious trochaics. At Hiawatha and on Scugog Island, you may still find, in the ordinary language of the Ojebway, fragments of fine imagery and picture-talk, often in the very words which Longfellow has so happily woven into his poem. And the scenery of this Trent Valley reproduces that of the Vale of Tawasentha. Here are “the wild rice of the river,” and “the Indian village,” and “the groves of singing pine-trees, ever sighing, ever singing.” At Fenelon Falls we have the “Laughing Water,” and not far below is Sturgeon Lake, the realm of the “King of fishes.” Sturgeon of portentous size are yet met with, though falling somewhat short of the comprehensive fish sung by Longfellow, which swallowed Hiawatha, canoe and all!

Among these forests, too, dwelt once Megissogwon, that “mightiest of magicians,” who, “guarded by the black pitch-water, sends the fever from the marshes.” Our fathers and grandfathers knew this magician only too well; felt him far off, and shook at his coming! They fought him, not like Hiawatha with jasper-headed arrows, but with the woodman's axe. Like the Indian hero, our pioneer was often “wounded, weary, and desponding, with his mittens torn and tattered.” A friendly woodpecker cheered on Hiawatha to the contest, and, by his timely hint to aim at the magician's head, won a tuft of crimson feathers as his share of the bloody spoils which followed.





MADOC, AND IRON ORE MINES.

And we know from many a pioneer how, when alone in the wilderness, and ague smitten, his labour has been cheered and lightened by the companionship of this friendly bird,—the “Field-officer,” as he was often called.

No part of Canada owes more to its pioneers than this charming and now most healthful lake-land. Some of the finest towns





A VIEW IN BELLEVILLE.

were, two generations ago, jungles reeking with malaria, and infested by wolves, black-flies, black snakes, and black bears. All honour to the men

whose hands or brain worked the transformation! Their services were but seldom remembered in the naming of our towns. "Port Perry," by an after-thought, revived the memory of the founder of Whitby. Lindsay is named, well and worthily, after a poor axe-man, who perished in the survey of the cedar swamp, through the heart of which Kent Street was carried. Peterborough is now entering on the dignity of a city; but the name very properly takes back our thoughts to 1825, and to the condition of Scott's Plains, when Peter Robinson led thither his first band of Irish immigrants. After building a long boat, he made a preliminary ascent of the Otonabee with twenty native Canadians and thirty of the healthiest of the immigrants. Mr. Robinson adds: "Not one of these men escaped the ague and fever, and two died."

Among its first settlers, Lakefield received no less than three of the literary Stricklands,—Colonel Strickland and his sisters, Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill. By their graceful contributions to our native literature, Lakefield and Rice Lake became known



far beyond the limits of Canada. Dr. Poole's *Early Settlement of Peterborough* is also an important contribution to the county annals.

In the Counties of Peterborough and Hastings, we find the borderland between the oldest sedimentary rocks and the still more ancient Laurentian series. The Silurian limestones are expressed in the music of rich woodlands, or in rounded knolls of verdure; but some of the most charming lakes owe their wild beauty to the Laurentian formation, which often abruptly closes the vista with beetling crags of red or grey gneiss. At Stony Lake, this red granitic gneiss rises through the lake-floor, forming the islands lately whitened by the tents of the American Canoe Association. That was a joyous occasion not soon to be forgotten. If you ask how the time was spent, Emerson must answer:

“ Ask you, how went the hours?  
 All day we swept the lake, searched every cove  
 North from Camp Maple, south to Osprey Bay,  
 Watching when the loud dogs should drive in deer;  
 Or whipping its rough surface for a trout;  
 Or bathers, diving from the rock at noon;  
 Challenging echo by our guns and cries;  
 Or listening to the laughter of the loon;  
 Or in the evening twilight's latest red,  
 Beholding the procession of the pines;  
 Or, later yet, beneath a lighted jack,  
 In the boat's bows, a silent night-hunter  
 Stealing with paddle to the feeding-grounds  
 Of the red deer, to aim at a square mist.  
 Hark to that muffled roar! a tree in the woods  
 Is fallen; but hush! it has not scared the buck  
 Who stands astonished at the meteor light,  
 Then turns to bound away,—is it too late?”

Farther eastward, in the township of Madoc, we apparently find the transition from the fused sediments of a lifeless world to the first dawn of life; for overlying the Upper Laurentian rocks are slaty limestones, containing the now famous *Eozoön Canadense*—whose name Dr. Dawson devised, and whose character he triumphantly vindicated. Exteriorly, this fossil resembles a handful of petrified floss-silk, but, carefully examined with a microscope, it betrays the food canals of a structure once animated. To the miner and metallurgist, Madoc Township became in the fall of 1866 an object of the keenest interest from the discovery of gold on the upper course of the Moira, at the point thenceforward known as the Richardson Mine. Over a tract following the river for sixteen miles, gold has been found in considerable quantity diffused through arsenical iron pyrites, as at the gold mines of Reichenstein in Silesia.





CHARLES STREET, BELLEVILLE.

This auriferous mispickel may well yield large profits; but the separation of gold from sulphur and arsenic, and iron and lime is a process of great delicacy,—one therefore not to be intrusted to

*bulls and bears.* From wild speculation, Madoc has most undeservedly suffered. A better time is coming. At the works of the Consolidated Gold Mining Company, the scientific difficulties have been honestly grappled with, and, we believe, completely solved. The process employed is based on the chlorination method of Plattner, but carried to a degree of refinement never attempted by the famous Freyberg professor. Of the by-products, the most important is arsenic, which is obtained in tons, and is in constant demand for calico-printing, as well as for the manufacture of glass, Paris green, and aniline dyes.

Iron mining in this district has long been associated with the township of Marmora, but deposits, of either magnetite, or hematite have been found in workable quantity at various points in the Laurentian rocks, from the rear of Belleville to the rear of Kingston.

From the Seymour mine, magnetic iron ore has been largely drawn to supply the Cleveland furnaces; for, unfortunately, Seymour's blast-furnace in Madoc has long been cold, and the proposed steel works at Belleville have not yet been erected. Cleveland also takes largely of the hematite of this Madoc district, which is found to yield iron of great purity and tensile strength. The ore occurs chiefly in red amorphous masses, but often inclosing specular iron in lustrous crystals. This mining district of Central and Eastern Ontario has hitherto been somewhat difficult of access; but, with the Ontario and Quebec Railway carried through the heart of the district,



and intersecting the railroads from Belleville, Napanee, and Kingston, there will be no difficulty in delivering minerals at any desired point.

Important auxiliaries will, of course, be found in the Trent Valley Canal and in its necessary complement, the Murray Canal. This latter project, which takes its name from the adjoining township, was seriously discussed by our great-grandfathers; but only in this day, after nearly a hundred years of talk and squabble, has the project ripened into performance. The Murray Canal will divide the narrow neck of land that joins Prince Edward County to the mainland, thus opening a western gateway into the romantic Bay of Quinté, and making lake-ports of what were before secluded bay-inlets.

Of the Trent Valley, as it was two hundred and seventy years ago, Champlain gave such glimpses as must have stirred the sportsmen at the court of Mary de' Medici and Louis XIII. The fish and fishing of the Midland Lakes were, he said, of undoubted excellence; and "it is certain that the whole region is very charming and delightful." Along the lake and river margins the trees seemed planted for pleasure-grounds, suggesting to this first explorer whether, in a by-gone age, the country had not been peopled by a race who had abandoned it only through stress of invasion.



BARLEY HARVEST.



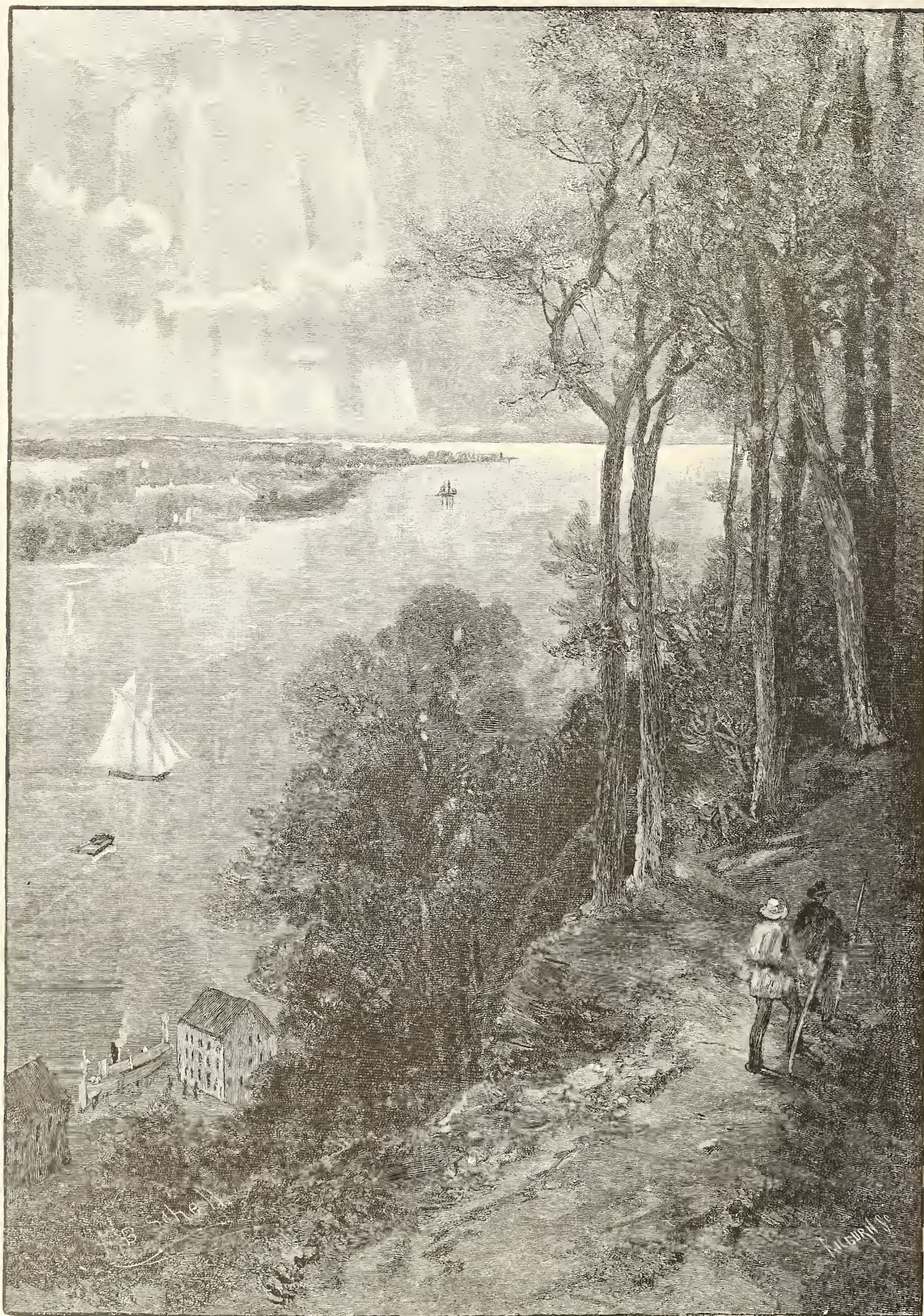
Vines and walnuts grew in profusion. As to game, there was no counting the deer and bears. Four or five hundred Indians of his party would form into two columns, widely divergent at the base-line of the hunt, but converging to a point on the Trent. Some active sportsmen would now beat the woods, and, raising the game with their cries, would drive it within the lines of the wedge. Any game that escaped at the outlet must take to the river, where Indians armed with spears were waiting in canoes. Captivated with the ingenuity of this primitive *battue*, Champlain must needs join in the sport with his *arquebuse*. This ponderous piece of antiquity, when brought into action, was supported on a rest and held to its place by an iron brace; and our old Governor, taking aim with his ordnance, would now suggest a surveyor taking levels with a theodolite. Then the old blunderbuss was subject to dangerous illusions; for among some undoubted deer, Champlain found with dismay that he had brought down an Indian! Not killed, fortunately; and the Indian's wounds were presently healed over by generous *largesse*. So our merry-men made the greenwood echo with their sport until they reached the Bay of Quinté. But, like the famous hunt of Chevy Chase, this sport was leading up to serious business; and, as the old English ballad said:

“The child would rue that was unborn  
The hunting of that day.”

A raid was designed against Onondaga Land across the Lake. In Prince Edward County there is a headland that well remembers the crossing; for from that occasion it got its name Point Traverse. Reaching the site of the future Oswego, Champlain struck inland and delivered his attack on the Onondaga stronghold. But, despite blunderbusses, and the impetuous assault of the Hurons, and a most desperate effort to fire this hornets'-nest, the lithe inmates beat off their assailants with loss, and lodged their barbs in Champlain's leg and knee-pan. There was nothing for it but retreat. Packed in a hamper, and strapped to a Huron's back, he was borne to the lake-shore in frightful torment,—or, as the bluff old sailor himself exclaims in his antique French, *iamais ie ne m'estois veu en vne telle gehenne*. Champlain's wounds soon healed; but not so the breach with the Iroquois, who thenceforward waged a merciless border-war on the French Colony.

Belleville offered in the original form of its name,—*Bellville*,—a compliment to Arabella, the wife of Governor Gore; just as the *Gore* District was designed to immortalize Sir Francis himself, and as the County of Halton still commemorates his secretary, Major Halton. For its altered name, Belleville finds ample justification in the beauty of the city and its neighbourhood. As to the French aspect of the name, we may still find on the River Moira, French Canadians girt with red sashes, and





BAY OF QUINTÉ, FROM ABOVE STONE MILLS.



lightening their log-rolling with quavers of *voyageur* songs. Many of the streets are shaded, and some are even overarched with trees. Hard by these aisles of towering maples are the domestic sanctuaries of wealth and fashion. The transition to this romantic twilight from the glare and bustle of Front Street, is a very delightful experience of an August day. Of public buildings, this young city has a full share; the Post-Office and City Hall are notably good. When the lofty clock-tower of the City Hall is lit up at night, the dial can be seen far down the Bay of Quinté, and is a welcome beacon to mariners hurrying homewards. Belleville is the seat of Alexandra College and Albert University. A little beyond the city limits lies the extensive pile of buildings, occupied by the Provincial Institution for Deaf Mutes. Straying into one of the sacred edifices that give Church Street its name, we find on the wall a memorial tablet to the Rev. William Case, and are thus reminded that the Bay of Quinté was the cradle of Canadian Methodism. As early as 1791, the Cataraqui Circuit had been established, covering Kingston and the Quinté shores; but in 1795 the headquarters of the Circuit were definitely placed on the Bay of Quinté. Radiating from this focus of energy, the movement spread over all the land, attaining in the end the vast dimensions of the United Methodist Church of Canada.

A morning excursion down the Bay from Trenton or Belleville to Picton and the Lake on the Mountain, is one of those delightful summer memories that one likes to lay up for winter use. Among these winding and romantic shores, the more destructive form of enterprise has happily stayed its hand, so that much of the primitive beauty survives. And then the charm of this famous Bay is in no slight measure due to cloud effects and the changeful humour of the sun. An hour ago he rose without a cloud, and even now "he fires the proud tops of the eastern pines"; but presently he will be revealed only through rifts in the cloud-wrack, or by broken shafts of light; and in the afternoon we shall have a delightful season of dreamy, vaporous sunshine, like sweet hours stolen from Indian Summer. These inlets and the wooded headlands, and the waving barley-fields beyond, keep time, like old Polonius, to the fitful humour of their prince. Sometimes, under the joyous sunlight, these wrinkled coves break into peal on peal of youthful laughter, as though they had not assisted in laying the very foundations of the world; at other hours they answer the uncertain sun with no more than a sad smile; while, in his hours of gloom, you may hear these ancient shores grieving and wailing over some mysterious and tragic sorrow.

The old Indian names along the Quinté shores were nearly all trampled under foot in the shameless tuft-hunting of our early Governors; one instance will suffice. At Belleville, the ancient River Sagonaska was re-named to flatter the Earl of Moira; and even his baronies were detailed in the County of "Hastings," and the Townships of "Rawdon" and "Hungerford." The front townships are of an older christening, and



manifestly point to the year 1783, when Lord Sydney was Foreign Secretary, and Thurlow was Lord Chancellor in the first cabinet of the Duke of Portland. On the south shore the names form a kind of family group of George the Third's children. Prince Edward County was named from the King's fourth son, Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. Then the first seven townships,—or “towns” as they were called,—in Upper Canada, were dedicated to George III and his family; so we got King's Town (Kingston), Fredericksburgh, Ernest Town, Adolphus Town, Marysburgh, Sophiasburgh, and Ameliasburgh. Amelia?—every one who has read Thackeray remembers her,—the pretty little maiden prattling and smiling in the arms of the fond old King, her father,—and then her death in the bloom of womanhood, and the shock to the father's reason: “the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, ‘Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!’”

In our course down the Bay, the *Varuna* has touched at Mississaga Point, in Ameliasburgh, landing at their favourite picnic-ground holiday-makers from Belleville. Thence onward between the shores of Sophiasburgh and Tyendinaga. The latter is named from that regal son of the forest, whose English name is enclosed in *Brantford*.

A notable Mohawk chief of the last century,—and a cousin of Brant,—has lent his sonorous name to Deseronto, the busy flour-and-lumber port we have now reached. On asking a Mohawk resident to spell the name, he wrote it *Day-say-ronth-you*, and translated it, “Thunder and Lightning.” A more familiar English title for the chief was “Captain John”; an insular fragment of his once extensive demesne lay but a little ago under our bows, and abreast of us, on the north mainland, lay his Indian church and grove. At Deseronto, log-rafts from the Trent, Moira, and Napanee, are sawn into planks and boards, and lath and shingles, which are shipped chiefly to Oswego for American consumption. No raw material is wasted at this mill. After laths are taken out of the “slabs,” the residue is cut into kindling-wood and faggoted; then, by an ingenious cable-railway, passed to the water's-edge, and shipped to lake-cities for starting their breakfast fires.

As the steamer swings out of Deseronto, we get a noble perspective of the Long Reach, which, crossing our late path, extends from Napanee River to Picton Bay. Dr. Canniff, who has not only collected the domestic annals of the Bay of Quinté, but with a loving eye studied its scenery under all lights, considers this perspective of the Long Reach the most enchanting view of all.

Nine miles beyond the head of the Reach, stands the ancient town of Napanee on a dark and deep river, which is subject to a curious two-hour tide, representing a variation of sixteen inches in mean level, but sometimes reaching as great a fluctuation as thirty inches. Napanee River is navigable for 3-masted schooners up to the old Cartwright mill, which formed the nucleus of the modern town, and suggested to the Mississagas the name *Nau-pau-nay*, “Flour.” We have already noticed the existence





PICTON.



LAKE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

here of an early Iroquois village, Ganneious, which, in 1668 or 1669, became an outpost of the Kenté Mission. The present Indian name is not unhappily chosen, for despite several important manufactures, Napanee's chief trade is in breadstuffs. Above the old mill is a beautiful cascade, most picturesquely broken by



ledges of limestone; and, still higher up, the river is spanned by a fine viaduct-bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway.

At the southern end of the Long Reach, the water contracts within two lofty shores into Picton Bay, on entering which we find the town itself closing the lovely vista. Picton is named after Major-General Sir Thomas Picton, who led the 5th Division at Waterloo, and fell in the action. The High Shore, which has accompanied us since we were abreast of Hay Bay, reaches its greatest elevation at the celebrated Lake of the Mountain. Here we disembark and fall to climbing the steep ascent. The outlook from the top well rewards the pilgrim; it would be difficult to find a lovelier panorama of lake and woodland, greensward and waving harvest. Within the heart of the mountain is the singular lake, whose source of supply is an enigma. Generally full, and even brimming over, it has no apparent feeder. Being on a level with the far distant Lake Erie, it has long been conjectured that there may be a communication between them, just as the Stymphalian Lake in an older Arcadia was supposed to have an underground pipe into Argolis. Our lake measures five or six miles round, and abounds in fish,—perch and black bass, pickerel and pike. The “water-privilege” here attracted pioneer millers, but gristing in those days differed as much from the “gradual reduction” process now going on at the foot of the hill, as the old water-wheel did from the scientific turbine. By an iron flume, no more than seventeen inches in diameter, power is drawn from the lake above to drive a model grist-mill, a plaster-mill, a horse-shoe factory, a foundry and machine shop. The entire machinery of the two last is driven by a three-inch stream and a “Little Giant” turbine, which would easily revolve in one of the workmen’s dinner-pails. The performance of this bottle-imp is a genuine curiosity.

On the lakeward side of Prince Edward County, *The Sandbanks* are very remarkable objects of interest. Lofty ridges of sand, appearing from a distance as white as snow, were originally in some obscure way thrown up at the water’s edge; but, by a kind of glacier movement, which proceeds only in the winter, they have now withdrawn from the shore and are encroaching on the adjacent farms at the rate of about 150 feet a year. The active agent in the movement appears to be the drifting snow which entangles the sand and carries it forward. On the hottest day snow may be found a short distance down, as we proved by repeated trial at various points of the banks. Historically, too, Big Sandy Bay is most interesting. It was on the cove within, now called West Lake, that in 1668 the Kenté Mission was established. There began the exploration of our Lake Ontario shore, and there, following in the wake of the Sulpicians, our exploration now ends.



## EASTERN ONTARIO.

PASSING down the quiet waters of Quinté, shut in from the great Lake outside by the long low-lying shore of Amherst Island,—formerly called Isle of Tonti, in memory of De la Salle's trusted lieutenant,—the grey mass of the city of Kingston is seen crowning the slope of the curving shore. From the western extremity of the curve, the setting sun crimsones the wide expanse of Lake Ontario. Eastward, the channel of the St. Lawrence be-

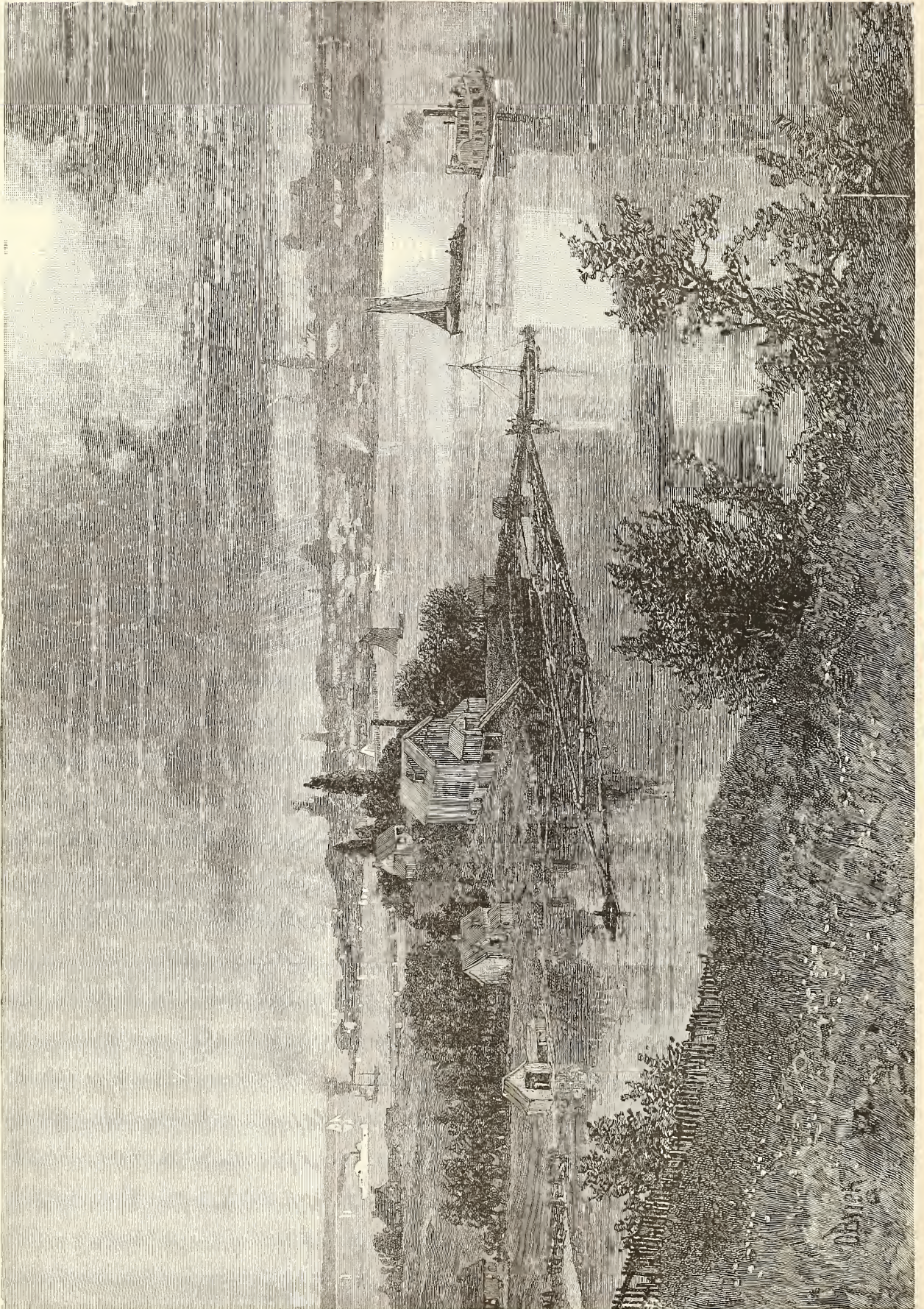


LAKE OF THE ISLES,  
THOUSAND ISLANDS.

gins to be defined by a line of islands. To the north extends a reach of what anywhere else would seem a noble river—the Cataraqui, which gave to the place its early name.

Towards this point, “where the lake and river meet,” on a midsummer’s day more than two centuries ago, there steered its way, up through





KINGSTON, FROM BARRIEFIELD.



the mazes of the Thousand Islands, a flotilla of a splendour never seen before in these remote waters. First, came four lines of canoes, then two large and gaily-painted flat-boats or *bateaux*, adorned with quaint and mysterious devices, followed by a long train of canoes, a hundred and twenty in all. In the first canoe of the train was a cluster of French officers, conspicuous among them the stately figure of the Count de Frontenac, Governor of New France. The bright sun shone on gold-laced uniforms, and the measured beat of the paddles kept time to the strains of martial music; but it was no holiday cruise that had been experienced during the fortnight that had intervened between the embarkation at Lachine and the arrival at Cataragui. The ascent of such a river as the St. Lawrence involved long and toilsome portages, and the labour—now of dragging the flat-boats along the shore, and now of stemming the fierce current in water more than waist deep. Frontenac, in person, spurred on his men to their task, sharing their privations, losing a night's sleep from anxiety, lest the water should have got in and spoiled the biscuit, but never leaving his post even while,—amid drenching rain,—the crews struggled with the wild rapids of the Long Sault. When the last rapid had been safely passed, the flotilla glided in among the placid labyrinths of the Lake of the Islands, past rugged masses of lichened, pine-crested granite, through glassy inlets mirroring the varied green of birch and beech and maple, edged with soft velvety moss and waving ferns, fringed with reeds, and starred, here and there, with the snowy flowers of the water-lily. Beyond this enchanted land the islands grew fewer and larger, and now the blue expanse of Ontario loomed wide in the distance.

As the miniature fleet approached the point where the Cataragui joins the St. Lawrence, it was met by a canoe containing some Iroquois chiefs, magnificent in feathers and wampum, accompanied by the Abbé d' Urfé. In the language of the journal of the expedition, "they saluted the Admiral, and paid their respects to him with evidence of much joy and confidence, testifying to him the obligations they were under to him for sparing them the trouble of going farther, and of receiving their submission at the River Katarakoui, which is a very suitable place to camp, as they were about signifying to him." Then they conducted him to "one of the most beautiful and agreeable harbours in the world, capable of holding a hundred of the largest ships, with sufficient water at the mouth and in the harbour, with a mud bottom, and so sheltered from every wind that a cable is scarcely necessary for mooring."

The expedition landed and pitched tents on the spot now occupied by the *Tête du Pont* Barracks, commanding the outlet of the Cataragui River, and protected by the high banks opposite from the eastern winds. The main shore, curving out south-westwardly, sheltered it from the west winds that sweep so strongly down the lake. From the northward, the Cataragui wound between high and curving banks, begirt with marshes, inhabited by water-fowl, beaver and muskrats, while to south and west,



hill, headland, and long wooded islands closed in the noble harbour, the manifest site of a future centre of trade and shipping.

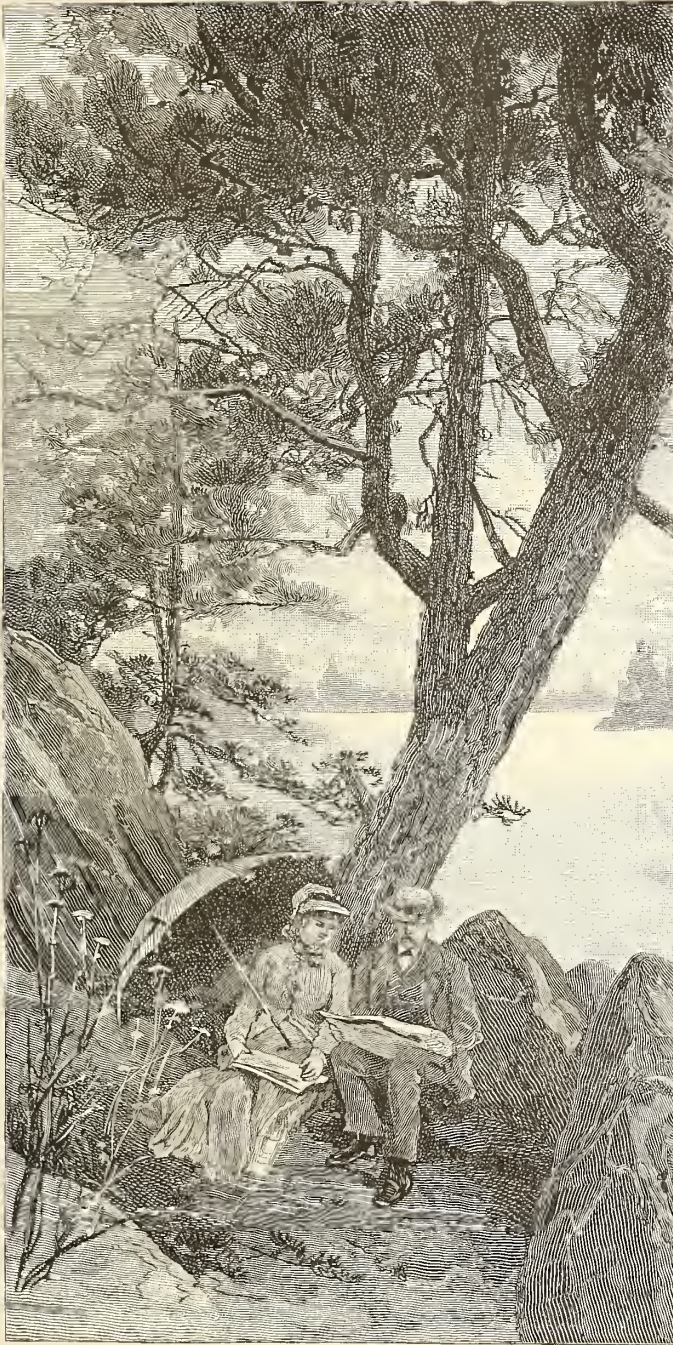
This spot had been marked out by the Intendant, M. de Talon, during the *régime* of M. de Courcelles, for "a fur dépôt with defences," to protect the great trade, and check the formidable Iroquois. M. de Courcelles had himself undertaken an exploring journey to Cataraqui in a canoe, and his last official act was to call a convention of the Indians to secure their assent to the erection of the proposed fort. Frontenac, probably prompted by La Salle, was not less alive to the importance of an outpost at the entrance of Lake Ontario, which should check the Iroquois raids, and intercept the flow of the fur traffic towards the Dutch and English settlers of New York.

At daybreak, July 13, 1673, at beat of drum, the French force, some four hundred strong,—including Indians,—was drawn up under arms, and the Iroquois deputies advanced, between a double line of men, to the tent of the Governor, who stood, in full official state, surrounded by his officers. After the usual formula of smoking the pipe of peace in silence, the council was opened by a friendly chief named Garakontié, with the usual expressions of respect for the Great Ononthio. Frontenac replied in his grand paternal style, expressing his pleasure at meeting his Indian "children," and the pacific spirit which animated him; and, with gifts of tobacco and guns for the men, and prunes and raisins for the women and children, the pow-wow broke up.

Meantime, the site of the fort was marked out,—trees were cut down, trenches dug, and palisades hewn, with such energy and industry that,—four days later,—sufficient progress had been made to admit of calling a grand council of the Indians, at which Frontenac, after a judicious preface of exhortation and veiled threats, announced his intentions,—as a proof of his affection,—of building a storehouse, where they could be supplied with goods, without the inconvenience of a long and dangerous journey. His address seemed to give general satisfaction, and, a few days after, the assembled Iroquois departed to their homes. The expedition also was sent back in detachments; Frontenac with his guard outstaying the rest, in order to receive a deputation from the villages to the north of Lake Ontario. In reporting to the minister, Colbert, the successful accomplishment of his object, he intimated that while this fort at Cataraqui, with a vessel then in progress, would give the French control of Ontario, a second fort at the mouth of the Niagara would command the whole chain of the upper lakes.

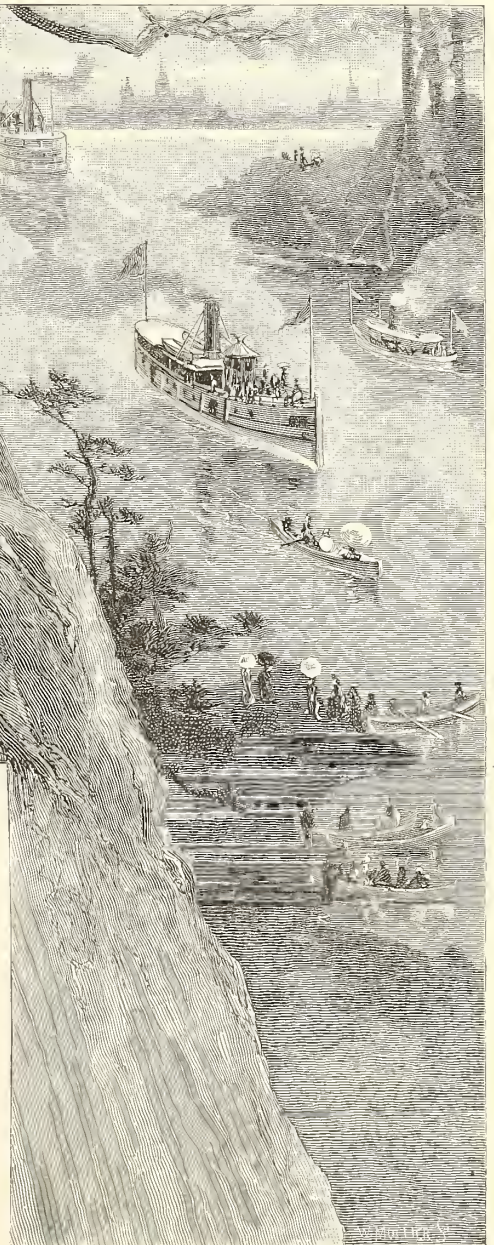
This, indeed, formed part of the comprehensive scheme of the man to whom the command of Fort Frontenac was assigned,—Robert Cavalier de la Salle. The son of a wealthy burgher family of Rouen, De la Salle had come to Canada at the age of twenty-two. Brave, enterprising and enthusiastic, endowed with indomitable firmness and inexhaustible perseverance, his naturally strong constitution, hardened almost to iron by a ten years' course of discipline among the Jesuits, and with an imagina-





AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

tion fired by the dream of discovery, he was eager to distinguish himself by taking possession, in the name of France, of the unexplored territories to the south of the Great Lakes. His early dream was of a north-west passage to China by the waters of the Ottawa. But his mind, fired by Joliet's report of the Mississippi, was now concentrated on a more



practicable scheme. Fort Frontenac was to be but a step towards industrial colonies in the rich south-western wilderness, and a commercial route down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. A special journey to France, in 1674, secured to him a grant of the fort, a large tract of surrounding territory and the islands adjacent, along with his patent of untitled nobility. Within two years he had re-



placed the original wooden fort by a much larger one, "enclosed on the landward side by ramparts and bastions of stone, and, on the water-side, by palisades. It contained a range of barracks of squared timber, a guard-house, a lodging for officers, a forge, a well, a mill and a bakery." The walls were armed with nine small guns, and the garrison consisted of a dozen soldiers, two officers and a surgeon, while an additional contingent of some fifty labourers, artisans and *voyageurs*, added to its strength. In the shadow of the fort, where now stands the oldest portion of the city of Kingston, a small French village of colonists grew up. A little farther on was a cluster of Iroquois wigwams, and near them the Chapel and Presbytery of the Recollet Friars, Louis Hennepin, the well-known explorer, and Luie Buisset.

Here La Salle reigned supreme over his little kingdom, and here he might have remained, amassing a colossal fortune, and, perhaps, making Fort Frontenac as important a settlement as Montreal. But his ambition still pointed westward and southward, and, despite the persistent opposition of Jesuits and Canadian merchants, he secured, on a second visit to France, permission to undertake the exploration of the country with a view to a route to Mexico, and to build as many forts as he required, provided they were built within five years. His cherished design was eventually to build a vessel at some point on the Mississippi, with which he might follow it to its mouth, thus opening a new commercial route to the Gulf of Mexico. How, in pursuit of this *ignis fatuus*, he built his brigantine at Fort Frontenac, in which he sailed to Niagara to erect his fort or "palisaded storehouse," and build and launch the ill-fated *Griffin*,—lost with her first cargo of furs in the stormy waves of Lake Erie,—how, after reaching at last the Gulf of Mexico, and taking possession of Louisiana, he fell in the wilds of Texas, by the bullet of a false follower, is known to all who have read the history of New France.

Under M. de Denonville, Fort Frontenac was the scene of an act of treachery that stamps his name with an indelible brand of infamy. By the influence of two devoted missionaries to the Oneidas and Onondagas, he inveigled a number of their chiefs into the fort, under the pretext of a pacific conference; and, as soon as they were within the precincts, had them put in irons and carried in chains to Quebec, thence to be transported to France, to wear out their lives in the dismal confinement of the galleys. Strange to say, the outrage was not avenged on the missionaries. The elders of the tribe sent them away with a safe convoy, lest the younger members of the tribe might be less forbearing; "and we, aged and feeble as we are, shall not be able to snatch thee from their vengeful grasp."

A terrible retribution followed ere long, in which the innocent suffered with the guilty. The Iroquois swept the country around Cataraqui, burning the cabins and destroying the crops of the settlers, covering the lakes with their canoes, and blockading the garrison. The hostilities culminated in the midnight massacre of Lachine



and the capture of Fort Frontenac, which, like Fort Niagara, was demolished by the Indians. De Frontenac, recalled to supersede the weak and treacherous De Denonville, found the colony laid waste, its villages heaps of smoking ruins, and his favourite fort in ashes, while an ominous war-cloud was rising between New England and New France. Another expedition under his command was soon marshalled at Cataraqui, embracing, besides Indians and Colonial troops, a number of staunch veterans who had followed the standards of Condé and Turenne. Frontenac, disregarding the opposition of his Intendant, M. de Champigny, undertook and completed the reconstruction of the fort before contrary orders could arrive from France. It cost about £600,—a large sum for those days,—and is said, in an old record, to have “consisted of four square curtains, 100 feet each, defended by four square bastions, but without either ditches or palisades.” A wooden gallery was built round it, leading from one bastion to another,—the platforms of these bastions being mounted on wooden piles, and the curtains pierced by loopholes.

During the tranquil half century which followed Frontenac’s death, we almost lose sight of the fort and settlement at Cataraqui. Father Picquet’s complaint, in 1758, of the quality of the provisions he got there, shows how far the settlers lagged behind in agriculture. But the conflict was impending which was to wrest from France her possessions in the New World, and Fort Frontenac soon felt the shock. It had been repaired and strengthened to meet the storm. But Abercrombie seized the opportunity when its garrison was drawn off to protect another point, and sent Colonel Bradstreet to take it, with 3,000 men and eleven guns. He landed near Cataraqui, on the 25th of August, 1758, and quickly erecting a battery on the site of the present market-place, besieged the little garrison of seventy men, commanded by the aged and chivalrous M. de Noyau. The garrison held out as long as possible, but, ere the coming reinforcements could arrive, M. de Noyau was forced to capitulate, stipulating, however, for the safety and transport of his troops, and of the “sacred vessels of the chapel” to Montreal. Besides the fort, Colonel Bradstreet’s prize included the entire French navy in Canada, including two twenty-gun ships, with supplies for other outposts, 80 pieces of cannon, and a quantity of smaller arms.

Traces of the old fort, and also of the breastwork thrown up by Colonel Bradstreet, were visible many years after the Conquest. The remains of the inner tower were not removed till 1827, and vestiges of the fort were still visible when the Grand Trunk Railway line was opened into the city. A few French and Indian families clung to the site; but the place was scarcely heard of again until its permanent settlement by the U. E. Loyalists at the close of the American War of Independence. A party of these loyalist refugees, undecided where to go when driven from their old homes, were guided by a leader who had formerly been a prisoner in Fort Frontenac, and who considered it an eligible site for settlement. Coming from New



York by the circuitous route of the St. Lawrence, the men of the party, only, at first penetrated to the banks of the Cataraqui, where no habitation was to be seen save "the bark-thatched wigwam of the savage, or the newly-erected tent of the hardy loyalist." They returned for the winter to Sorel, where they had left their families, and, when spring had once more set free the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, they made their way up the river in *bateaux*, took up their grants of land, and, in their loyal zeal, changed the name of the place from Cataraqui to *Kingstown*. Their leader, Captain Grass, observes in a tone worthy of the men of the *Mayflower*: "I pointed out to them the site of their future metropolis, and gained for persecuted principles a sanctuary, for myself a home." Other settlers ere long followed, bearing names still well-known in Kingston, and founding families, imbued with strong Tory predilections, communicating to the place a conservative character, which it long retained.

For years, life at the new settlement was primitive enough. For lack of a mill, the settlers had to grind their corn with an axe on a flat stone, or with pestle and mortar. The clumsy axes and unpractised hand of the military settlers made but slow progress in clearing the land. Their farms, too, were often sacrificed to their necessities, sold sometimes for a horse or a cow, or even half a barrel of salmon.

The first beef, accidentally killed by a falling tree, was long remembered by those who had the privilege of sharing it. In 1788, "the famine year," the dearth was so great that starving families flocked in from the surrounding country where roots and leaves were eaten by the people.

Gradually, Kingston became a place of some consequence. The original log-cabins gave place to houses of limestone, of which there was abundance to be had for the quarrying. A grist-mill, built by the Government in 1782, about six miles up the Cataraqui, and worked by a pretty cascade tumbling out of a picturesque gorge, added to the importance of the town. As the settlers grew a little richer, and able to replace their home-made clothing by imported fabrics, and the exports of flour and pork increased, new shops were started, and the principal thoroughfare—now called Princess Street—received the name of Store Street. The place resumed much of its old consequence when it became a military and naval station under the British flag. This honour was at first conferred on Carleton Island, near the opposite shore, where the ruins of extensive fortifications excite the wonder of picnic parties to this day; but when the island was discovered to be within the American lines, Kingston was chosen, and it retained the distinction, until the final withdrawal of the British troops from Canada.

"The War of 1812" brought Kingston to the front, as the chief Canadian stronghold on Lake Ontario, and the rival to the American arsenal at Sackett's Harbour. The Government dockyard occupied the low-lying peninsula opposite the town, which is now graced by the fine Norman structure of the Royal Military College and its





HEAD OF GRENADIER AND SPORT ISLAND,  
AND NEAR ALEXANDRIA BAY



A NOOK.

dependent buildings. The dark green reach of deep water between the college and the glacis of Fort Henry was the naval mooring ground. Where, in our days of piping peace, nothing more threatening than the skiffs of cadets training to be future Hanlans are seen, lay formidable battle-ships. One of them,—the *St. Lawrence*,—built here in 1814, cost the British Government half a million sterling. In all probability, the wood was sent out from England! During this same war, Fort Henry—the modern successor of old Fort Frontenac—was commenced, at first as a rude fort of logs with an embankment. The woods, which clothed the long sloping hill and the



adjacent country, were cut down to prevent the possibility of surprises, and a chain of those essentially Colonial defences, known as block-houses, connected by a picket stockade, defended the city. One ancient specimen of the little wooden forts still remains. Subsequently, the block-houses gave place to a cincture of massive Martello towers and stone batteries, which present an imposing appearance on approaching Kingston from the water, though to modern warfare they are no more formidable than the old defences of logs. Twenty years after the war, the present Fort Henry was also built, a most important fortification in those days, with its heavy guns and mortars, its advanced battery and its casemated barracks, providing accommodation for a large garrison. The embrasures of the fort look askance at the foundries and enginery on the opposite side of the harbour. The cannon confronts the locomotive; and, fit emblem of our time, a solitary warder guards the decaying fort, while in the locomotive shops, between four and five hundred skilled workmen are employed. Still, Kingston retains a military look, not unpleasing to the tourist's eye. There is the fort crowning the glacis. Full in front, a round tower covers the landing. At its base, a semi-circular bastion pierced for artillery is ready to sweep the water. The tower, with its conical red cap and circling wall of compact ball-proof masonry, looks well. It would have scared the Iroquois. It could have defied the raiders of 1812. Against modern artillery, it is as good as an *arquebuse*. Hard by is the military college, with its fifty or sixty red-coated, white-helmeted cadets. Where the olive-green of Cataraqui Creek blends with the blue of the bay, still stands the old naval barracks, where Tom Bowling and Ned Bunting were wont to toast "sweethearts and wives." A little up the creek is Barriefield Common, once gay with the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, but now seldom marched over by anything more militant than the villagers' geese. From the Common, a causeway, nearly half a mile long, extends across the creek to the *Tête du Pont* Barracks, the headquarters alternately of the very efficient A and B Batteries. Thanks to the gentlemen cadets and the battery men, the streets of Kingston still have a sprinkling of red, white and blue. The Royal Military College is the West Point of Canada. To train young men for a profession that can hardly be said to exist or to have any ground for existing in the New World, to educate officers before any one thinks of enlisting soldiers—save on a scale suited to the ancient grand-duchy of Pumpernickel—is perhaps to put the cart before the horse. What is still more anomalous, the Government seems to have no policy on the subject, for it takes no pains to utilize the services of the graduates of the institution it has established. Still, if we must spend three-quarters of a million annually on a militia department, it is well that some of the money should be spent on education. The greater the number of scientifically trained men a new country has the better. The cadets get a capital training, for the college is admirably officered.

Kingston has long had a just pre-eminence as an educational centre. The first



Grammar School in Canada was established here in 1786, under Dr. Stuart,—the first teacher as well as the first clergyman in Upper Canada; and the schools of Kingston are noticed by Rochefoucauld on his visit in 1805. There were elementary schools, on the Lancasterian principle, for the poorer classes, long before our Common School system was organized. In higher education it has an honourable record. The University of Queen's College, whose new local habitation is one of the architectural adornments of the city, was founded in 1840 by a number of clergymen and laymen of the Church of Scotland in Canada. "Queen's," as it is affectionately termed by its sons, has grown with the growth of Canada,—has a noble record of work done in the past,—and, in its new halls and the throng of eager students who fill them, and its largely increased and distinguished staff,—it rejoices in greater usefulness in the present, and has still brighter hopes for the future.

Kingston is the seat not only of the Royal Military College, and of Queen's University, with its Faculties of Arts, Science, Law, and Divinity, but also of the Roman Catholic College of Regiopolis, which has been closed since the withdrawal of the government grant in 1869. Two other excellent institutions, the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Women's Medical College, are affiliated to Queen's University. The Collegiate Institute represents two older High Schools; and among the school-boys educated in them, Kingston boasts the premiers of the Province and the Dominion.

When Upper Canada became a separate province, Kingston might be said to have been the first capital, for it was here,—in an old wooden church fronting the market-place,—that Governor Simcoe was sworn into office, his first cabinet chosen, and the writs issued to convene the Legislative Assembly which met at Niagara, previous to meeting more permanently at York. The city also had the distinction of being the seat of Government of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, from the union in 1840 until 1844, the Legislature meeting in the edifice opposite the new buildings of Queen's College, which is now, perhaps, more usefully occupied as the City Hospital. The impetus received from the residence of the government officials was followed by a corresponding depression on their removal. Nor was the prosperity of the place increased by the building of the Grand Trunk Railway. It has been benefited much more by the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, a new line that opens up a region formerly inaccessible, of much natural beauty and great natural riches, though at first sight it looked unpromising enough. To this wild and rocky district the well cultivated townships on the Bay of Quinté offer a striking contrast, not often seen within the limits of one county, even in Canada. It is studded with picturesque little lakes, one of which, Sharbot Lake, is already a favourite resort on account of its scenery and its resources as a fishing ground. Rocky tracts and ridges, that at first were considered worthless, contain lead, phosphates, and immense deposits of iron. When all



this country in the rear is fully developed, Kingston, the natural port of transhipment for everything that comes by rail, or by the winding way of the Rideau Canal, will attain a greater degree of importance than it has yet dreamed of.

Just above the long bridge which spans the *embouchure* of the Cataraqui, there stretches a reach of placid river, between green, sloping, and often wooded banks, a rank growth of reeds and rushes in many places nearly filling up the stream. Here, a boat may wind its way for miles in an absolute solitude,—only a wild duck or a heron breaking the stillness of the scene. Following this quiet river for six miles from its junction with the St. Lawrence, we reach a bold, rocky gorge, framing a foaming cascade, which, even yet, is a pretty waterfall, though hemmed in by artificial surroundings, and made to look like a sort of appendage to a mill. The abrupt rocky banks are the most romantic feature of the scene, rising almost sheer above the river, clad with a tangle of foliage and creepers. Just below are the gates of the Rideau Canal which begins here, and is carried by five locks up an ascent of forty-five feet. Suspended above the gorge is the iron line of the Grand Trunk Railway bridge, two of the greatest public works of Canada being thus represented at this point. Walking across the bridge, we get from its giddy height a pretty bird's-eye view of the winding Cataraqui, with Kingston in the distance, beyond marshy flats, whose yellow tint in autumn contrasts richly with the soft blue of sky and river.

There is nowhere to be enjoyed a more delightful day's sail than that from Kingston down the river. The traveller starts in the early dawn of a summer morning, as the sun rises golden over the line of high land on the opposite shore of the harbour,—the wide lake stretching calm and glassy in the blue distance to the west. The opposite islands stand out clear in their relative positions, Garden Island, with its cluster of shipping in front, behind it Simcoe Island to the west, with the *Bateau* Channel between it and Wolfe Island, whose green fields and clumps of shady trees and scattered farm-houses extend down the river for twenty miles. Kingston rises on its gentle slope, the cool grey buildings and slender spires catching the warm glow of the level sunbeams. Far to the right, beyond the long bridge, the winding Cataraqui shows a misty blue between the high green banks that end in the gorge at Kingston Mills. The city buildings, the Court House, and the tower of Queen's University, catch the eye as it travels back along the fringe of shipping towards a point, flanked by a Martello tower, at the extreme left, while, farther back, the outlines of the Asylums can be traced in the distance. Opposite to the city rises the slope of Barriefield, with its grey church-tower, and the undulating "common" rising gradually into the Fort Hill, while between this and the city, runs out the long level promontory, on which—irradiated by the early sunshine—stand the old and new buildings of the Military College.

Turning the point made by the Fort Hill, with its embankment and sally-ports,





BROCKVILLE.

we glide swiftly past Cedar Island, with its Martello tower, and the river channel—some fourteen miles wide—is fairly entered. Cedar Island first shows the peculiar contour and formation of “The Thousand Islands,” grey gneiss, encrusted with moss and lichen, bearing a low, luxuriant vegetation of birch and cedar and tangled shrubbery. A short distance above Gananoque, the island mazes begin, with bold, grey rocks tufted with dark pines, or little bosky clusters of foliage nestling close to the clear blue waves. On a calm summer

morning, when the rich and varied colourings of granite rocks, with overhanging foliage of every shade of living green, are reflected in the glassy river, which the steamer’s swell raises—*not breaks*—into long heavy undulations, the scene is like fairy-land.

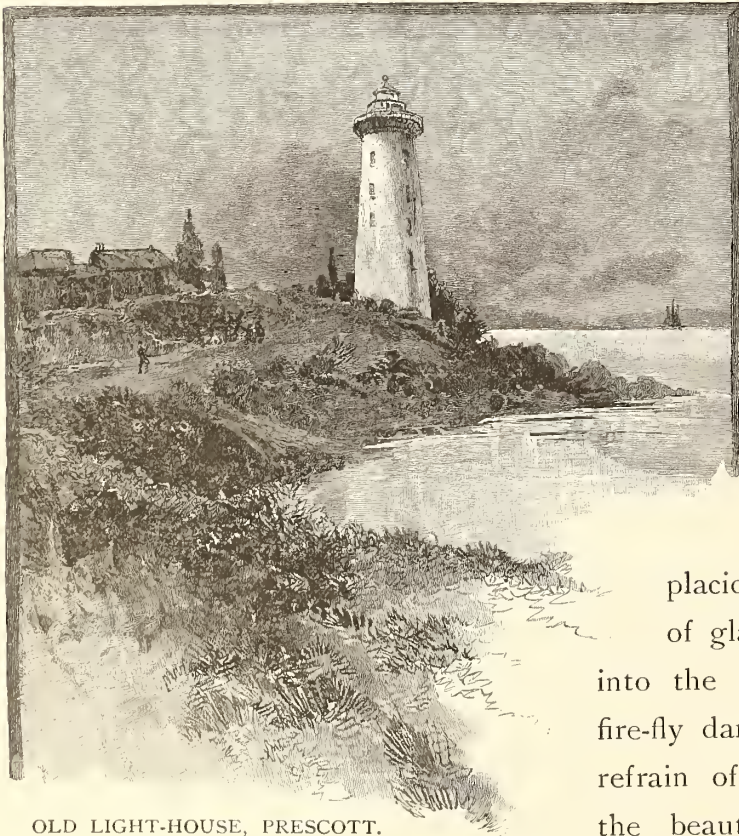
The first mention of these islands is made in the report of the expedition by



THE RIVER-SIDE, BROCKVILLE.



M. de Courcelles against the Mohawk Indians in 1665-6, where they are spoken of with anything but admiration. We are told that they "have nothing agreeable beyond their multitude," and that they "are only huge rocks rising out of the water, covered merely by moss, or a few spruce or other stunted wood, whose roots spring from the clefts of the rocks, which can supply no other aliment or moisture to these barren trees than what the rains furnish them," and the locality is farther referred to as "a melancholy abode." From these hints it would appear that, two hundred years ago, the comparatively young vegetation, that now makes the chief beauty of the scenery, may have been only beginning to establish itself, and that, with but a scanty and stunted foliage, the rocky wilderness presented but little attraction. From the French explorers—it is said from Champlain—the archipelago took its name of "*Lac des Mille Isles*," though the "thousand" is far under the real number. Recent travellers, however, including the Duke of Argyll, have been disappointed in the comparative tameness and monotony of the "Thousand Islands" as cursorily seen from the deck of a steamer. And, indeed, forty miles of them is apt to produce the *toujours perdrix* feeling which attacks the traveller even on the Rhine, after a long, unbroken course of ruined



OLD LIGHT-HOUSE, PRESCOTT.

castles. The beauty is that of a succession of charming vignettes, rather than of any one grand picture, and the way to see and feel it is to sojourn among them, watching their ever-changing aspects from day to day. You should see them glorified in the exquisite ethereal tints of dawn before they "fade into the light of common day," and watch *that*, again, deepen into the rosy sunset glow, which often makes the

placid river reflect their beauty from "a sea of glass mingled with fire," ere it merges into the purple gloaming through which the fire-fly darts its living light, and the plaintive refrain of the whip-poor-will adds pathos to the beauty of the summer eve. Or, when the full moon rises behind one of the dark

islands, throwing its mysterious chiaroscuro over the scene, making a broad, quivering pathway of fretted silver, on which the islands show like silhouettes,—their wavy outlines of foliage marked out in shadow on the silver sea below. Better, still, if you can



wander day after day among the hidden rocks and recesses of the island labyrinths, exploring the myriad beauty of lichened granite, and moss, and vine, and flower, and



LONG SAULT RAPIDS, FROM THE CANAL.

berry, as well as of the foliage that clusters in rich masses of verdure, or dips into the glassy wave; or, guiding your tiny skiff through the narrowest of channels, or the most fairy-like of coves, where the limpid water ripples over the pure white sand, or holds in its shaded and shadowy basin a cluster of deep-green leaves and snowy water-lilies. Then, indeed, their gentle beauty grows on you, and in the *coup d'œil* from any elevated point the eye unconsciously reads into the distant outlines the picturesque details with which it has already grown familiar. Nor must we forget the richer beauty which the mellowing touch of autumn throws over the scene, when it turns the delicate green of the birch to gold, and clothes the maple in flame colour and scarlet till it seems like the burning bush of Moses, and flushes the oak to a rich russet or winey red,—while the deep blood-red hue of the low sumach marks some of the smaller islands with a line of crimson.

One of the pleasantest points for making a closer acquaintance with the islands,—on the Canadian side,—is the thriving village of Gananoque, about which they are picturesquely grouped. The name of the place is, of course, Indian, signifying “rocks in deep water.” A small river of the same name, which winds through the back country, finds its way here into the St. Lawrence between high abruptly-sloping banks, and descends a steep ledge in what was once a spontaneous waterfall, but now is put into harness and made to serve as so much “water-power” to drive numerous factories. Some twenty miles back, near the source of the Gananoque River, lies a prettily wood-





RUNNING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.



ed sheet of water called Charleston Lake,—a resort of sportsmen during the shooting season.

Perhaps the most picturesque bit of the island labyrinth lies about a sudden bend, called Fidler's Elbow,—where the channel is too narrow for the larger steamboats, but down which an arrowy little excursion-boat darts and winds,—passing close to rich masses of foliage mirrored in the still waters, or bold ruddy rocks flecked with the exquisite pale greys or greens of encrusting lichens, or still, shadowy bays, kissed by overhanging birch and cedar-boughs, or bristling weather-beaten crags, tufted with solemn pines. Or, suddenly, we come upon a Chinese-looking cluster of summer villas, with pagodas, bridges, and the other well-known features of the willow-pattern plate; or long avenues of tents and cottages and the busy dock of a bustling summer resort, like the "Thousand Island Park" on Wells' Island; or the large gay hotels of Alexandria Bay, where one may step from the untouched wilderness of Nature's solitudes, into all the artificial developments of American fashionable life. The "Thousand Island Park" is a unique collection of tents, light-wooden summer-houses, and a handsome Norman hotel, with a long street of boat-houses extending from its pier along the water's edge. It has also a large "Tabernacle" or canvas church,—its original plan as a Camp Ground including a series of religious meetings. At the lower end of the same island, about eight miles distant, is the quieter "Westminster Park," showing a tall church-tower above the trees. This island was the scene of the burning of the *Sir Robert Peel*, in 1838, by a band of American outlaws, headed by "Bill Johnson," a kind of political Robin Hood, who had conceived the idea of bestowing on Canada the boon of freedom and a Republican Government. The story of his daring and devoted daughter "Kate," who rowed him from hiding-place to hiding-place among the islands, and kept him supplied with food, give a touch of the charm of legend and adventure to these rocky mazes. Cooper has chosen them as one of the scenes of his novel, "The Pathfinder"; and Moore has also touched them with his silver-tongued muse.

Below Well's Island, away to eastward, the St. Lawrence opens in a wider vista, with here and there a distant island softly outlined against the soft turquoise blue. Down this widening channel the large river steamers glide on, still amid granite isles on either hand, till at last the long succession ends, and we steam up close to the line of pretty villas that skirt the town of Brockville. Here the river fairly parts company with the rocky isles amid which it has been dreaming, and becomes for a time a comparatively straightforward and prosaic stream, with nothing very striking about it or its slightly rising shores.

About a mile below the town of Prescott, chiefly notable as the terminus of the Prescott and Ottawa Railway, we pass a point of land on which stands a white-washed stone tower, pierced by narrow loop-holes, and now used as a light-house. This is the historic "Windmill" which, in November, 1837, figured as the stronghold of the



"Patriots," under the command of a Polish adventurer, called Von Schultz. They held the mill for several days against the British forces, under Col. Dundas, but were at last routed and compelled to surrender at discretion. During the action the opposite shore was lined with spectators, who cheered whenever the insurgents appeared to have the advantage. Poor Von Schultz, with nine others of the hundred and ten prisoners, was hanged at Fort Henry after a court-martial,—a victim to the political treachery of those who had led him to undertake the mad enterprise and then abandoned him to his fate. In our days he would have met with no harder measure than that meted to Arabi Pasha.

A few islands in midstream, some of them prettily wooded, are all that vary the blue stretch of river until the quickening current of the Galoups Rapids breaks the dreamy calmness of the stream,—a pleasant foretaste of the larger rapids to come. A canal runs along the shore for the accommodation of small boats. At its eastern extremity lies the prosperous village of Cardinal, formerly Edwardsburg,—notable for its conspicuous starch factory. Near this place the river quickly narrows, till at one point it is only five hundred feet wide.

We are now passing, to the left, the old county of Dundas, associated, like Kingston, with the first settlement of the country by the staunch U. E. Loyalists, as well as with some of the most stirring of Canadian warlike associations. Our experiences are of a far more pacific character,—memories of bowery orchards laden with blushing blossoms, of quiet, sequestered farm-houses, of green fields, with lambs and calves at play. Just as we come in sight of Morrisburg, with its many slender spires rising above the embosoming woods, the river, sweeping round a curve, discloses beautiful wooded islands marked with white birchen stems, around which the crested waves of the Rapid Du Plat are seen, swirling in deep-green eddies beneath the luxuriant foliage that overhangs the stream. Some two or three miles below the village, close by a house that stands embossed in foliage, is a curving point, and near it a low, irregular ravine. This, with the adjoining ground, is the scene of the decisive action of Chrysler's Farm, gallantly contested on November 11, 1813, between American troops and a small body of British regulars, reinforced by Canadian volunteers and militia and a handful of Indians. Many of the dead were buried in common graves, where now green orchard-boughs bend over dappled stretches of emerald turf.

Passing a number of little scattered villages, a picturesque point, called Woodlands, catches the eye. Ere long, the increasing rapidity of the current and the bolder shore, give token that we are nearing the grand rapid of the Long Sault. Anon we see the white coursers in the distance, tossing aloft their snowy manes, and feel the strong grip of the current. A densely-wooded island divides the foaming waters. We rush at headlong speed down the south channel,—the other, called the "lost channel," seeming to toss its waves in defiance of the bold hand which might try to guide a



boat down the raging waters. Those over which we safely ride are grand enough. Great crystal masses of emerald water leap to meet us, catch us on their breasts, and carry us on with a swift undulatory motion like that of a race-horse, while a shower of foamy spray dashes over the vessel. The green-crested waves seem to be rushing in the opposite direction to the current, an effect caused by the retreating eddies it creates in dashing over the hidden rock below. But our great sea-horses carry us on, till, all too soon, the foaming crests are left behind, and we glide into smooth water and past the steep sides of the island of St. Regis, inhabited by a little colony of Indians, who look very prosaic in their ordinary civilized attire.

At the eastern entrance end of the Cornwall Canal, which all craft must use on the ascending journey, since none could hope to stem the Long Sault, stands the town of Cornwall, which, in recent years, has developed into a manufacturing centre,—its enormous blanket factory and cotton-mill being the conspicuous features of the place. Near it runs the “Province Line,” and we pass out of Eastern Ontario into Quebec. Near the same point, also, the boundary line, which divides Canada from the United States, recedes from the St. Lawrence. Both sides of the river, gradually opening into the wide expansion of Lake St. Francis, are prettily diversified with woods and farms, while bosky islands at intervals afford a welcome retreat for campers,—white tents and light summer residences gleaming pleasantly under the trees by the river-side. On the left bank, we pass the little town of Lancaster. Some miles inland, are the old Scotch settlements of Martintown and Williamstown. On the right shore are Dundee, Fort Covington, the Salmon River, a region originally peopled also by refugees from Connecticut or the green valley of the Mohawk,—or by sturdy Scotch immigrants, who have given to their new homes names that perpetuate the old ones. One settlement is called the “Isle of Skye,” from the number of colonists from “Thule” who farm its fertile acres.

But the chief glory of the sail down Lake St. Francis is the distant mountain range, blue against the horizon, filling up the lack which the eye has vaguely felt in the flat, unbroken horizon which bounds the greater part of Ontario. It is the Chateauguay range,—a spur of the Adirondacks,—sometimes drawing nearer, sometimes receding into cloud-like indistinctness. At the lower end of the lake, we draw up by the long wooden pier of Coteau du Lac, whose straggling row of little French houses, looking still smaller in contrast with the great stone church and gleaming spire, gives evidence that we are now in French Canada. A charming picture does this old Coteau make as seen at sunset on the return trip,—when Lake St. Francis, still as a mirror, reflects the rich crimsons and purples of the descending sun, while the old brown timbers of the pier, and the equally old and brown French Canadian houses, with the rather Dutch-looking boats moored by the pier,—“compose” a picture to which only a Turner could do full justice.



On the southern shore, opposite to the Coteau, is the distant town of Valleyfield, with its huge cotton-mill, at the upper end of the Beauharnois Canal. A little farther down, the shore grows bolder, and we see and feel the quickening current of the "Cedars" Rapids. We sweep past a richly-wooded island,—the foliage almost dripping in the tossing waters, fly past a sharp curve, and the eddying water springs forward as if to oppose our progress,—in vain, the last foam-crested wave is behind, and a calm stretch intervenes. A little farther on, the silvery "Cascades flash" in the sun,—broken only by rocky islets, round which the rapids toss and rave, while high on the shore, a picturesque church-tower rises above a mass of deep-green woods. Soon, we find ourselves out upon Lake St. Louis, while far to our left is the famous St. Anne of the Boat-song, where the great brown stream of the Ottawa comes out from its dark hills, mingling, not blending, with the blue St. Lawrence, and sending a portion of its stream round the northern side of the triangular island of Montreal which we are approaching. On the southern shore, on a high mound, stands a cross for mariners to look to in time of peril,—a mute witness of human need and aspiration. Calm and shadowy the mountain range lies behind undulating masses of wood, lighted up by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, or deepened in tint by the shadow of a passing cloud. Far ahead looms a blue shadowy mass, the "mountain" of Montreal. By and by, other cloudy blue hills rise on the horizon, Belœil, St. John, and the sugar-loaf of Mount Shefford. The traditional Indian pilot, in a suit of black, glides out in his boat from Caughnawaga, and the steamer slackens speed to take him on board. The current of the river grows swifter, breaks in curves, and circles past flat, bushy islands;—then, sweeping round a curve, we see ahead a glittering sheet of snowy breakers, in which nestle two little green islets washed by the spray. The headlong rush of the river bears us towards the treacherous ledge-broken rock, in some places left bare by the foaming rapids, shelving on one side, boldly abrupt on the other. We fly rapidly through the eddies, between Scylla and Charybdis, and in a few moments are gliding into water calm by comparison. This rapid has not the grandeur of the Long Sault, nor the glittering rush of the Cascades; but the treacherous swirling waters, and the half-hidden rocks that we seem almost to graze, make it one of the most fascinating and dangerous.

But we speedily forget the perils of the rapids as we pass the beautiful wooded shore of Nun's Island, with its shady green pastures, and come upon the royal-looking city. On the opposite shore, behind the villages of Laprairie and Longueuil, rise the isolated mountains of Montarville, Rougemont, Shefford, and the nearer Belœil, "bathed in amethystine bloom." We take a wide sweep in front of the city, and come into port near the island of St. Helen's, past great hulls of ocean steamers and full-rigged ships, where the old weather-stained Bonsecour's Market, and still older Bonsecour Church, bid us welcome back to Montreal.



## THE NIAGARA DISTRICT.



RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

WE have already touched the great Province of Ontario at two or three points; but from the City of Ottawa we followed the old *voyageur* route to the Northwest, and pressed on till, like the Verendryes, we came in sight of the Rocky Mountains. It is time now to treat in detail the richest and most populous part of the Dominion. Perhaps, we should begin with the capital; but Niagara claims precedence, not only because of its world-wide fame, but because in its district was the first capital of Upper Canada, and under its trees the first Parliament of the Province assembled.

The peninsula jutting out between lakes Erie and Ontario, and divided from the State of New York by the Niagara River, constitutes what is known as the Niagara District. It is unrivalled in all North America for its genial climate and the cultivated beauty of its fertile and richly-wooded soil, and is closely knit to the hearts



of its people by its noble, historic memories—memories indissolubly blended with the beautiful river which glorifies the region through which it flows and to which it has given its name. These memories and associations of the brave days of old ought not to be less sacred and guarded possessions because the foes who once dyed the Niagara's crystal waters with blood are now friends, and hold its joint ownership in peaceful rivalry. Through the heroic valour, sufferings and sacrifices of the men who defended Queenston Heights a nation was born, destined, we may well believe, to live as long as the famous river on whose banks the first touch of national life was felt.

When the city of Quebec, that "great antiquity" of America, was only a palisaded fort, with a few rude dwellings of the white men gathered under its shelter, the cataract of Niagara had been heard of in Europe as the supreme wonder of the New World, and now, after all the changes time has wrought, and all the other new regions explored since then, it remains incomparable in beauty and grandeur. Volumes of verbiage have been written about it; artists have depicted it under every aspect and from every point of view; holiday-idlers, vacation tourists, and travellers in search of excitement and the picturesque, flock to it from all points of the civilized world; the greed of money-making has encompassed it with mean and incongruous surroundings; but custom cannot stale its infinite variety, nor all the accompaniments of vulgar traffic degrade its sublime and awful majesty. It remains the ideal water-fall of the world.

The name, Niagara, has been a subject of much discussion among philologists. Some suppose it to be simply a contraction of the Indian word, *Oniahgahrah*, meaning "thunder of waters." Others find its origin in *Onyahrah*, signifying a neck, and applied to the peninsula or neck of land between the two lakes. Others again believe it to be derived from the name of a tribe dwelling on the northern bank of the river when the first explorers and missionaries visited the West. The missionaries called them the *Neutre Nation*, because they maintained peace with both the Iroquois and Huron tribes, who were always at war with each other, but they seem to have called themselves *Onghiahrahs*. Drake, in his "Book of the Indians," called them the *Nicarriagas*, and supposes them to have been partly destroyed by the Iroquois, partly absorbed by the Hurons. The name of the river has been spelled in many different ways. In Coronelli's map of Canada, published in Paris in 1688, it is spelled as we spell it now, but it was probably pronounced then as in the well-known line,

"And Niagára stuns with thundering sound."

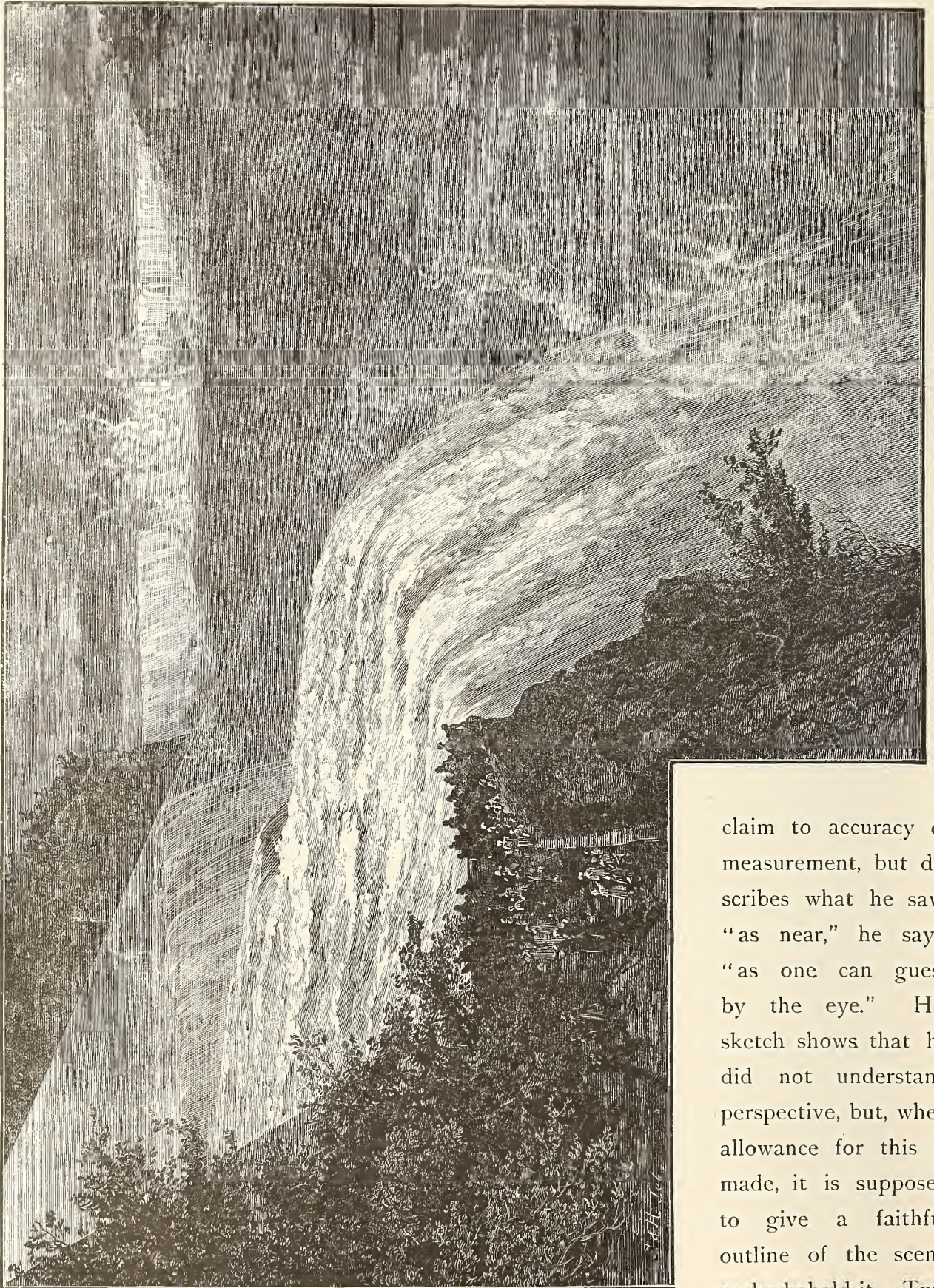
This pronunciation is more in accordance with Indian phonology, but, apparently, the accent is now fixed on the second syllable. Some speakers pronounce the word



Nearagara; but it is to be hoped that this piece of bad taste will disappear before long.

L'Escarbot, the first historian of *Nouvelle France*, says that Cartier, when in 1535 he visited Canada for the second time, heard from the Indians at Hochelaga that the waters of the Iroquois country were carried by a great waterfall into the lake from whence flowed the *Fleuve de Canada*, or river St. Lawrence. In Champlain's narrative of his voyages, published in 1613, this *sault d'eau* is marked on accompanying map, and is said to be so high that fish were killed in attempting to descend it. In 1648 Father Ragueneau, a Jesuit priest, in a letter to his superior at Paris, describes it as a cataract of frightful height. But the first description we have by an eye-witness is that of Father Hennepin, a Flemish friar of the Récollet branch of the Order of St. Francis, who visited it in 1678. Father Hennepin came to Canada with La Salle, who was then full of his scheme of sailing to China by way of the western lakes and the Mississippi River. Having decided on building a large vessel on Lake Erie for the voyage, La Salle remained at Fort Frontenac to provide men and all that was needed, and despatched his companion, La Motte, with Father Hennepin, forward on the route, in a brigantine of ten tons, with a crew of sixteen men. The morning of the 6th of December, 1678, the brigantine rounded the point on which Fort Niagara was afterwards built, and where a few Indian wigwams then stood, and entered the mouth of the beautiful river, while a joyful *Te Deum*, from all on board, rose over forest and stream, and rang in the ears of the listening Indians. Proceeding up the river till their course was stopped at the base of the Niagara escarpment, the *voyageurs* landed on the eastern bank, and erected a palisaded *cabane*; a tangible sign that the dominion of the land was about to pass from the red man to the white invaders, whom the Indians soon learned to designate *Otkou*—"men of a contriving mind." Guided by the Indians, La Motte and Father Hennepin beheld the mighty cataract of which they had so often heard, and a description of the scene, accompanied by a sketch, is given in the friar's journal of La Salle's expedition, afterwards published at Amsterdam. In this description he assumes the cataract to be six hundred feet in height, and mentions, besides the two great falls, a cross-fall, which he depicts in his sketch pouring over Table Rock; and there is other evidence that this small cascade once existed. Baron La Hontan, who saw the cataract in 1681, but whose visit was made brief and hurried by fear of an attack by the Iroquois, adds two hundred feet of altitude to the six hundred given by Father Hennepin. These early travellers have been accused of purposely adding to the height and number of the falls in order to give greater effect to their narratives; but it is more likely that their exaggerations were owing to their want of scientific knowledge to correct the figurative language of the Indians, and the impressions made on their own excited imaginations by the sight of so sublime and amazing a scene. Father Hennepin lays no



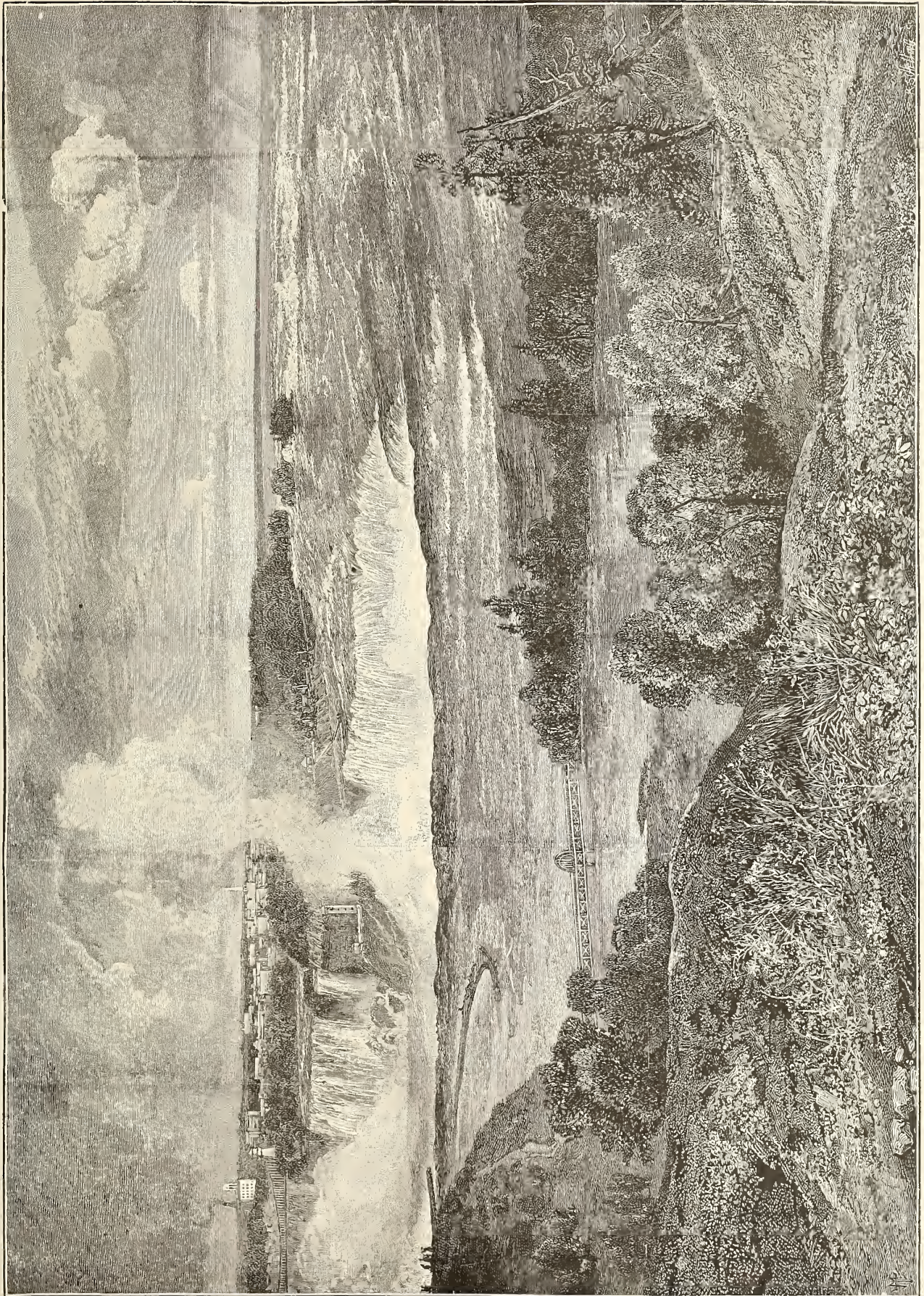


NIAGARA BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

claim to accuracy of measurement, but describes what he saw, "as near," he says, "as one can guess by the eye." His sketch shows that he did not understand perspective, but, when allowance for this is made, it is supposed to give a faithful outline of the scene as he beheld it. Two cavaliers are standing

on the bank, doubtless intended to represent La Salle and La Motte; and a man





NIAGARA.



in a loose robe and broad hat—of course Father Hennepin himself—is seated on the ground, and pointing, with outstretched hand, to “the great cadence of waters” which he has described.

Since that first memorable visit to Niagara Falls, more than two hundred years have elapsed, and great changes have taken place in the cliff over which the cataract pours. The piles of *débris* at the foot of the American Fall may be accepted as evidence that the large space behind the sheet of water, where Father Hennepin says four coaches might have driven abreast, then actually existed. The cross-fall depicted in Father Hennepin’s sketch as pouring obliquely over a projecting crag from Table Rock, is mentioned by M. Kalm, a Swedish botanist, who visited the Falls in 1750, and heard then that it had disappeared some years before. From that time the breakage of several huge masses of the cliff have been recorded; but the greatest of all was that which took place June 25th, 1850, when nearly the whole of Table Rock, a projection of the cliff hanging over the river, two hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and a hundred feet thick, was suddenly precipitated into the gulf with a crash that was heard miles away. Fortunately, it fell at noon, when few people were out-of-doors, and at the moment no one was on the rock but the driver of an omnibus, who had taken out his horses to feed them, and was washing his vehicle on the edge of the cliff. He heard the warning crash, and felt the motion of the falling rock just in time to escape, but the vehicle he had been washing went down into the abyss, and so did innumerable autographs which tourists from many lands had, with much pains and ingenuity, inscribed on the face of the cliff, but which were then forever consigned to oblivion in the gulf beneath. Now all that is left of the far-famed Table Rock is a narrow ledge bordering the bank where it juts out close to the Horse-shoe Fall, but from it the grandest and most comprehensive view of the wide sweep of the cataract, and of the rapids above, is still to be obtained.

Other large masses of rock have been known to break away from the midst of the cataract, to plunge into the chasm with a thunderous noise, making, in one or two instances, a perceptible change in the form of the Horse-shoe; and always the ceaseless, insidious attacks of the powers of water, frost, ice and snow are at work grinding, crushing, breaking up, and wearing away the rocky barriers that hem in the torrents. Slowly but effectually these strenuous forces of nature are making an easier passage for the river’s course and changing the aspect of the scene just as they have been doing for ages past, and will continue to do for ages more, till the last obstruction to the water’s even flow shall have vanished.

In 1757 M. Kalm’s description of the Falls of Niagara was published in the London *Gentlemen’s Magazine*. Every year they became more famous, and many noted travellers visited them. Volney, the French *savant*, saw them and wrote an elaborate description of their wonders. Chateaubriand, escaping from the agony of the Revolu-



tion to the peaceful "forest primeval" of the west, spent days and nights beside them in an Indian wigwam; and in his romance of "Atala" he has painted them in glowing colours. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose love of the Irish people and tragic fate has made him one of the most beloved of Irish heroes, visited them in 1789. He saw them at the loveliest period of the Canadian year, when May and June meet together, when spring flowers are yet in all their beauty, and spring foliage is expanding into the richness of leafy June; when the springs and water founts that feed the great flood of waters are all full and overflowing. Young, enthusiastic, and a genuine lover of nature, he was enraptured with the scene. Writing to his mother he tells her how much impressed he was by the immense height and noise of the Falls; the spray rising to the clouds, the greenness and tranquillity of the immense forests around; and adds: "To describe them would be impossible; Homer could not in poetry, nor Claude Lorraine in painting." He stayed three days, and says he was absolutely obliged to tear himself away at last.

It is, perhaps, hardly possible for us now to conceive the awful and mysterious splendour of virgin beauty which must then have enveloped the great cataract. In those early days Nature reigned there supreme, and no puny work of man had dared to invade her sacred precincts. Then the overwhelming grandeur of the sight came suddenly on the traveller, as he emerged from the narrow Indian path which led to it through the forest, his imagination gradually rising in excitement as the muffled, swelling, vibrating harmony which seemed drawing him towards it grew nearer and nearer. Then it was beheld in the fitting environment of the solemn woods, the stately pines and cedars standing on its banks like faithful sentinels, and the rhythmic cadence of its voice filling the silence that seemed hushed to listen. No wonder that it was an object of superstitious fear and awe to the Indians who made pilgrimages thither at stated times to propitiate its angry waters with wild and cruel rites. To appease its wrath, an offering was made every year of a beautiful young girl, who was first bound in a canoe and then set adrift in the rapids, the singers chanting her death-song till her frail bark was swept over the cataract and swallowed up in the whirling foam and spray. Those horrid rites have vanished, but superstitious fancies still cling to the scene, and old inhabitants say that the spirit of the cataract still claims its tribute, and that no year ever passes without some hapless victim falling a prey to its fatal power of attraction.

The river Niagara, from its rise in Lake Erie till it enters Lake Ontario at the beautiful old town to which it has given its name, is thirty-six miles in length, following the course of its many bends and windings, but when measured in a straight course the distance it traverses is only twenty-eight miles. It is a mere pigmy compared to the gigantic rivers of this continent, but through it flow the mighty currents of those western inland seas which are said to hold half the fresh water on the globe.





OLD FORT ERIE, AND WINDMILL.

No piece of water of so small an extent has so many attractions for the lovers of picturesque scenery and

the scientific students of nature; and from beginning to end it is closely intertwined with historic events, tragic incidents, and the deepest interests and emotions of human life.

As it emerges, a mile in width, from the lake, it passes the ruined ramparts of Fort Erie, round which there was much hard fighting, with varying fortunes to the combatants, in the war of 1812-15. The village of Erie, near the old fort, carries on an active trade by its ferry with the city of Buffalo on the American shore. In this,





MOUTH OF THE CHIPPEWA RIVER.

however, it has been outstripped of late by the new town of Victoria, between which and Black Rock, a suburb of Buffalo, the International Railway Bridge, a handsome iron structure, crosses the river. At this spot the Niagara is only half a mile wide, and somewhat hurried in its course, as if eager to hasten on its mission of the bearer of so many mighty fountains to the ocean, but it quickly calms down again, expanding to its former breadth; and as it winds in and out of every tiny bay and little inlet, and ripples round the islands that gem its bosom, one might fancy it was purposely lingering on its way among the fertile fields and rich orchards that border its shores, conscious of the dark and rock-bound abyss into which it is so soon to fall. During its brief course it makes a descent of three hundred and thirty-four feet, the difference of level between its outflow from Lake Erie, and its inflow into Lake Ontario, but the greatest part of this is accomplished in the rapids above the Falls, and in the plunge over the cataract. For several miles it continues to flow gently among its many islands, its current only swift enough to give life and brightness to the stream, its low banks almost on a level with the water, and its course lying through some of the richest grain and fruit-growing lands in the world. Six miles below Fort Erie it opens wide arms to embrace Grand Island, which lies within



the United States territory, and divides the river into two great channels. These channels unite again at Navy Island, the only one of the islands above the Falls which belongs to Canada. It was named *Isle de la Marine* by the French who used it as a naval station till their power on the river was lost by the surrender of Fort Niagara to Sir William Johnson in 1759. In the bay formed by Buckhorn and Grand Islands may still be seen some remains of the two ships which had been sent with reinforcements to the fort, but on its surrender had been burnt by the French to keep them from falling into the hands of the British. In the rebellion of William Lyon Mackenzie and his party in 1837, Navy Island played a conspicuous part. The insurgents, and their American sympathizers, led by Mackenzie, formed a camp there, and while the steamer "Caroline" was employed in bringing guns and stores to their aid from the American side she was seized by a few daring Canadian volunteers, cut out from her night quarters at Schlosser Landing, set on fire and sent over the Falls. This gallant exploit nearly brought on a war between America and England; but the leaders were afterwards rewarded for it by the Canadian Parliament.



A GLIMPSE OF THE FALLS, FROM CLIFTON.



Three miles above the Falls is the village of Chippewa (an Indian word, signifying "people without moccasins"), where Moore landed from a small trading schooner in 1803, proceeding by the portage road round the Falls to Niagara. Chippewa was then a place of some consequence as the southern entrepôt for all goods shipped to and from Lake Erie, and had a fort and garrison to protect its large store-houses. The opening of the Welland Canal closed the carrying-trade by the portage road, and destroyed the commercial prosperity of Chippewa as well as that of Queenston and Niagara. The village is built on both sides of the Chippewa River, a full, deep, placid stream, which has its rise fifty miles away in the west, and here falls into the Niagara. Quantities of logs are annually floated down its stream from the rich timber lands through which it flows, and steam-tugs ascend its course nearly all the way. At its mouth its waters are on a level with those of the Niagara, and its turbid stream, discoloured by the lime it holds in solution, can be clearly distinguished from the crystal waters of the Niagara for some distance after their junction.

Chippewa is memorable in our annals for the battle fought on its plains in 1814, when less than three thousand British troops and Canadian militia attacked an American force double their number, and attempted to drive them from the field. The assailants were, in the end, obliged to retreat to their entrenchments at Chippewa village; but the courage and steadiness with which they had maintained the fight against such superior numbers, and especially the heroic valour of the Lincoln militia, under Major David Secord, made this lost battle as worthy of honourable remembrance as if it had been a victory.

Below Chippewa the Niagara is nearly three miles in width, but it suddenly contracts to less than a mile, ripples appear on its surface, and no boat can venture within the current, which runs at the rate of from four to five miles an hour. Half-a-mile above the cataract the Grand Rapids begin, and the sudden descent of the bed of the river causes its bank to rise into view, especially on the western side, which increases in height till, above the Horse-shoe Fall, it attains an elevation of a hundred feet over the water. Below it, the river rushes down in those wonderful rapids which add so much to the beauty of the Falls. Faster and faster they rush on in exquisite curves of green crystalline water with crescents of glittering white foam, keeping, in spite of their wild speed and whirling commotion, an ordered and symmetrical procession of indescribable beauty and fascination, till all blend together in the last desperate leap, and are swallowed up in the abyss below.

The cataract of Niagara is divided into two great falls by Goat Island, which lies in the very midst of their thunders, and interposes its wooded and rocky banks between them for a distance of three hundred yards. This island and its small sister islands, Lunar Island and the Moss Islands, are in the United States, but are private property; and except that they are connected with each other, and with the



mainland by picturesque bridges skilfully spanning the rapids, they have been kept as much as possible in their wild primeval beauty, gems of sylvan loveliness strung on the brow of the precipice over which the torrent sweeps. In the great Horse-shoe Fall, however, Canada possesses much the finest half of the cataract, and the mysterious Whirlpool which is, in some respects, even more wonderful than the cataract itself, lies embedded in the Canadian shore. And it is only from the Canada side that the soft ethereal veils of vapour, which give such mystic beauty to the Falls, and the flitting, changeful rainbows, which throw over them such a halo of glory, can be seen in perfection. Table Rock, too, or rather the small piece that remains of it, gives at once a nearer, a wider, and a more comprehensive view of the scene than can be had anywhere else—taking in, at the same moment, the magnificent race of the rapids above, the sweep of the whole cataract, and the seething depths of the great caldron below. To stand on this spot, on some lovely summer's day, and watch the rapids madly rushing down; to see the grand ocean-like wave rising twenty feet in thickness over the Horse-shoe Fall, so massive that it retains its smoothness unbroken for some distance after its fall, and so close to where you stand that your outstretched hand might almost touch it; to look down into the caldron where the water lies strangled and smothered by its own weight, only showing the fierce convulsions beneath by the faintest stirrings, its crystalline clearness changed into a mass of slowly seething, curdled white foam, which wraps it like a winding sheet; to see the vast volumes of vapour continually rising and falling, now hiding, now revealing the cataract, while in its deepest curve and centre volcanic-like jets of water, breaking into clouds of spray and soaring high into the air, forever hide its face; to listen to "that vast and prodigious cadence," that melody of many waters, which stirred the soul of Father Hennepin to awe and admiration, and still excites the same emotions in all who are capable of feeling them—will give the truest conception one view can give of the various elements of beauty and grandeur combined in Niagara Falls. Here those incongruous and disturbing concomitants, which elsewhere are perpetually intruding, are put aside and hidden, or, at any rate, absorbed and dissipated in the magnitude and sublimity of the scene. And the oftener we behold this magnificent sight the more wonderful and beautiful we discover it to be. The true lovers and constant companions of Nature know how infinite in variety she is, and that every day, every hour, her fairest scenes assume fresh phases of beauty; how, then, can all that makes this cataract the wonder of the world be grasped and comprehended in one hurried visit? It is with it as with all masterpieces. The mind of the spectator must be gradually uplifted to feel and understand its greatness; and it is only to those who come to it again and again, in sunshine and cloud, by day and by night, in summer and in winter, that its wonders are fully revealed.





THE THREE SISTER ISLANDS.



The American Fall is eight feet higher than the Horse-shoe, but less than half its width, and with a much smaller volume of water. It has, however, a distinct individuality and picturesque charm of its own, more sparkling and *riant*, though less grand and majestic, than the Horse-shoe. Its thinner sheet of water is shattered the moment it strikes the precipice, and falls in graceful lines of white, curling foam, lighted up, in sunshine, with all the prismatic hues, every drop of water shining with gem-like radiance through its misty veils.

Beyond the clouds of mist and spray, which wrap the base of the great Falls, and the deep caldron out of which they rise, the river emerges, flowing on to meet its divided stream at the American Fall. And here another change takes place in this river, so rich in its varied forms of beauty. Above the Falls it runs nearly south-west, but after its plunge over the cataract, it turns a sharp angle, and runs almost north-east. Leaving behind all the foam and fury of the rapids, all the grand turmoil of plunging water and breaking spray of the Falls, it flows on in a smooth, steady stream, its darkly-green, slowly-heaving surface hiding the fierce currents that run toiling and struggling below. Here, and all round the basin of the cataract, numbers of picturesque gulls are continually flitting, darting to and fro, and in and out of the spray with swift gyrations, and low, mournful murmurs. Here, too, a little ferry-boat plies between the Canadian and American shores. A trip in this boat takes the passengers in front of the cataract, and as near its great gulf as is consistent with safety, giving them one of the grandest views of the Falls that can be had. Looking up at them from the bed of the river, which is here almost two hundred feet deep, the height and force of the falling flood, always lessened in effect by its immense breadth to those who look down on it, can be fully recognized; while the pulsing and throbbing of the mighty current imprisoned and struggling for an outlet beneath, and over which the frail skiff glides, gives a thrilling sense of possible danger, and adds another excitement to the wonder of the scene.

A few years ago the "Maid of the Mist," the smallest of all tiny steamboats, built at the railway bridge below the Falls, ran to and fro over this eddy, venturing to the very edge of the abyss, and giving her passengers a sensational baptism of spray. But after a while she failed to pay expenses, and her owner sold her, the purchaser making the condition that she should be safely delivered at the mouth of the river. For this she had to be taken through the dangers of the whirlpool rapids, of the whirlpool itself, and of the narrow gorge, from thence to Queenston; altogether, six miles of wild, whirling water, bristling with formidable rocks. Anxiously watched along her course by excited spectators, the tiny vessel and her daring crew of three men made the perilous voyage in safety, but with a series of almost miraculous escapes the whole way; and it is said that her pilot, a man of extraordinary skill and courage, was so much shaken in mind and body by the strain that had been put upon

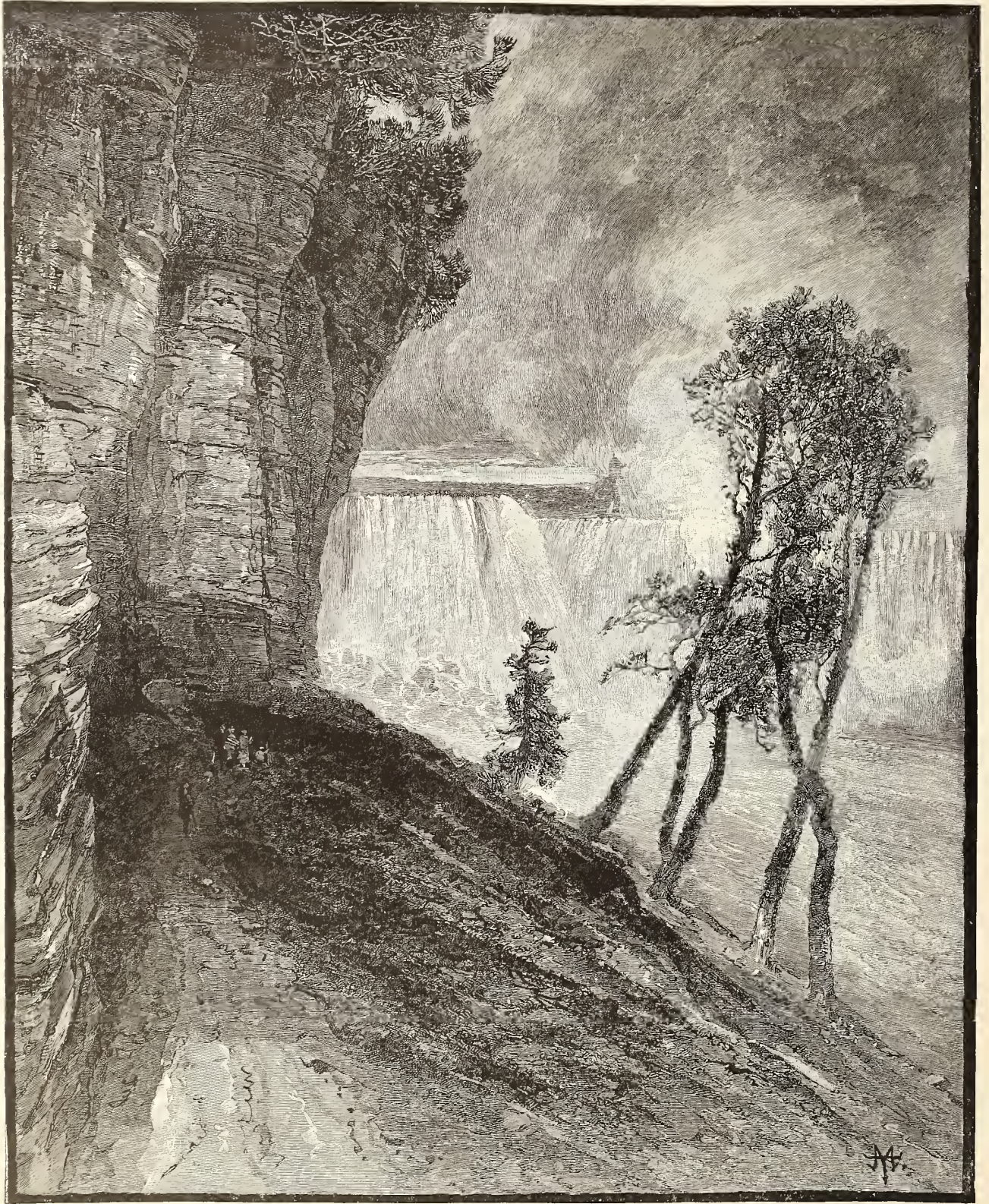


him, that he seemed twenty years older when he left the boat. Since then no attempt has been made to navigate the Niagara rapids.

After a few days of hard frost in winter, the Falls become more like a vision of some enchanted land than a real scene in the world we are living in. No marvels wrought by genii and magicians in Eastern tales could surpass the wonderful creations that rise along the surrounding banks, and hang over the walls of the cataract. Glittering wreaths of icicles, like jewelled diadems, gleam on the brow of every projecting rock and jutting crag. Arches, pillars, and porticos, of shining splendour, are grouped beneath the overhanging cliffs, giving fanciful suggestions of fairy-palaces beyond. Every fallen fragment of rock under its icy covering becomes a marble column, pyramid, or obelisk, and masses of frozen spray stand out here and there in graceful and statuesque forms, easily shaped by imagination into the half-finished work of a sculptor. Every rift and opening in the cliff is transformed into an alabaster grotto, with friezes and mouldings "all fretted and froze," with filagree wreaths, and festoons, and filmy veils and canopies of lace-like pattern and gossamer texture; and on every curve and angle, round every fissure and crevice, some fantastic and lovely decoration is woven by winter's master-artist, King Frost. Over the Horse-shoe, towards Goat Island and the Bridal-veil Fall, the water pours in thin, silvery sheets, which dissolve into white, curling mists as they slide slowly down. Pinnacles of ice, stretching high above them, break these falling streams. The American Fall, through its hovering veil of spray, seems transformed into wreaths of frozen foam. The face of Goat Island is resplendent with huge, many-tinted icicles, showing all the colours of the rocks on which they are formed; and on either shore the undercliffs are hung with lovely draperies of frozen spray. Every house, and fence and railing, every tree and shrub, and tiny twig and blade of grass, on which this wonder-working spray falls and freezes, becomes wrapped in a gleaming white crust, and glistens in the sun as if made of crystal and mother-of-pearl. From the tips of the evergreen branches hang clusters of ice-balls, popularly called ice-apples, which flash and glitter when the rays of sunlight fall on them, like the jewels growing on the trees of the magic garden in the Arabian Nights. Still more fairy-like are the evanescent charms produced by a night's hoar frost, fringing the pearly covering in which everything is wrapped with a delicate, fragile efflorescence, and giving a soft, shadowy, visionary aspect to the whole scene, as if it were the creation of some wonderful dream. Then, as the sun before which its unearthly beauty melts away shines out, all changes for a few brief minutes into a sparkling, dazzling glory, as if a shower of diamond dust had suddenly fallen.

In the midst of these sights of weird and wondrous beauty, the mighty volume of water which pours over the great Horse-shoe sweeps grandly down through the masses of frozen spray, ice, and snow piled up round its channels; and in clear, sunny weather the most magnificent colour-effects are shown in the vivid green of the great





THE HORSE-SHOE FALL, FROM UNDER CLIFF AT GOAT ISLAND.

unbroken wave that rolls over the precipice, contrasting with the glittering white of the spray-covered rocks and snowy banks beyond. Then the smooth, rounded, green roller breaks into a wild chaos of whirling and tossing foam, while torrents of spray



and clouds of mist rise column on column into the clear, blue frosty air, every transparent fold and fringe of vapour illumined with the bright tints of the rainbows hovering round, forming and breaking, and forming again in wavering, shimmering, ever-changing beauty.

It must, however, be understood that there are unpropitious hours and days when no rainbow is visible, and times and seasons when that translucent purity of water and emerald-green colour, which those who best know Niagara Falls always associate with them, are not to be seen. After heavy rains and floods, the crystal Niagara, like other rivers, becomes more or less turbid, sometimes looking grey and wan under clouded skies, or showing a dark, olive-green tint, or gleaming when the sun breaks out with the golden hue of an onyx. And perhaps, in describing these wonderful Falls, the only thing that can be positively affirmed about their aspect is that whatever peculiar charm we find in them to-day will be replaced by some other and wholly different charm to-morrow.

Some winters the heavy masses of ice constantly coming over the cataract become firmly jammed together outside the basin, forming a bridge from shore to shore, sometimes extending far down the river. Over this bridge tourists, sight-seers, and idlers of every description pass backwards and forwards, the roughness of the road, often broken and uneven in places, and thickly encrusted with frozen spray, giving a little difficulty and excitement to the passage, though the immense thickness of the ice-blocks so firmly wedged together make it for the time as safe as *terra firma*. The view of the Falls from the ice is magnificent, but the ice-hills are a still greater attraction. These are formed among the rocks at the foot of the American Fall by accumulations of frozen spray, rising layer above layer, till immense cones of ice, forty, sixty, even eighty feet high, are made. All day long, boys in their small hand-sleds slide down these huge slopes, and sometimes, on moonlight nights, toboggan parties assemble and enjoy the exciting amusement, amidst romantic and picturesque surroundings nowhere else to be found.

By a pathway formed below the cliff, visitors may go under the projecting ledge over which the Horse-shoe Fall makes its great plunge. Entering through an arch forty feet wide and a hundred and fifty feet high, formed on one side by the overhanging cliff and on the other by the mighty wave of water, they are in the very centre of the cataract wrapped in clouds of spray, and with the awful voice of the great flood thundering overhead as it plunges into the gulf below. This is called by the guides the "Cave of Thunders." On the American side visitors may pass through the "Cave of the Winds" under Luna Fall, the name given to a part of the American Fall divided from the main sheet of water by a narrow strip of rock. Here the water, more broken and scattered than at the Horse-shoe, is seen falling in shining, translucent streams, shooting up again in showers of glittering spray, and sparkling









ICE GROVE.

drops of water gleaming with all the colours of the rainbows that come flashing in with every ray of sunlight. In these caves the most sublime and magnificent, the most beautiful and enchanting, aspects of water are presented, but they cannot be safely entered without guides.

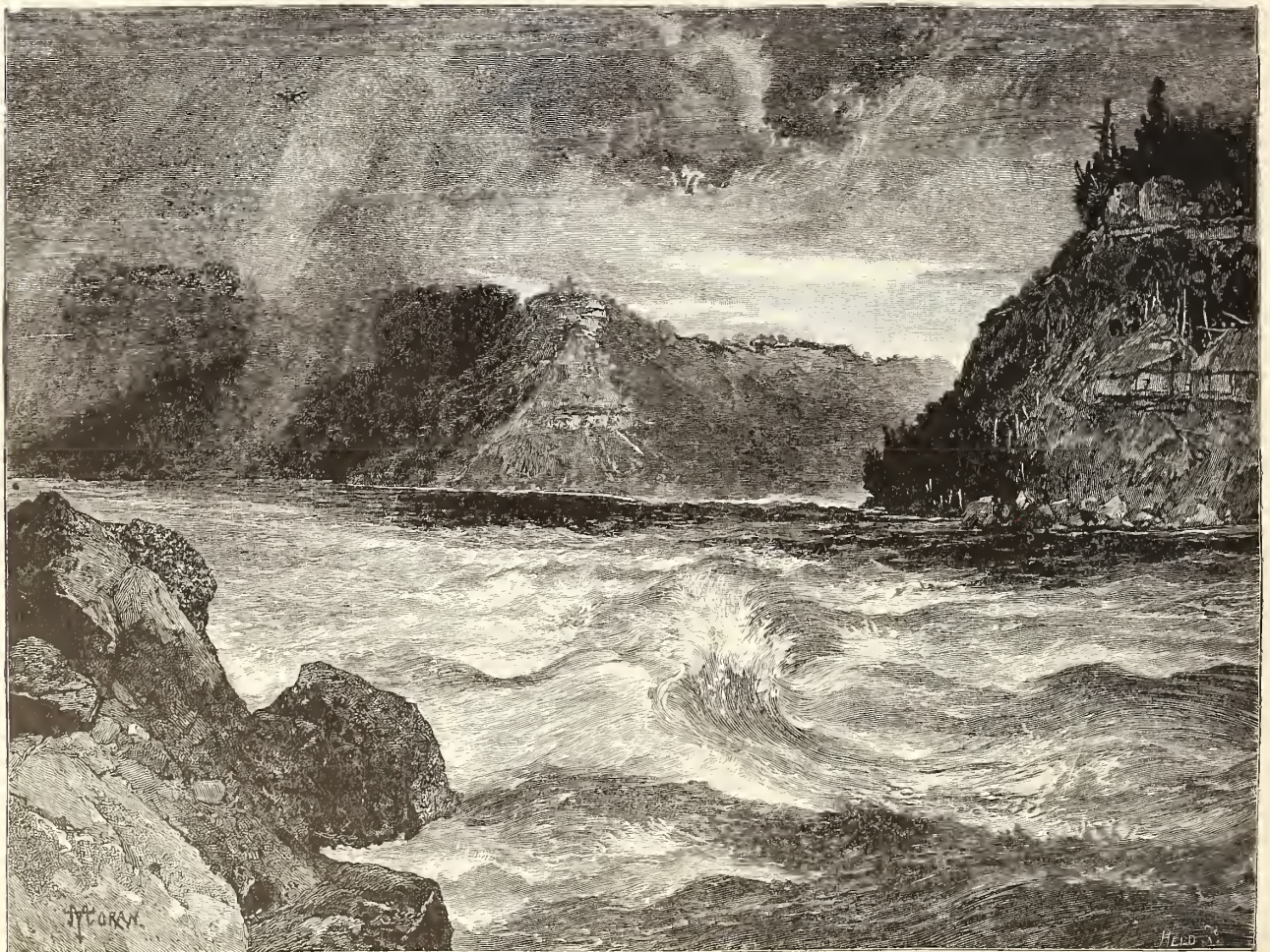
Clark's Islands, sometimes more poetically called Cynthia's Islands, lie close to the Canada shore, and are set in the midst of the rapids above the Horse-shoe Fall, where the current runs with its greatest velocity. They are prettily wooded, and their picturesque situation, among the leaping rapids, gives them peculiar attractions, which, however, are somewhat marred by a hideous structure, built to overlook the Falls.

When Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada he formed the project of



an International Park to extend round the Falls and their environs on both sides of the river. All buildings were to be removed within a proper distance, trees were to be planted and walks made, but everything was to be done with the single purpose of giving such a free, noble, and natural environment to the great cataract as would harmonize with and keep sacred its supreme grandeur and loveliness. This project was brought before the Canadian Government and the New York Legislature, and at first there seemed some hope that the two peoples on whom this glorious gift of Nature has been bestowed, and who hold it in trust for all other nations, would unite in thus showing their desire to act as faithful guardians of so great a trust, and preserve it sacred and unsullied for their children, and the children of other lands. Nothing, however, has yet been done, the great difficulty being, it seems, to find the money required to carry out such a plan; as it would bring in no return which those who measure the worth of all things by dollars and cents could comprehend.

A quarter of a mile below the cataract the Suspension Bridge for foot and carriage passengers crosses the river. It is twelve hundred and sixty-eight feet long, and one hundred and ninety-two feet above the water. The Railway Suspension



THE WHIRLPOOL.



Bridge is a mile and a half below the Falls, and is eight hundred feet in length, and two hundred and thirty feet above the river. It is built in two tiers; a carriage-way level with the edge of the chasm, and the railway-track on a level with the top of the secondary bank eighteen feet higher. Both bridges are triumphs of engineering skill, and structures of immense strength and stability; yet so light and elegant is their design, so graceful and picturesque their effect, as they hang above the stream, apparently poised in air, that they are worthy of the beautiful river they embrace.

Adjoining the railway bridge is the town of Niagara Falls (formerly Clifton), an important railway depot, picturesquely built on the bank of the river; its pretty little Episcopal church standing almost on the edge of the cliff. Many pretty suburban villas, and handsome houses with beautiful pleasure grounds, ornament its environs.

Below the foaming basin of the cataract, the river, now running at right angles with its former course, flows down the deep gorge it has made for its passage through a wall of perpendicular rock, which towers above the stream from two to three hundred feet in height. Between the two suspension bridges the water averages a hundred feet deep, and beneath it lies a mass of fallen rock and *débris* of equal depth. Here the chasm is from twelve hundred to eight hundred feet wide, but it narrows to half that width below the railway bridge. For nearly a mile and a half—the distance between the two bridges—it runs in smooth and even flow, its dark-green surface reflecting its banks, wooded on the Canada side, as in a mirror, and scarcely a ripple indicating the fierce current below. A little above the railway bridge the channel contracts, forming a narrow curve with a rapid descent, and the river, which just before seems languidly gliding on, as if exhausted with the shock and concussion of its great fall, suddenly leaps into passionate life again, and dashes on in the wild tumult of the whirlpool rapids. The depth of the river at the spot where these rapids begin has been computed at two hundred and ten feet.

A quarter of a mile lower down is the whirlpool, a scene of extraordinary beauty and attraction. As the river approaches this place, its rapid descent, and the narrowness of its curved and rocky bed, force the stream, which here runs at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour, into a piled-up ridge of water, from which liquid jets and cones, often rising to the height of twenty feet, are thrown into the air. Here the river's course is again changed, and it makes an abrupt turn to the right, while the strength and violence of its current, as it sweeps round the cliff on the American side, produces so strong a reaction as to press part of the stream into a recess or basin on the Canadian shore, the struggling and counter-working currents thus forming the great vortex of the whirlpool. But it is a hidden vortex; and the contrast between this lovely little lakelet, calm and smooth as a mirror, except for a few swirls of foam at its outer edges, as it lies clasped in the embrace of its encircling and richly-wooded



cliffs, and the furious white-tossing rapids from which it seems so miraculously to have escaped, adds the charms of surprise and mystery to its exquisite beauty. Nor is its witching spell marred by any incongruous surroundings. It lies in a lonely and quiet spot, girdled by rocky walls and shadowing trees; and is almost equally lovely at every season of the year. It is beautiful when its banks are dressed in the fresh, transparent green of spring leaves; when they wear the rich foliage of summer, or are robed in the brilliant tints of autumn; and perhaps even more beautiful when only the sombre hues of the dark pines and cedars are reflected on its gleaming surface in winter, or when their branches are laden with snow-wreaths, or glittering with fringes of silvery frost. As we first look at it, it seems an emblem of peace after tumult, calm after strife, but as we continue to gaze, the still, dark-green water takes another aspect; strangely gyrating circles rise, and spread and vanish, and reappear again, signs of the mysterious currents beneath. Everything which comes within reach of these resistless currents is caught and dragged into the vortex below, held there for a while, and then thrown to the surface, where it is whirled slowly and ceaselessly round and round. Trees blown into the river, logs from broken rafts carried over the cataract, a dead bird, or an ear of Indian corn, are all drawn out of their course down the stream, and perform their strange rotatory penance for days and even weeks before they are released from the pool. Here, if ever, emerge the bodies of those unfortunate ones who have gone over the Falls, and here they are found, extricated from their weird dance of death, and, if not claimed by friends, given charitable burial.

Between the whirlpool and Queenston lies the wildest, most solitary, and most picturesque part of the river, though a part quite unknown to fame, and never visited by tourists. Here the solid wall of rock which hems the river in on the American side, and which rises three hundred feet, is extremely grand and striking, though the Canadian shore is much more beautiful from its more varied forms and richer masses of foliage. Its gracefully-rounded heights, now stretching their spurs into the river's bed, now retreating from some lovely little cove, inlet, or eddy, and thickly wooded all the way, makes the finest possible contrast to the bold, perpendicular American cliff, almost bare, but for the scanty fringes of pines and cedars which here and there cling to the water-worn rifts that break its red and green and blue-black precipice, and stretch down to meet the white foam of the rapids that curdles round its base. On the Canadian bank, space for a military road has been reserved and kept free from all buildings, and those who follow its windings, some day in leafy June or golden October, till the path turns out at the foot of Brock's Monument, above Queenston, will be rewarded by a succession of lovely pictures, changing with every bend of the winding river. Especially from the rocks, which project over the bank, where the underlying shale and sandstone have crumbled away, and which eventually must be





THE WHIRLPOOL RAPID.



precipitated into the chasm as Table Rock has been, the most magnificent views up and down the river are presented.

Geologists tell us that it must have taken the river more than seventy thousand years to excavate the chasm, seven miles in length, through which it runs from the Falls to Queenston; and the rock formations give evidence that not only at Queenston, but at places farther up, the cataract was held for ages before it wore away its barriers, one after the other, till it reached its present site. Just below the whirlpool, a great promontory or spur of rock stretches far across the bed of the river, which sweeps round it in a confined and crooked channel. Here, we are told, the hard, compact rock kept the cataract for centuries. Lower again, opposite the cavern on the American side, called the Devil's Hole, the Canadian cliff again juts prominently out, and the river makes another bend, so closely hemmed in on either side that, looked at from the bank, its course is completely hidden. Between these two headlands lies a beautiful little glen, a hundred acres in extent, marked on the boundary survey of 1815 as "Foster's Glen." No doubt it was excavated and overflowed by the river when its waters were pent in by the lower promontory ages ago, and left dry as the stream subsided into its present channel. Lying under the cliffs which project picturesquely above it, richly wooded, interspersed with rocky mounds, leafy dells, and moss-grown hollows, shut in by great lichen-covered rocks, this tiny glen is a perfect epitome of wild natural beauty. Only accessible by a winding, precipitous path from the cliffs above, sheltered by its lofty banks and embowering trees, and kept fresh and green in the heats of summer by the moisture from the river, verdure lingers here nearly all the year round, and its temperature in winter is almost as mild as if it looked up at a southern sky. Beautiful even in winter, this favoured spot, in spring, is a perfect paradise of wild flowers and blossoming shrubs. Its rocks, worn into caves and grottoes by the water which once covered them, are hung with graceful tapestry of ferns, mosses, and plants; even tall trees grow on their tops, and send down a maze of tangled roots to reach the earth below. Rare and lovely shrubs and trees flourish here uncared for and unheeded, and ferns of every variety grow in the most lavish profusion. At one extremity of the glen the river has formed a charming little eddy, smooth and clear as glass, where fish are caught with hook and line; at the other, a miniature bay lies within the rocky cape that encloses it with a beach of rounded pebbles, on which the river, torn and tortured by the rocks that obstruct its way, dashes and breaks like the waves of the sea. Fish abound in this part of the river, and are speared as they swim over the stones in bits of quiet water outside the never-ceasing tumult of the rapids. Sturgeon, sometimes weighing nearly a hundred pounds, pass down the Falls without injury, and meet their fate here or at Queenston. Birds of every species haunt the glen, and many small wild creatures inhabit it, but nothing more mischievous than a skunk or a raccoon—the enemies of the farmer's



poultry and Indian corn—is, with one noticeable exception, to be found. Rattle-



RAVINE NEAR WHIRLPOOL.

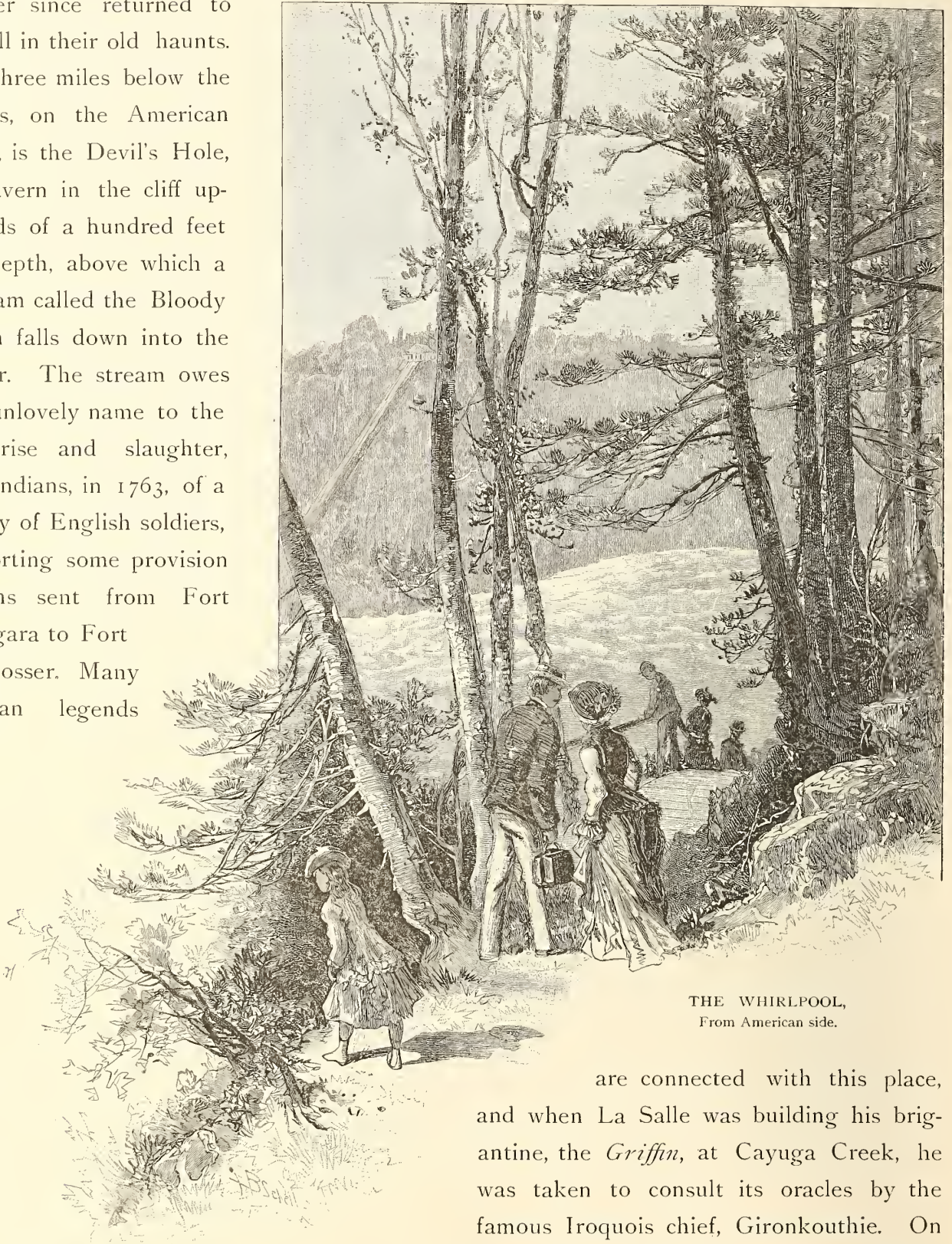
snakes, which Father Hennepin says had their dens about the cataract when he visited it, but which are never seen there now, still survive among the cavernous rocks along the river, and are occasionally met with. A full-grown yellow and black rattlesnake, four or five feet long, and as thick as a man's wrist, with bright-yellow horny armour underneath, and ornamented on the back with a variegated pattern of black and gold, erecting its flat, yellow head, its eyes gleaming like sparks of fire, darting out its slender black tongue, its rattles, ten, twenty, or even more, in number, vibrating violently with a loud, whizzing, strangely-stinging and piercing sound, as it rises to strike, is a sight at once horrible and beautiful. Fortunately, these snakes are extremely sluggish in their habits, never bite except when made angry or stepped upon, and even when attacked will always at first attempt to escape. If seen, they are invariably pursued and killed, and will probably soon die out of this district, as they have out of other parts of

Canada. Other wild creatures, with a beauty not horrid and baleful like that of the rattlesnake, but ideally graceful and majestic, the eagle and the swan, once inhabited



the river and its vicinity. Before the War of 1812 swans made their nests above the rapids, and eagles built their eyries close to the cataract; but during the war they all disappeared, and have never since returned to dwell in their old haunts.

Three miles below the Falls, on the American side, is the Devil's Hole, a cavern in the cliff upwards of a hundred feet in depth, above which a stream called the Bloody Run falls down into the river. The stream owes its unlovely name to the surprise and slaughter, by Indians, in 1763, of a party of English soldiers, escorting some provision trains sent from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser. Many Indian legends



THE WHIRLPOOL,  
From American side.

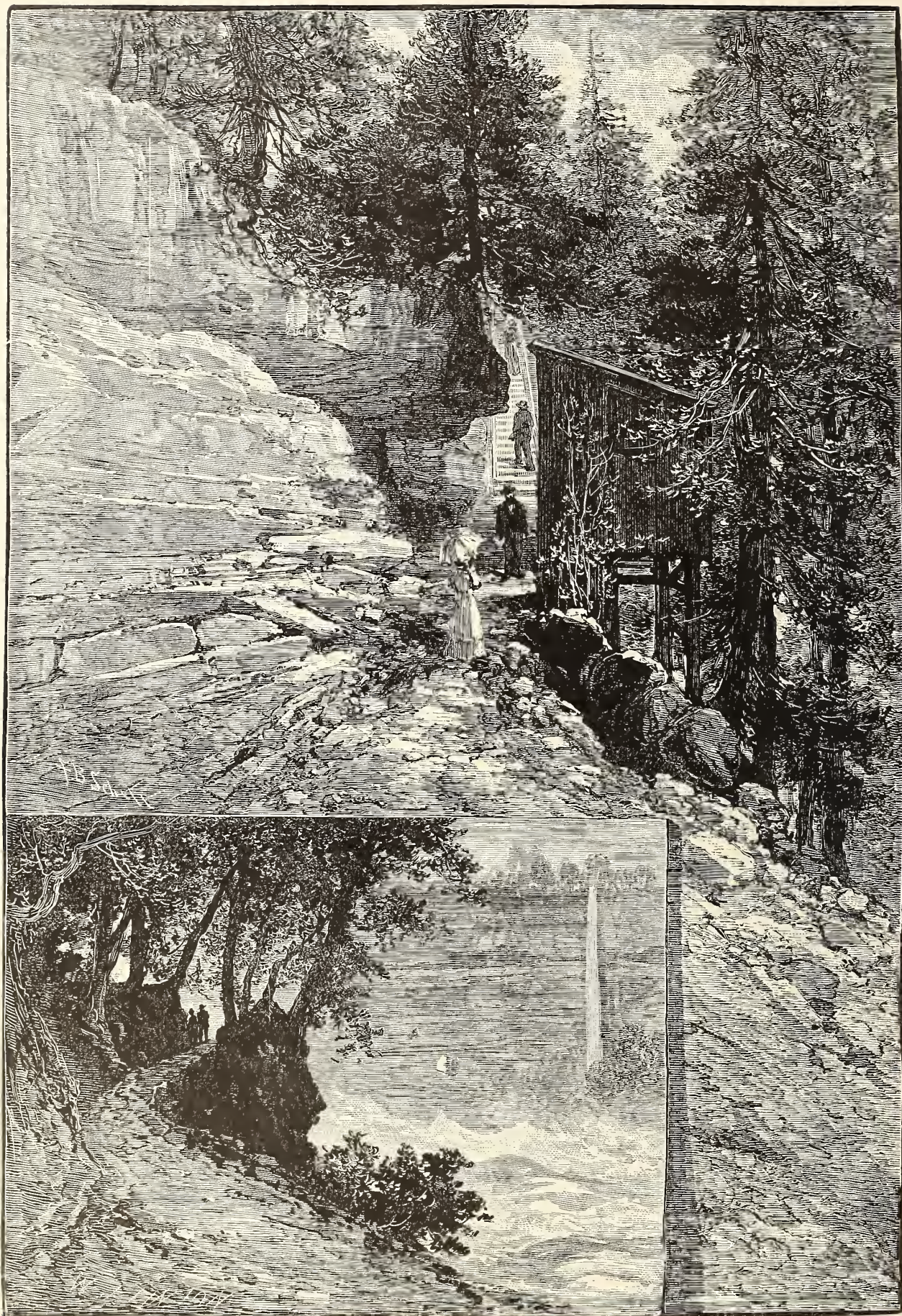
are connected with this place, and when La Salle was building his brigantine, the *Griffin*, at Cayuga Creek, he was taken to consult its oracles by the famous Iroquois chief, Gironkouthie. On entering the cave he heard a voice issuing from its depths, predicting for him an early death by treacherous hands, if he did



not give up his intended voyage. But though it is said that La Salle fled from the cave on hearing this mysterious voice, he was not to be deterred from his schemes of exploration, and in the end met the doom the spirit of the cave had foretold. A few years ago this cavern was occupied by a desperate gang of coiners, who calculated on its evil reputation to protect them from disturbance; but after repeatedly baffling the detectives, the leaders were captured and the gang broken up. From Lewiston to the side chasm at the Devil's Hole, a railroad track has been cut on the face of the cliff, and it is rather a sensational sight, looking from the opposite bank, to see the cars slowly gliding on an almost imperceptible line along the bare side of the precipice two hundred feet above the gorge through which the river rolls, and then vanishing, as if by magic, where the track turns off at the chasm.

Dashing through the deep cañon it has made for its course, the river rushes on in wild waves and torrents of foam over and round the rocks which stem its way, and here and there show their heads above the fierce current, till it nears the village of Queenston. Here there is a great escarpment in the rocky ridge through which the river has cut, the cliffs fall back, and Niagara, so long straitened and obstructed in its passage, spreads into the broad expanse of Queenston Bay, half a mile in width. Rising again, the ridge on the left bank ascends to a lofty and beautifully-wooded height. Beneath lies the village of Queenston, named after Queen Charlotte, the grandmother of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Here, in the early morning of October 13, 1812, a strong force of American troops crossed the river in boats to take possession of Canada. Climbing the heights above Queenston, they found themselves gallantly confronted by a few British soldiers and Canadian volunteers, and here the heroic Brock, conspicuous by his tall stature and daring, was shot down as he led his handful against the invaders. In this, their first battle, the Niagara men showed the courage and determination with which, to the end of the war, they defended the land they had won from the forest, and covered with happy homesteads, fruitful farms, and prosperous villages; and the success of that day, though dearly purchased by the loss of their gallant young general, gave them a proud consciousness of their power to preserve and protect their country which never afterwards deserted them. On the summit of the heights, made glorious by the battle, Canada has erected a monument to the hero so much beloved and so deeply lamented. A graceful column supports a statue of Brock in uniform, one hand resting on his sword, the other extended as if encouraging his soldiers. Column and statue measure 216 feet from the ground, and, with the height of the cliff on which they stand, make an elevation of 750 feet above the river. The monument is surrounded by forty acres of ornamental grounds; the entrance gates are of wrought iron, with cut stone piers, surmounted by Brock's family arms, and there is a pretty stone lodge for the care-taker of the place. Visitors from Queenston ascend





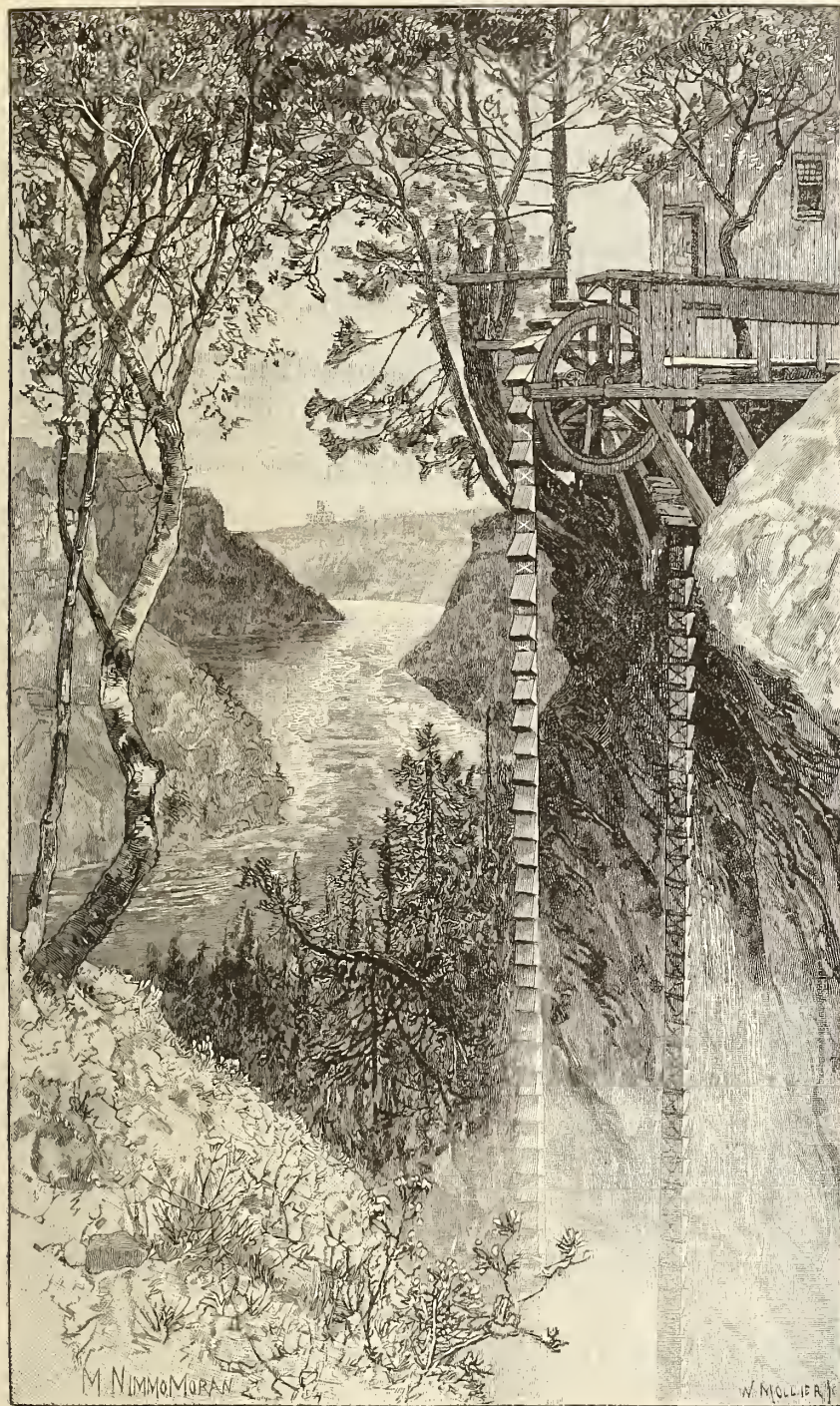
ON THE PATH TO WHIRLPOOL.



to the gates by a steep winding road, thickly shaded at each side by red cedars, whose

unfading verdure and aromatic fragrance are in keeping with all the singularly picturesque and appropriate surroundings of the hero's tomb.

The gallery at the top of the monument is reached by an inner stone staircase of 235 steps, lighted on the way up by loopholes in the fluting of the column, and above by small circular windows, from which a magnificent panoramic view is to be had. Close beneath, its houses clustering round the river, lies the village of Queenston, its groups of ancient weeping willows still seeming to mourn the dead hero whose statue looks down on them, and to whose memory the Queenston people have erected a pretty church, with a handsome stained-glass window, presented by the York Volunteers — a gallant corps made famous by Brock's last words: "Push on, brave York



THE RIVER ABOVE WHIRLPOOL.

Volunteers!" The American village of Lewiston stands on the opposite shore, and, from the gorge above, the river comes foaming down, to find its tumultuous struggles ended in the calm expanse of the beautiful bay into which it spreads itself smooth as a mirror, sweeping on in serene grandeur to blend its waters with the waves of Lake Ontario. At the mouth of the river, seven miles off, is the famous old town of Niagara, with Fort Mississauga, and the grass-grown ramparts of



Fort George, rising on the lake shore. At the extremity of the point, stretching out from the American side, the white walls of Fort Niagara are conspicuous. Far away to the edge of the horizon gleams the lake; and on clear days the city of Toronto, thirty-eight miles distant, and its shipping, can be discerned. Ten miles west of Queenston the spires of St. Catharines rise into the air; and the "silver streak" of the Welland Canal may be traced to Port Dalhousie, where ships enter it from Lake Ontario. Within these points of view lies a richly-cultivated country—lovely in spring with the pink and white blossoms of peach and apple orchards, the delicate green of young leaves, and the deeper verdure of fields of wheat shooting into luxuriant growth after their wintry sleep; and glorious in autumn with fields of red and golden maize, and yellow pumpkins, with apple orchards laden with ripe fruit, and with all the brilliant hues of dying forest leaves, every leaf burning in the flames of slow



EXIT OF THE RIVER FROM WHIRLPOOL.

decay with its own tint and shade of beautiful blight, and all blended together in a rainbow-like radiance of colour.

Geology shows that at a remote epoch the ridge at Queenston was the margin of





NIAGARA RIVER, FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

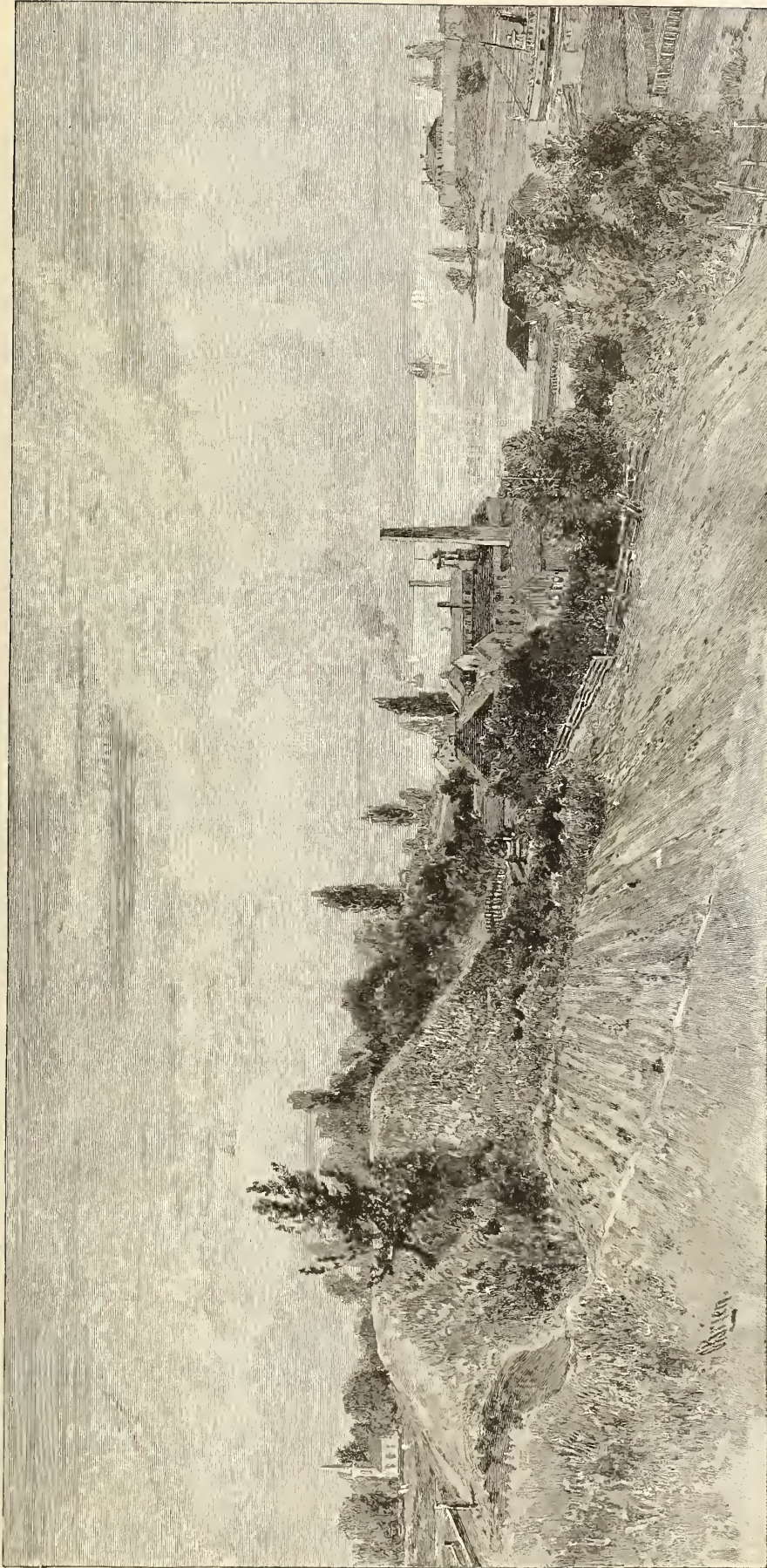


an ocean, that at a later period it formed the boundary of Lake Ontario, now seven miles away; and that there the great cataract of Niagara took its first leap from the heights. Coming down from these far distant ages to our own century and the early history of Upper Canada, we find Queenston a trading and military depôt of some note; but the opening of the Welland Canal destroyed its importance in this respect, and checked its prosperity. It is now a preternaturally quiet little village, lying asleep, as it seems, in the lap of one of the loveliest landscapes in the world. The first suspension bridge over the Niagara River was erected at Queenston in 1856, for foot and carriage passengers, but a great ice-jam, which occurred ten years after, broke its wire cables, and before they were properly replaced a wind-storm of unusual violence completed its destruction.

From Queenston to Niagara town the broad river flows gently on between banks of red argillaceous strata striped with green. The banks rise from forty to fifty feet in height, shaded on the Canadian side by magnificent trees, and the graceful bends and wide reaches of the stream give a series of charming pictures all the way to the lake. Especially attractive is the scene in approaching Queenston from Niagara, the lofty heights coming gradually into view, now standing out as if to close all farther passage, now slowly receding as the river winds about, and then again advancing till the lovely expanse of Queenston Bay, guarded by the cliff on which Brock's graceful monument stands, opens fully out, and satisfies the beholder's expectations in a perfect climax of beauty. The drive along the river's bank between Queenston and Niagara is charming. On one side of the road the bank sweeps down to the water, clothed with all that splendid variety of woodland foliage which is specially characteristic of the woods of Western Canada, and the river flows on in gentle majesty, reflecting in the distance the red hue of the American bank and the houses and trees on the level above; on the other side of the road are comfortable farm dwellings with orchards and vineries, succeeded, as we near Niagara, by handsome houses with bordering lawns and gardens where, in spring and early summer, blossoming trees and shrubs overhang the railings and fences, and all the flowers of the season show their loveliness in a blaze of brilliant colours. A little way from the town, the decayed trunk of an old tree was for many years shown as the remains of the "hollow beech tree" on which Moore wrote his ballad of "The Woodpecker"; but partly from natural decay, and partly because bits were carried away by relic-lovers, every vestige of the old tree has disappeared.

The town of Niagara is built on a rounded point stretching into Lake Ontario, where the Niagara River flows into it. Entering the town by the river road we pass through a grove of old oak trees, succeeded by a natural plain, or "opening," three-quarters of a mile in extent, its grassy surface kept closely cropped by grazing cattle, and only broken here and there by groups of magnificent old thorn trees. This plain,





MOUTH OF THE RIVER, FROM RAMPARTS OF OLD FORT GEORGE.  
Fort Niagara, on the American shore, opposite

always called the common, was reserved for military purposes. On one side it is bounded by the road leading into the town, bordered by villas, lawns, and shrubberies; on the other by the blue waters of Lake Ontario. For many years it was annually the scene of a great Indian encampment, when the Six Nations came to receive their yearly gifts and allowances. Coming over the lake in their birch-bark canoes, they set up their lodges on the common, forming a wild and picturesque spectacle, such as can be seen now only in the far North-west.

Near the mouth of the river and opposite old Fort Niagara, on the American shore, rise some grassy mounds, the remains

of the embankments of Fort George, and in the enclosed space below a small



remnant of the old fort, built of massive brick work, is still in existence. To the left of Fort George, and near the centre of the point, is Fort Mississauga, erected after the retreat of the Americans, the brick stones of the burned town having been used in its construction. The tower still stands, though dismantled, with its surrounding block houses, but its iron-studded gates lie open, and the palisades which defended its trenches are nearly all gone. Cattle and horses graze peacefully round these old memorials of war, and the lake bears friendly ships from shore to shore; but the inhabitants of Niagara have not yet forgotten what their fathers suffered when, in the frost and snow of December, 1813, helpless women and little children were turned into the street and their houses burned to the ground.

On the American point, stretching across the mouth of the river, is the old Fort of Niagara, built where La Salle erected a palisaded store-house in 1678, when he was building the *Griffin*, the first vessel, except an Indian birch-bark canoe, ever launched on Lake Erie. La Salle's stockade was afterwards destroyed by the Indians, rebuilt and strengthened by the French in 1687, again destroyed by the Indians, and again rebuilt by the French. Finally, a stone fort was erected on the old site by the Marquis de la Jonquiere in 1749, which was taken by the British under Sir William Johnson in 1759. It remained in the possession of the British till the end of the American War of Independence, when it was ceded to America. It was taken by the British and Canadian troops in the War of 1812, and held by them till peace was concluded. The town and peninsula of Niagara were settled chiefly by U. E. (United Empire) Loyalists, so called from their loyalty to the British Empire at the time of the American Revolution. The regiment known as Butler's Rangers, famous for its fierce and reckless daring and devotion to the Royal cause, was disbanded at Fort Niagara after the war, and nearly all crossed over to Canada and settled in the Niagara District, receiving grants of land there. Five thousand acres were allotted to Colonel Butler, with a pension of two hundred pounds a year; he was made agent for Indian affairs in the West, and held other important offices in Niagara. He was buried in a clump of oaks and pines on part of his property, known as the Butler farm, about a mile from the town, and in the Episcopal church a tablet has been put up to his memory. Many other U. E. Loyalists refused to take the oath of allegiance to the American government, and fled to Canada, receiving grants of land in the Niagara District, they and their descendants, almost without exception, taking a high and honourable position in the Province.

In a few years the village of Niagara became a place of considerable importance. It was the principal depôt for the North-west Fur Company, for Indian supplies, and for all goods conveyed by the Portage road round the Falls, the chief place of trade for Western Canada, and an important military station; and when, in 1792, Governor Simcoe chose it for the capital of Upper Canada, it was expected



to become before long a great and prosperous city. General Simcoe held his first Parliament there, and a French traveller, the Duke de la Rochefoucault di Liancourt, witnessed and has described the opening ceremonies, conducted amidst curiously primitive surroundings. The Governor, his council and the representatives of the Province, met in a building adjoining Butler's Barracks, generally used for church services, but finding it somewhat hot and close in sunny September weather, they adjourned to a green slope near by, and there, under the shade of some survivors of the forest primeval, with a flat rock for a table, made the laws and arranged the affairs of the Province. This first Parliament of Upper Canada carried through many measures of great practical utility; and it must always be remembered to its honour that it gave the death-blow to slavery as a legal institution in the Province.

The *Upper Canada Gazette*, the first newspaper issued in the Upper Province, was published in Niagara during General Simcoe's administration. Fort George was built, various government buildings erected, and a great impetus given to the town. But Simcoe had fought in the War of the Revolution, and never could forgive the success of the Americans; and when he found that Fort Niagara was actually to be given up to them, and that, if he made Niagara town the seat of government, he would be compelled day after day to see the stars and stripes floating where the British flag then waved, he became disgusted with the place, and removing to York, now Toronto, decided on fixing the capital there. This was a terrible blow to Niagara, but it brought with it one compensation which to many will seem far from trivial. General Simcoe, ignoring all the claims of historic and poetic feeling, and we may add of euphony, had changed the name of the town from Niagara to Newark, in allusion to its having been an Ark of Safety for the persecuted U. E. Loyalists; and it was so called in Acts and other official documents for a short time, but the old name never lost its hold on the people, and in 1798 it was formally reinstated by law. In this respect Niagara is more fortunate than some other places in the Dominion, which have lost their beautiful old Indian names, and have had others, both commonplace and inappropriate, conferred on them.

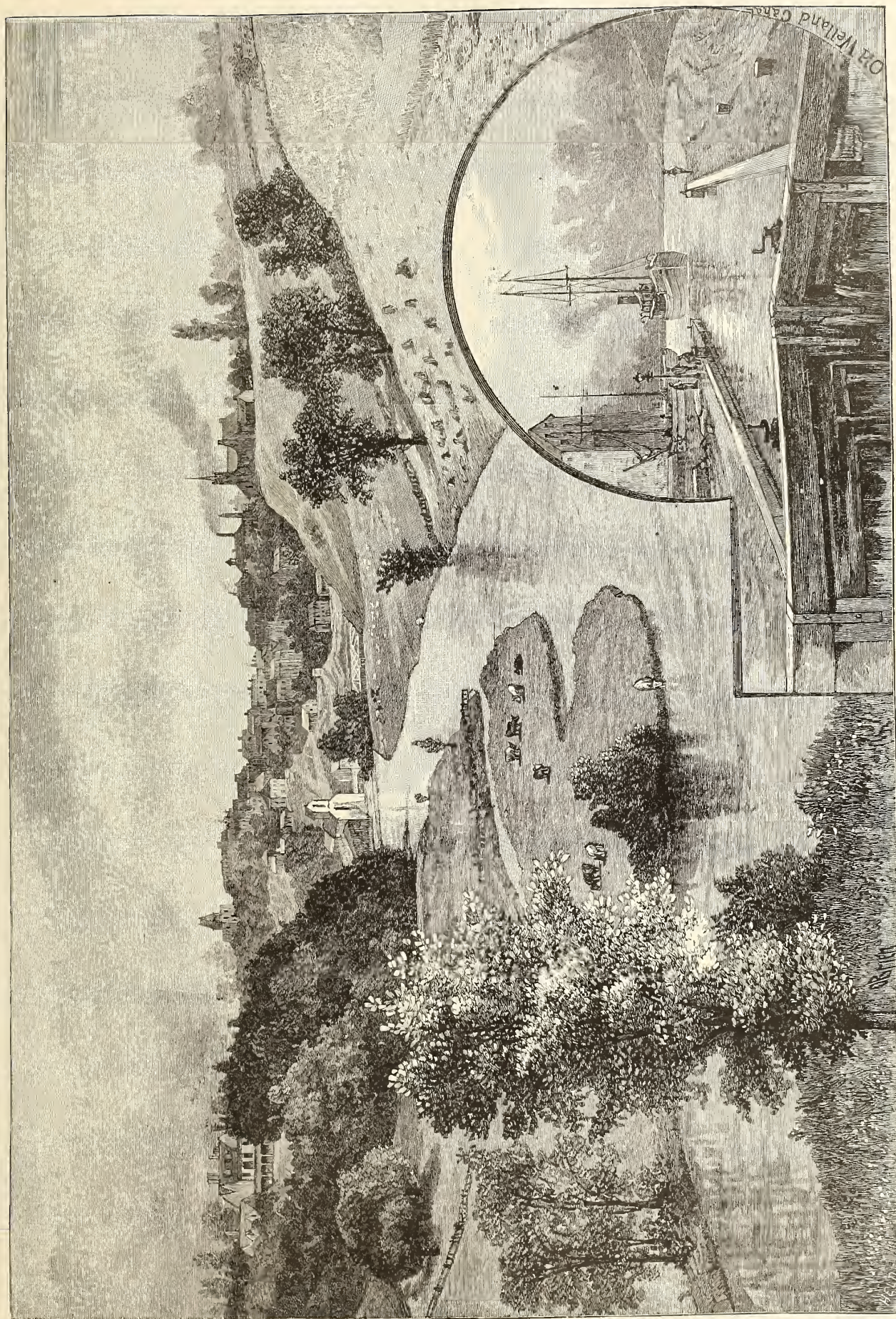
Though the honour of being the capital of the Province was taken away from it, Niagara still retained its importance as a military station, as the principal depôt for goods going up or coming down Lake Erie, and the chief centre of trade for the surrounding district; but a blow far more crushing than General Simcoe's was destined to fall upon it. December 12th, 1813, it was set on fire by order of the American commanding officer, General McClure, when he abandoned the town, of which he had for some time held possession, and retreated across the river before the advance of the British. The inhabitants, among whom were hundreds of women and children, were only allowed half an hour to escape from their houses, and many of them lingered in the streets to watch, with such feelings as may be



imagined, the destruction of their ruined homes. The little town recovered from this terrible calamity with extraordinary rapidity, but another stroke of ill-fortune was in store for it. The Welland ship-canal, which has given such commercial advantages to Canada, diverted the trade of the Niagara peninsula into new channels. The town of St. Catharines, near the entrance of the canal from Lake Ontario, suddenly sprang into being, and became the business centre of the district, throwing Niagara town into a cold shade, from which it has not yet been able to emerge. Lately, however, it has shown signs of renewed activity; it has a ship-yard, an iron foundry, and two or three large hotels, always full in summer. Steamboats run between it and Toronto twice a day; and its healthful and beautiful situation, the picturesque scenery in its neighbourhood, and its attractions for the lovers of boating, fishing, and wild-fowl shooting, make it a popular holiday resort, and a delightful summer residence. A canal from it, to connect with the Welland Canal, has been projected, and if carried out, we may hope that the sunshine of prosperity may beam once more on the famous old town. The Episcopal church, St. Mark's, first built in 1802, has many interesting associations. It was occupied by the American troops when they held the place in 1813, and was set on fire with the rest of the town. The body of the church was burned down, but rebuilt after the close of the war, and the venerable old tower, which escaped the flames, still stands, strongly buttressed, a sacred memorial of the sufferings of days gone by. A large and beautiful burying-ground surrounds the church, shaded by magnificent old trees. It is crowded with stately monuments and humbler headstones, and the graves near the old tower lie thick and close together, many of the tombstones bearing the names of officers and militiamen. When the American soldiers were quartered in the church, they cut up their rations of meat on some of the great flag-stones which covered the graves, and the scars and chippings made by the cleavers can still be plainly seen. But, happily, the verdure of many springs, the fading leaves of many autumns, the snows of many winters, have covered these scars, and healed the bitter feelings they once awakened; leaving only a generous pride in the valour and fortitude of the men who saved the independence of their country.

Where the road known as Lundy's Lane approaches the village of Drummondville (lying between Queenston and Chippewa), one of the fiercest battles of the war was fought. A piece of rising ground, close to the village, and about a mile from Niagara Falls, was the central part of the combat, and a tower or "observatory," which visitors are expected to ascend for the view, marks the place. The battle began at six o'clock on the evening of July 25th, 1814, when General Sir Gordon Drummond, with a force of sixteen hundred British and Canadians, encountered five thousand Americans, under General Brown, and, as the sun sank in the western horizon, the cannon's deadly roar mingled with the sublime voice of the cataract. The fight raged with unabated vigour and determination on both sides till midnight, when the





ST. CATHARINES.

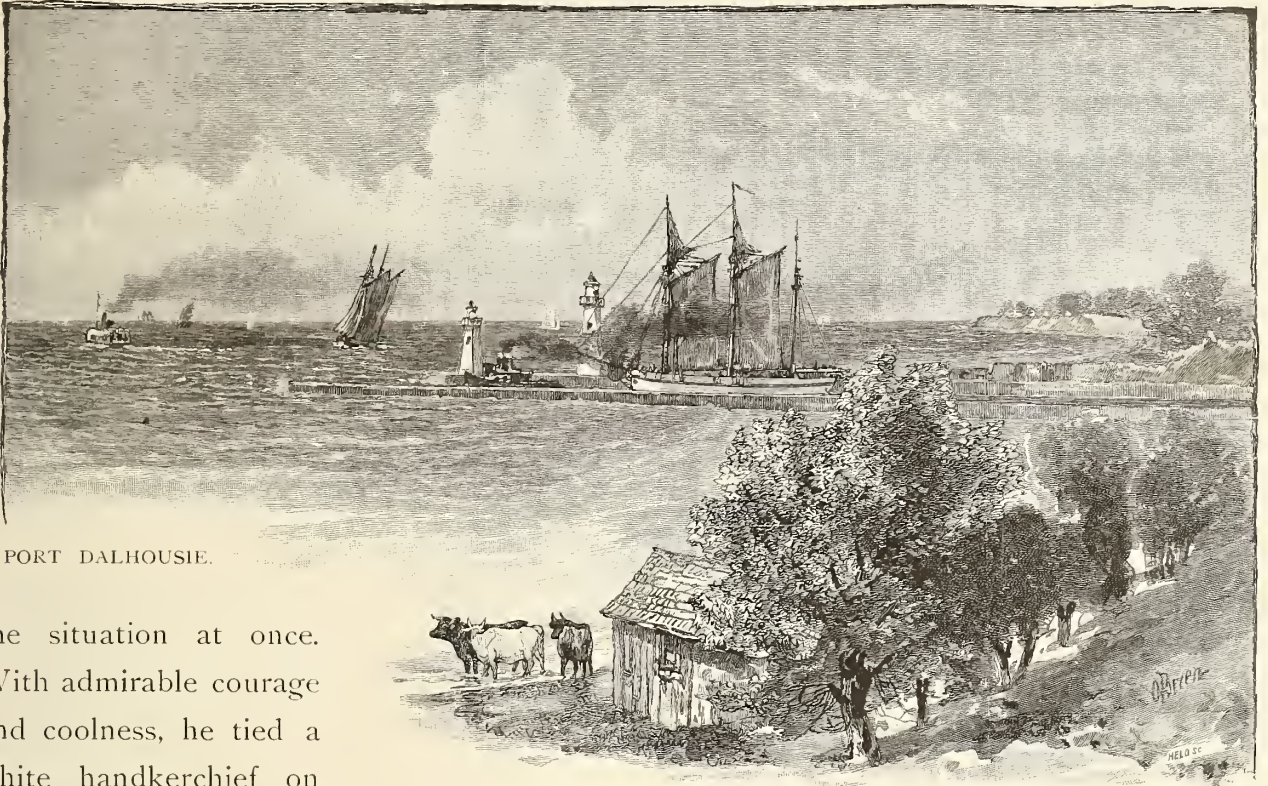


American general, finding that, in spite of some temporary successes, all his efforts to dislodge the British from their position on the brow of the hill were fruitless, gave up the contest. "He retreated," says General Drummond in his despatch, "with great precipitation to his camp beyond Chippewa, burning, as he passed, the flour mills at Bridgewater. The following day he abandoned his camp, threw the greater part of his baggage, equipage, and provisions into the rapids above the Falls, and, destroying the bridge over the Chippewa River, continued his retreat to Fort Erie in great disorder." Lundy's Lane, extending for a mile to the west of Drummondville, is now lined on each side with peach orchards, vineyards, market-gardens, and the neat and tasteful dwellings of their owners. The village lies east of the hill where the brunt of the battle was borne; the Falls and the rapids bordering it on one hand, and orchards, fields and beautiful woodlands, on the other.

Another battle-field, neither so important nor so famous as Lundy's Lane, ought never to be forgotten by Canadians. This is Beaver Dams, near the place where the town of Thorold now stands. After the Americans got possession of Fort George and the town of Niagara, the British troops fell back on Burlington—now Hamilton—and General Vincent, then in command, advised the Canadian militia and volunteers to return to their homes, as he was uncertain whether he might not have to abandon the peninsula for a time, and retire to Kingston. At this disheartening crisis the Canadians remained true to their country, and continued to carry on a guerilla warfare against the invaders. Merritt's militia regiment of Light Horse, with some other militiamen and volunteers, established themselves at a building known as "De Cew's stone house," converting it into a little fortress, from whence they harassed the Americans, driving off their foraging parties, and intercepting their supplies, with such success and impunity as only an intimate knowledge of the country could have given them. Colonel Boerstler was sent from Niagara with two field-pieces and six hundred men to break up this little stronghold, and one or two other outposts of the British, who, since the decisive battle of Stony Creek, were moving back towards Fort George, and he might have succeeded but for the patriotic spirit and bravery of a woman. Laura Secord, the young wife of James Secord, a militiaman, lying wounded at Queenston, saw the American troops moving from Niagara, and, learning their destination, set out at night, and walked twenty miles through the woods to warn the little band at the stone house of Boerstler's approach. At any time it would have been a difficult journey, but in war time, with the risk of meeting some savage Indian or other lawless marauder in the lonely woods, only a woman of singular energy and courage would have undertaken it. Mrs. Secord, however, accomplished it in safety, and when Colonel Boerstler arrived at Beaver Dams at six o'clock in the morning, he found his march impeded by a small number of militiamen, hastily collected, and a party of Indians led by their chief, young Brant. This number, altogether about two



hundred, seemed trebled when seen through the thick foliage of the trees, from among which they poured volley after volley from their muskets on the surprised and bewildered Americans, every volley accompanied by the fierce yells of the Indians. While Boerstler was still uncertain whether to advance or retreat, Ensign Fitzgibbon, with forty soldiers, the only British troops in the neighbourhood, arrived at the spot, and took in



PORT DALHOUSIE.

the situation at once. With admirable courage and coolness, he tied a white handkerchief on a musket and, holding

it up, advanced alone, calling on the enemy to lay down their arms and surrender, upon which Colonel Boerstler, believing that the whole British army were in front, surrendered his force of six hundred infantry, fifty cavalry, two field-guns, and a stand of colours, to the young ensign and his two hundred and forty men.

When excavations were being made for the Welland Canal, some human bones were found at Beaver Dams with militia buttons and scraps of military accoutrements, which showed that they were the remains of Canadian soldiers killed in the fight which had taken place there. These remains were collected, enclosed in a walnut casket, and buried where they had been found, more than two thousand people assembling to witness the ceremony. Over the spot a small granite monument was placed, with the simple inscription, "BEAVER DAMS, June 24th, 1813."

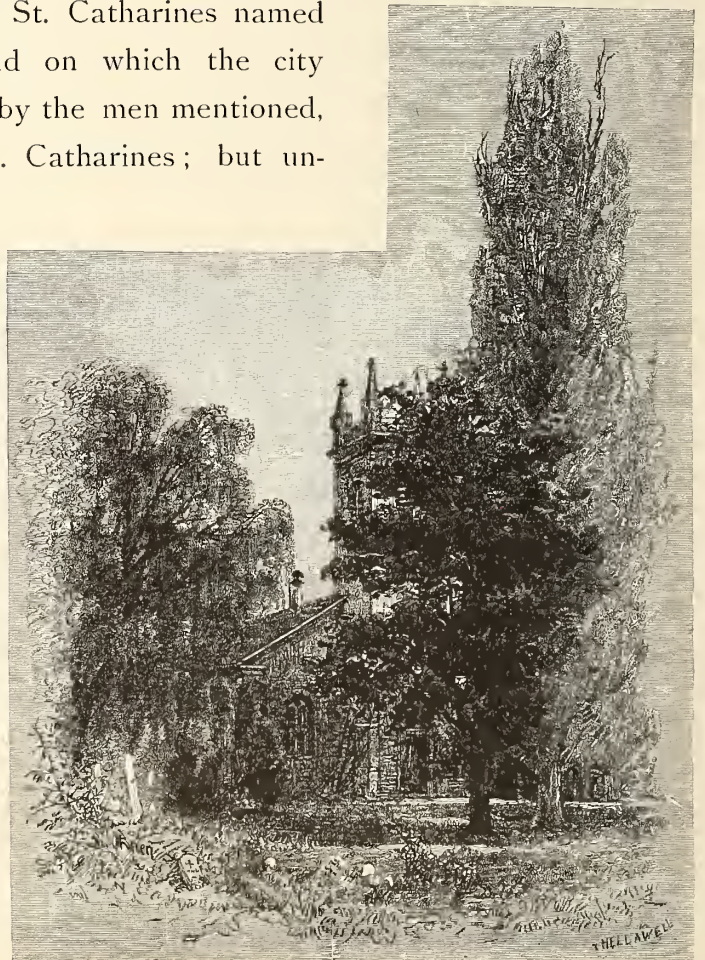
In these peaceful and prosperous days the Niagara district is covered with pleasant homesteads, thriving villages, and busy market towns, but it can boast of only one city. This is St. Catharines, built on the line of the Welland Canal, three miles from its port of entry on Lake Ontario, and the chief shipping, manufacturing, and trading





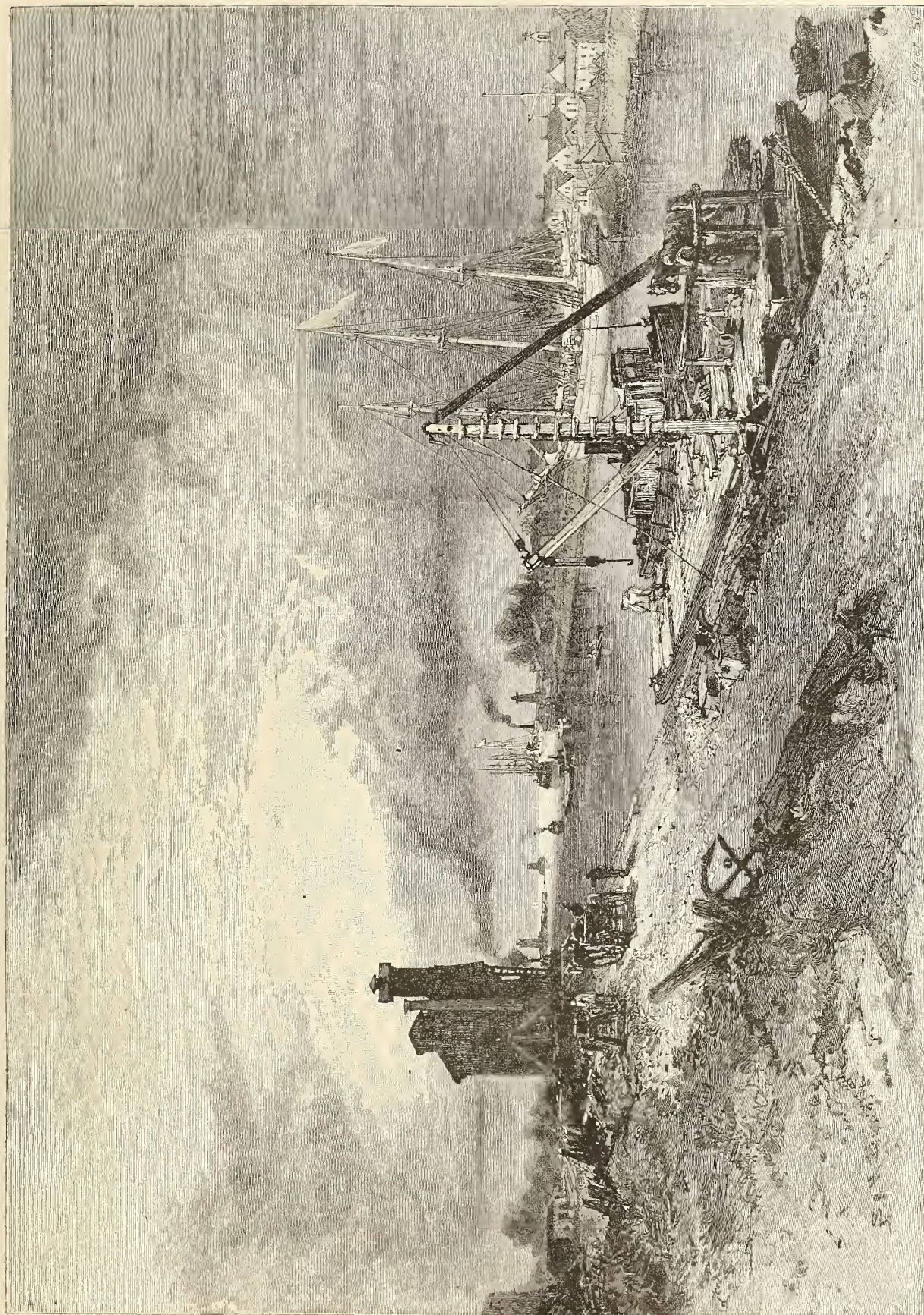
THOROLD, ON OLD WELLAND CANAL.

emporium of the peninsula. Rather oddly, the wives of three prominent landowners in the place—Colonel John Butler, the honourable Robert Hamilton, and the honourable William Hamilton Merritt—bore the name of Catharine, and for each of them the honour of having St. Catharines named after her has been claimed. The land on which the city was built was at different times owned by the men mentioned, and all had a share in building up St. Catharines; but undoubtedly the founder of its commercial prosperity was William Hamilton Merritt, who first conceived the project of a canal across the peninsula, and through difficulties and discouragements, which only the most indomitable energy could have conquered, made it an accomplished fact. It is to this great work that St. Catharines owes its rise from an insignificant village to a busy commercial town. In the Welland Canal it commands unlimited and unfailing water-power, giving rise to numerous mills, factories, and machine works. It has extensive ship-yards, and from its



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NIAGARA.





ENTRANCE TO WELLAND CANAL--PORT COLBORNE.



docks vessels that have made successful voyages to Europe have been launched. Its railway-stations and ship-canals give it facilities for carrying on trade with all parts of the world. It has an efficient police force and fire company; gas-works which not only light its streets and public buildings, but the adjoining banks of the canal; and a system of water-works supplied from a reservoir fed by the pure water of "De Cew's Falls," four miles from the city. It has many handsome buildings; a court-house and jail, banks, hospitals, a Masonic Hall, and several first-class hotels, a public school in every ward, a spacious central school, a well-equipped collegiate institute of the highest rank in the Province, and churches of every religious denomination. Besides the hotels, there is a sanitarium, built expressly for invalids coming to try the curative effects of the St. Catharines mineral springs. Scientific analysis shows that these springs are equal in medicinal properties to any of the German Spas; and their fame brings numbers in search of health to St. Catharines every year, especially from the southern and south-western States, where it is known as the Saratoga of Canada.

Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, three miles from St. Catharines and eleven miles west of the mouth of the Niagara River, is the northern port of entry for the Welland Canal and the northern terminus of the Welland Railway. It has a safe harbour, where vessels may find refuge in all weather, and in summer steamers run daily between it and Toronto. Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, twenty miles from the head of the Niagara, is the southern entrance port of the canal. It has a good harbour, is the southern terminus of the Welland, and one of the principal stations of the Grand Trunk Railway. Between these ports of entry several enterprising and prosperous villages have sprung up along the canal. Merriton, Thorold, Allanburg, Port Robinson, and Stonebridge, are all places of busy life and energy. Welland, the chief town of Welland County, is built on both sides of the canal, and connected by a handsome swing bridge. It has several mills and factories, handsome churches, a high school, a court-house, excellent hotels, and stores of every variety; and it publishes two newspapers. Close to the town is the large fair-ground of the county agricultural society, where annual shows are held.

All this activity, energy, and prosperous industry, have had their source in the Welland Canal, a work of which a brief description has yet to be given. Crossing the peninsula which lies between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, it shades the mighty cataract which had so long been an insurmountable obstacle to navigation, and forms the missing link in the chain of navigable waters from Lake Superior to the great river St. Lawrence, in whose mighty flood of mingled streams they pass on to the ocean.

The idea of this great work was first conceived by Mr. Merritt, during the War of 1812, when a militia officer, distinguished for courage and enterprise, though little more



than a boy, he led his patrols up and down the frontier, and speculated on the advantages such a means of transporting troops and ammunition through the district



NEAR LOCK No. 2, OLD CANAL.

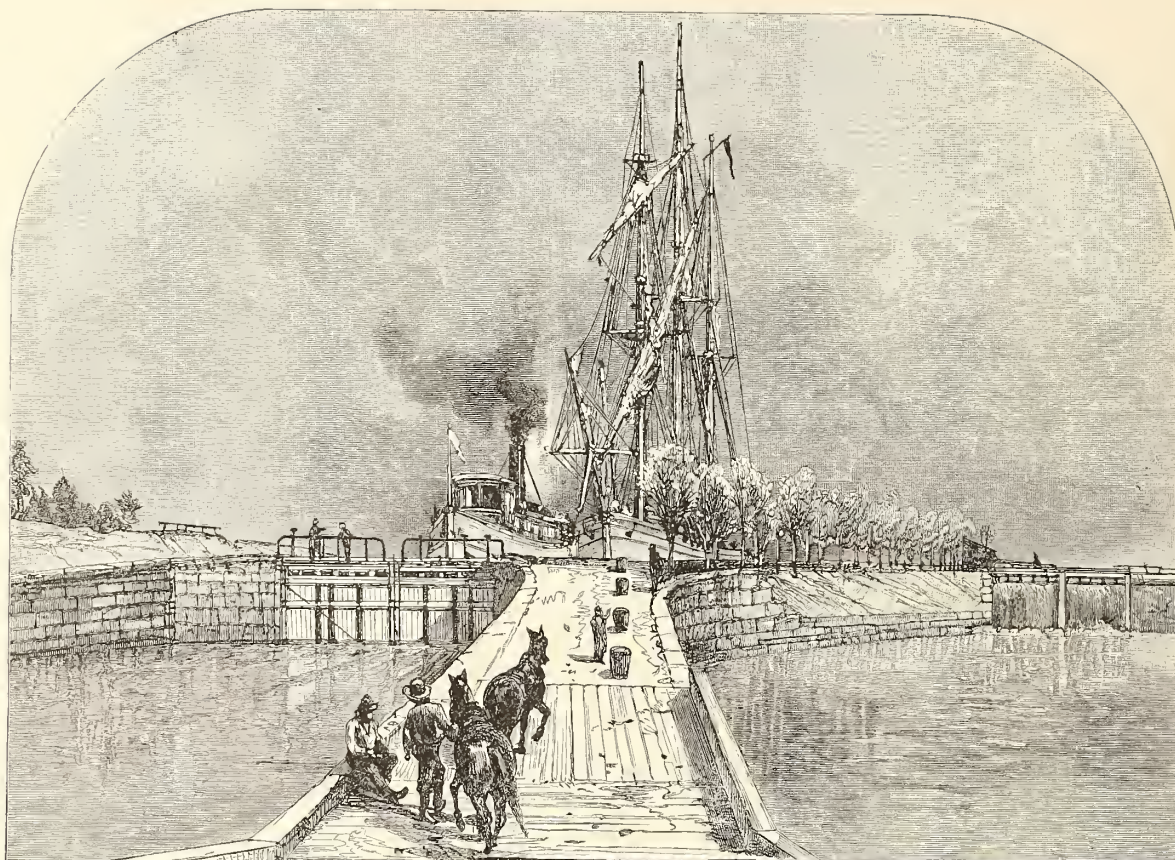
would have given its defenders. After the peace, he became engaged in large business transactions, and the commercial value of an unbroken water-way between the two lakes was forcibly brought before him. The project of a ship-canal gradually assumed a practicable shape in his mind, and through his fixity of purpose and indomitable energy a company was formed, aid from Government obtained, and the scheme



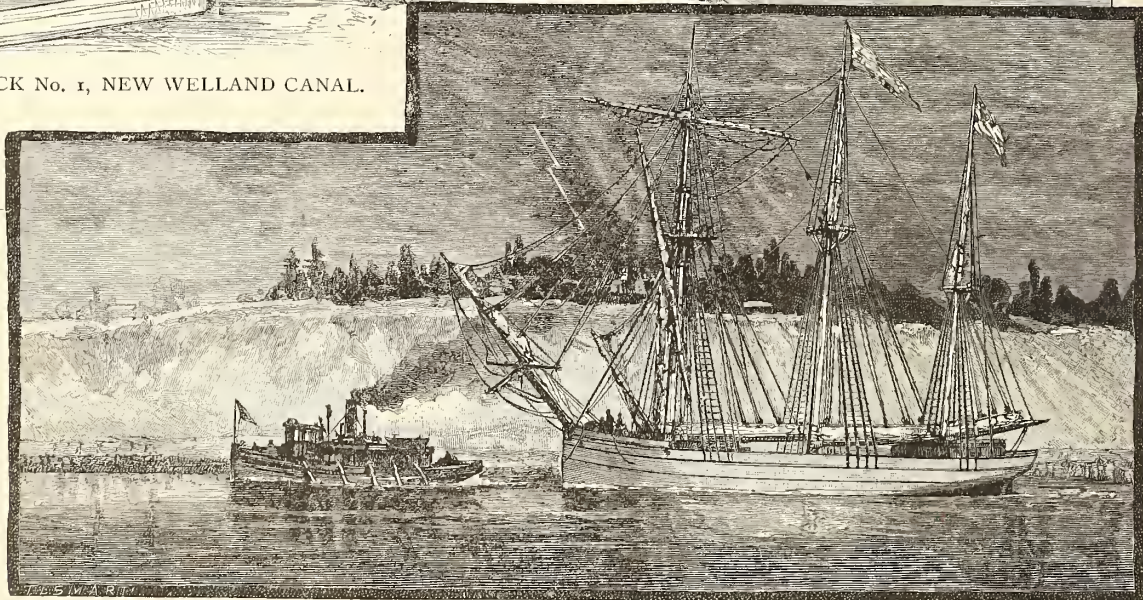
OFF PORT DALHOUSIE.

successfully carried out. On the 30th of November, 1824, the first sod of the Welland Canal was turned, and under Mr. Merritt's supervision speedily became a scene of





LOCK No. 1, NEW WELLAND CANAL.



THE DEEP CUT.

active industry. "The sharp rattle of the axes hewing and carving their way through the old woods, the unceasing hammering of picks on the banks, the crash of falling trees, mingled occasionally with the loud explosion of gunpowder, broke the ancient silence of the forest." \* So the work went on, and in November, 1829, five years later, almost to a day, two vessels with flags flying passed through the canal, cheered by admiring

\* Life of Mr. MERRITT.



spectators. Since then a succession of enlargements and improvements have been made in the canal, and in 1875 the works were commenced which are now nearly completed, and which, when the aqueduct over the Chippewa River is finished, will make it one of the best constructed and most efficient achievements even this age of engineering skill has produced. At Port Dalhousie, its port of entry on Lake Ontario, and Port Colborne, its port of entry on Lake Erie, safe and commodious harbours have been made, protected by strongly-built piers stretching between two and three thousand feet into the lake beyond the lines of the harbours, having elevated beacons erected at their terminations. The difference of level between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie at those two ports is in ordinary weather about 327 feet, and this is surmounted by twenty-five lift-locks built of solid stone, and faced with cut-stone, by which the water is carried over that high ridge of land locally known as "the mountain." Each lock is 270 feet long between the gates, and forty-five feet in width, admitting a depth of fourteen feet of water on the sills. The gates are constructed of the strongest oak and pine timber. The prism of the canal, through its long straight reaches, has a width of a hundred feet at eighteen inches over the bottom line, with provision for a depth of water sufficient to allow the passage of the largest vessels that navigate the lakes. When the canal was first made it was found that at times the Chippewa River proved inadequate as a feeder, and a channel to serve this purpose was cut from Dunnville, on the Grand River, to Port Robinson, a distance of twenty-seven miles. This channel is navigable all the way, and a branch canal connects it with Port Maitland, at the mouth of the Grand River, where a harbour has been formed. It will thus always remain useful as a branch of the main canal, but since the new improvements have been made the water supply can at all times be drawn from Lake Erie. Besides the lift-locks over the mountain, there are guard locks and double gates at all the ports. A large and costly aqueduct has been made over the Chippewa River at Welland, and at Lyon's Creek a culvert of heavy masonry has been constructed. Between Port Dalhousie and Port Colborne twenty-four bridges cross the canal, five being railway bridges, with piers and abutments of stone masonry; and for the swing bridges the latest and most effective improvements in machinery have been employed. The stone used in the canal was taken from the mountain at Queenston and Thorold, where there are extensive quarries of an excellent grey limestone equal to Aberdeen granite. All the countless works and operations necessary for the safety and perfect efficiency of the canal have been conducted in the most solid and permanent manner, and it is calculated that the cost will not be less than sixteen millions of dollars. The length of the canal is twenty-seven miles, and its present enlargement allows of the passage of vessels of one thousand five hundred tons.

Thus the enterprise which had its inception, as we have said, in 1824, in the



modest project of Mr. Merritt to construct a canal between the two lakes "four feet deep, seven feet wide at bottom, nineteen feet wide at the water surface, and to accommodate vessels not exceeding forty tons burthen," has been brought, in its extensively developed form, to satisfactory completion. The importance to commerce of this great undertaking can hardly be over-estimated, as it now opens a water highway to the west not only for all the trading craft of Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces, but even for the sea-going vessels of the Old World. The impetus the canal will now give to the development of our own lake trade, and the advantages it affords, over the facilities it hitherto offered to shippers of grain from the great markets of Chicago and Duluth, in effecting a continuous and speedy transit to the sea, will be obvious to every one who gives the matter a thought. Increased depth of water in the canal means, of course, increased carrying capacity and increased tonnage in the vessels engaged in the traffic. This is important, not only in the matter of exporting grain, but in the moving of such heavy merchandise as coal, iron ore, etc., which, from the nature of this trade, wants a cheap, through transport to tide-water, with the minimum of obstruction, inconvenience, or delay. Canaling as a means of general transportation may not, with the facilities which the railways now offer, be able to maintain the supreme position it has occupied in the past. The history of the Erie Canal would seem to emphasize this view. But in the case of Canada, with her enormous water-system, an exception must be made; and no means of communication is likely seriously to compete with the mode of transit which is the distinctive feature of the trade of the Dominion. This the successive governments of Canada have always recognized; and hence, among the public works necessary to the expansion of its commerce, as a statistical writer has told us, "none occupy a higher or more important place than the canals, which have been constructed for the improvement of our lake navigation. "No country in the world," the same authority goes on to say, "can show a more elaborate system of inland navigation than Canada, young as she is, can exhibit. It is itself a forcible illustration of the public spirit which has animated our statesmen during the past forty years. These works were commenced at a very early period in the history of the commercial progress of Canada, and were completed, on their present extensive scale, at a time when the expenditures required to accomplish the object seemed altogether excessive when compared with the actual revenues." Speaking of the topographical features of our canal system, the writer continues: "It is where nature has been most capricious, where falls and rapids awe the spectator by their tumultuous rush, that we now see the evidences of modern enterprise; where the Indian in old time portaged his canoe, we now find splendid structures of masonry, illustrating the progress of engineering skill, and the demands of commercial enterprise in a country whose total population in the beginning of the century was hardly above a hundred thousand souls."



Few, we may add, can predict the volume of commerce of which the St. Lawrence system will ultimately become the channel. The great lakes, which contain fully half the fresh water on the globe, drain a basin of 400,000 square miles, the trade of which, in addition to that of the vast territory in the North-west, must, to a great extent, be borne, and continue to be borne, on its waters. With this fact in mind, the part the Welland Canal has to play in this magnificent trade, is in need of no further illustration.

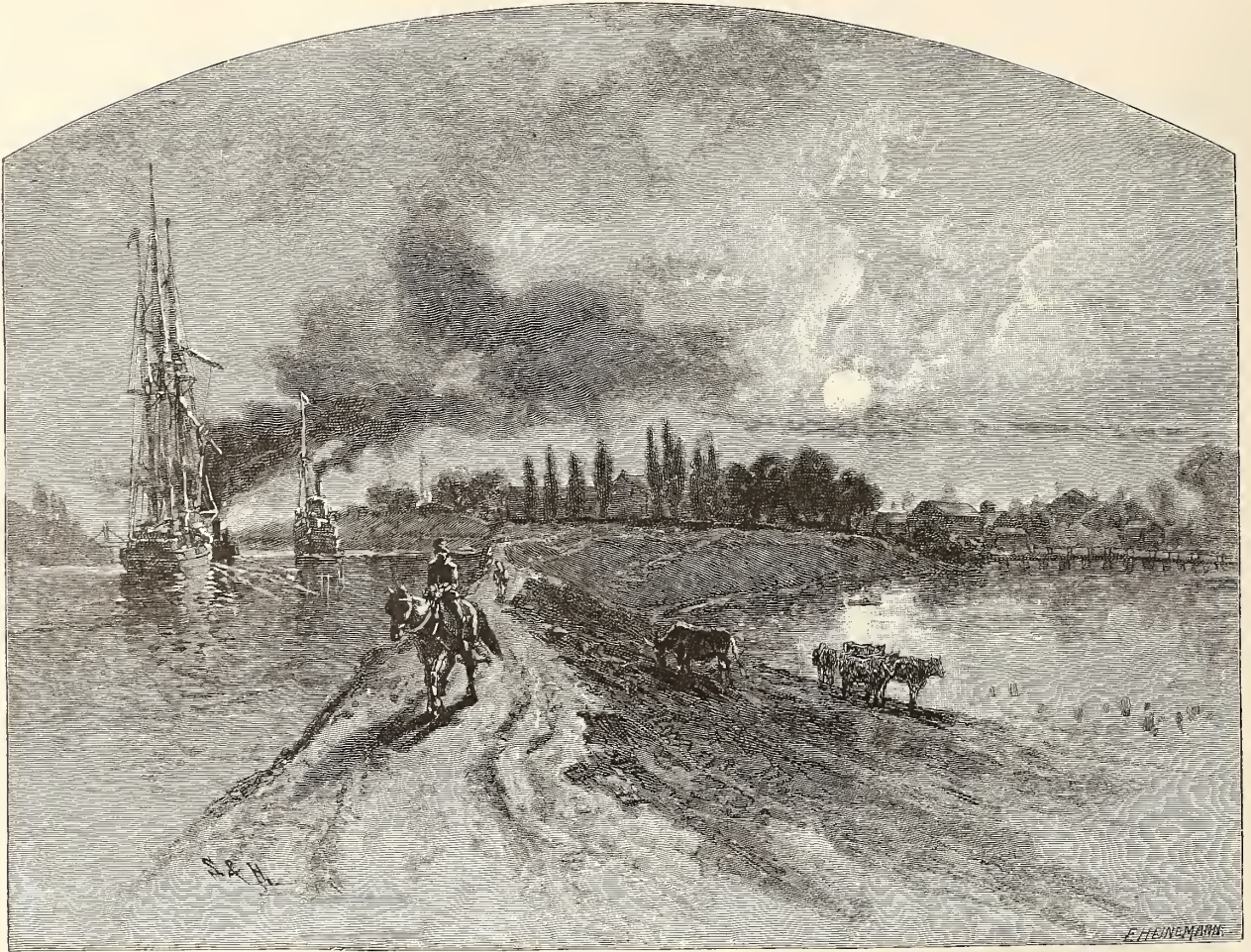
Properly speaking, the Niagara district is confined to the counties of Lincoln and Welland. This famous old district is bounded on three sides by the waters of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, and the Niagara River; it is traversed by the Chippewa River, and by many smaller streams or "creeks," and by the Welland Canal; everywhere it is intersected by railway lines, with stations at or near each town or village, so that every farmer has quick and easy communication both by water and land with all parts of the Dominion and the United States. Its fertile soil is equally well adapted for grain and root culture, for raising stock, or for dairy purposes.



LOCK No. 23, THOROLD.

Every species of timber grows in perfection. Oaks and pines have been cut six feet in diameter; the oaks measuring from seventy to eighty feet in length; the pines from one





PORT ROBINSON, ENLARGED CANAL.

hundred to one hundred and seventy-five, and as straight as the mast of a ship. A few magnificent black walnuts still remain, but these most beautiful and valuable trees of the Canadian forest have been ruthlessly cut down everywhere, with that reckless disregard of the timber wealth of the country so common in Canada. In Stamford Park, once the favourite summer residence of Sir Peregrine Maitland, a former governor of Upper Canada, one grand old walnut measures fourteen feet in circumference four feet above the ground, its branches spreading out in a wide umbrageous canopy; and in other places huge stumps show what majestic domes must once have towered above those foundations. The tulip-tree, sometimes called the tulip-poplar, a species of magnolia, is a common forest tree in this district, raising its graceful pillar-like stem, smooth and straight as a dart, sometimes to the height of a hundred feet, bearing a crown of pale-green, nearly square-cut leaves; and in their season sulphur-coloured blossoms, showing rich red spots at the base of their tulip-shaped cups. The red-mulberry, too, grows freely in the woods, attaining a height of sixty feet, and its fruit only requires proper cultivation to be equal in size and flavour to the mulberry of Europe. In this favoured region Nature is lavish of her most delicious fruits. Not only





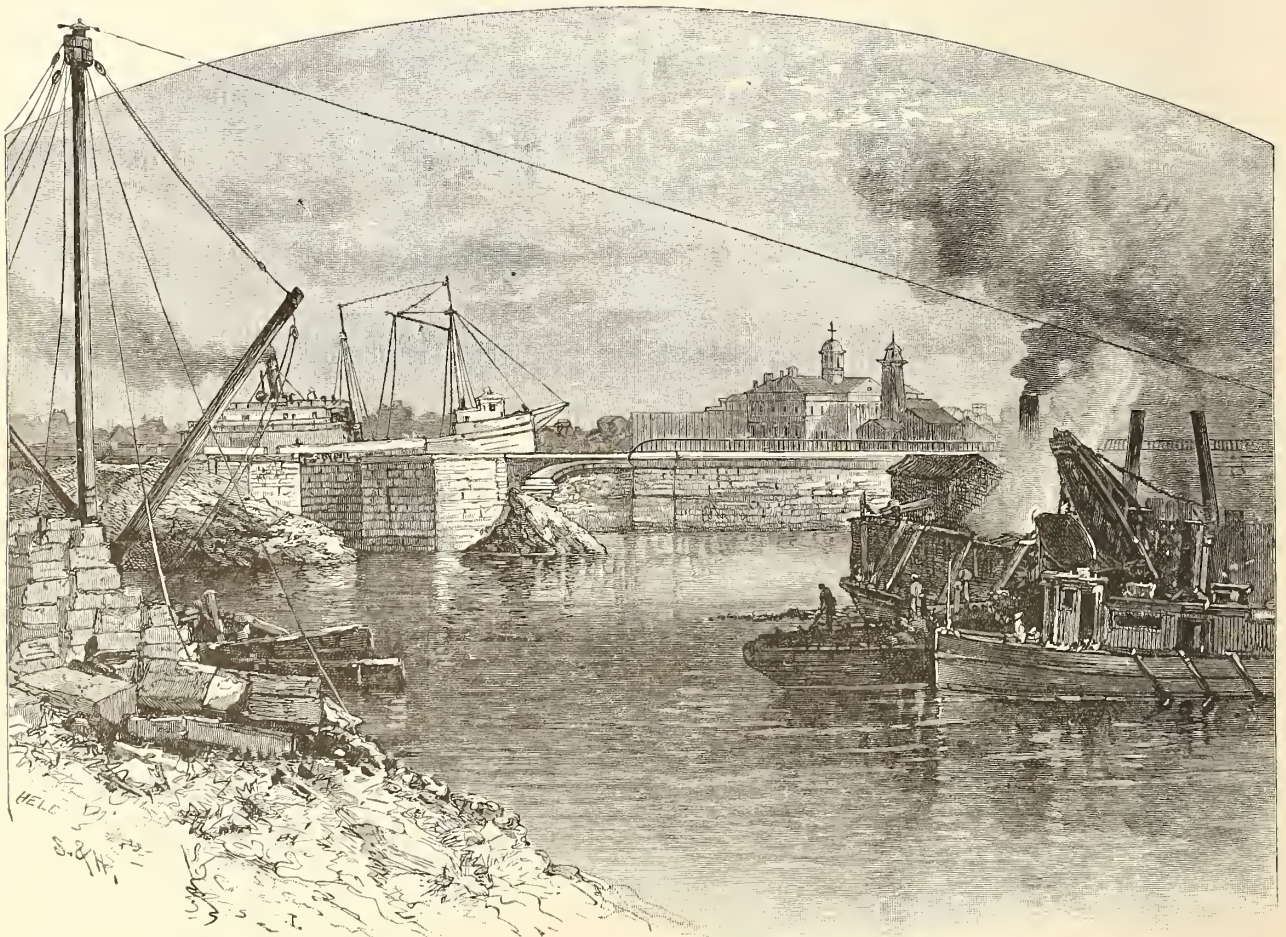
A WASTE WEIR.

apples, pears, plums, cherries, and small fruits of every kind grow in rich abundance, but quinces, grapes, melons, and above all, peaches attain a size and perfection of flavour not to be surpassed in all America. In Niagara town, where in the severest winters the thermometer has never been known to fall more than three degrees below zero, fig-trees grow in the open air and bear two crops in the season, one in July and one early in autumn. The trees are kept short by cutting back to about six feet in height, and preserved from frost of winter by being laid down close to the ground in autumn and covered with a few inches of earth. Under similar treatment the most delicate grapes, Black Hamburg, Chasselas and Muscat do well, and produce splendid bunches every year. These tender fruits, which wither at



the slightest touch of frost, need exceptional care and culture, but less delicate varieties of grapes, and the finest peaches only require to be kept free from weeds by frequent ploughing between the rows to grow as readily and luxuriantly as apples and currants in less favoured localities. The situation of the Niagara peninsula gives it peculiar advantages for peach culture; the large bodies of water by which it is surrounded protecting it from that extreme cold, which is fatal to the peach, and from the injurious effects of early frosts in autumn and late frosts in spring. A "cold spell" is scarcely ever felt till after Christmas, and when it comes seldom lasts more than a couple of days at a time. Extremely mild winters—quite as mild as in New York—are the general rule, and in the severest weather known the temperature has never been lower in any part of the peninsula than six degrees below zero.

It has been roughly calculated that one thousand five hundred acres are under cultivation as peach-orchards in the Niagara district, the number of the trees being three hundred and seventy-five thousand, and their produce a million baskets of fruit annually, Niagara, Stamford and Grimsby are the chief peach-growing townships. Every farm



OLD ACQUEDUCT AT WELLAND.



has a peach-orchard; orchards of two thousand trees are common, and every year new orchards are planted and the yield increases. In Stamford there is a peach-orchard of eleven thousand trees, and three years after being transplanted they bore twenty thousand baskets of peaches. The Crawford peaches grow here to an enormous size, measuring from nine to nearly twelve inches in circumference; they have an exquisite flavour and fragrance, at once sweet, piquant, and aromatic, with a rich mellow pulp, overflowing with juice; and the trees bear so abundantly that, with every precaution, the branches often break down under their heavy load of fruit. Peach-trees generally grow about fifteen feet high in the orchards, and are planted in rows eighteen feet apart; their wide-spreading branches, and slender, shining leaves touching each other across the dividing spaces. The beauty of those peach-orchards, when the trees are bending down beneath the weight of their lovely globes of pink and white and golden-tinted fruit, recalls the fabled gardens of the Hesperides; but there is no dangerous dragon to watch them, and seldom or never any need for a guardian. Peaches are so plentiful in this favoured spot of earth that there is little temptation to steal them, and if the schoolboys who pass where the trees grow close to the road, and the fruit hangs within their reach, climb the wooden fence and snatch a few now and then, it is looked upon as a matter of course, and such depredations are never noticed. And truly, to see these sun-painted peaches ripe and glowing through their glistening foliage, within the grasp of an outstretched hand, is enough to make the most venerable of stoics act upon Dean Swift's injunction—

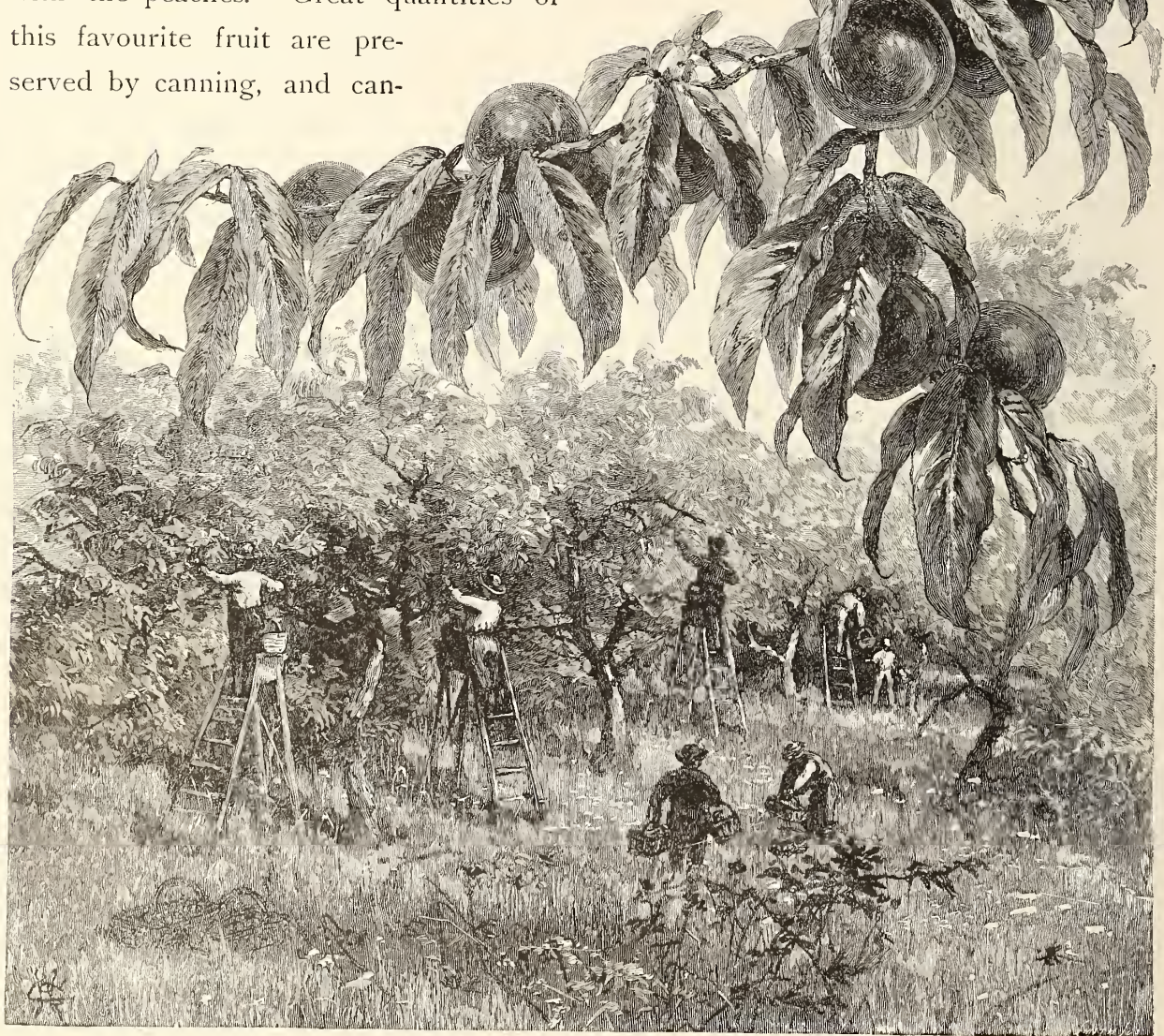
“Always pull a peach  
When it is within your reach.”

The peach harvest begins towards the end of July and continues to the middle of October. Men and women gather the ripe fruit into baskets carried on the arm; children are not employed, as the peaches require careful handling. The baskets, when filled, are taken to sheds prepared for the purpose, where women pick out all damaged fruit and cover the baskets with coarse pink gauze. They are then sent in wagons to the nearest railway station, where a “peach car” is always provided, in which they are despatched to their destination. Every day the platforms at the stations are crowded with piles of pink-covered peach baskets, in waiting for the trains which are to carry them to all the large towns in the Dominion—Halifax and St. John's included. The demand for this delicious fruit far exceeds the supply, and early in the season baskets of twelve quarts bring two dollars each, the price gradually falling to seventy-five, or even sixty cents a basket, till later in the season, when peaches begin to get scarce, and the price rises again. The baskets in which they are packed furnish a





special industry, and the factories for making them are kept busy all the year round. They are supplied to the peach growers at the rate of three-and-a-half cents each, and are always thrown in with the peaches. Great quantities of this favourite fruit are preserved by canning, and can-



THE FRUIT HARVEST.





LOOKING TOWARDS LAKE ONTARIO, FROM HEIGHTS NEAR QUEENSTON.



ning factories have been established in the district and at Toronto, which are doing a considerable trade, domestic and foreign.

Grapes are cultivated in this region to a large extent, and clusters a foot long, each grape measuring from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter, are frequently produced. The crop never fails, and four, five, and even six tons to the acre are raised. They bring from ten to five cents a pound, and are sent by rail to St. Catharines, Toronto, and other towns, packed in baskets like those used in shipping peaches, only covered with blue instead of pink gauze. Many of the farmers make excellent wine, and one near Niagara sometimes manufactures from six to eight hundred gallons from the Clinton grape. There is also an establishment at St. Catharines, provided with proper cellars, vats, and all necessary apparatus, and with a vineyard of fifty acres to supply the grapes.

Niagara district has always been famous for its apple-orchards, but now that peaches and grapes grow in such profusion, and every farmer's wife lays in a supply of canned fruit for winter use, apples are rather thrown into the background. Yet nothing can really take their place, and in spring, when other fruits are not to be had, well-kept winter apples become valuable. Large quantities are barrelled and shipped to Liverpool, where Niagara apples command the highest prices. The *pomme grise*, a small russet, celebrated for its aromatic flavour and mellow pulp, grows nowhere to such perfection as on the Niagara River. Cider, of course, is made by every farmer, and the fruit of the ungrafted native trees, judiciously mixed with the richer cultivated varieties, has a piquant flavour and brilliant sparkle, not often surpassed. Pear-trees produce enormous crops, sometimes having from ten to twenty bushels on a single tree. English cherries grow to a great size, and the trees are often literally bent down under their heavy loads of fruit. All small fruits are exceptionally fine and rich in flavour; strawberries, especially, yield abundantly, and are largely and profitably cultivated for market. Hickory-nuts, butternuts, and sweet chestnuts are plentiful, and, in some places, walnuts are still to be had for the gathering, the trees being great bearers.

Seen from some little hill or rising ground, the lovely land seems everywhere to smile under rich orchards and fruit gardens, intermixed with fields of luxuriant wheat, Indian corn, and blossoming clover, relieved by the darker green foliage of the remnants of the grand old woods here and there bordering the farms. Above this bright landscape rise well-built and often neat and tasteful farm-houses with spacious barns and other farm-buildings. Thickly interspersed are villages, forming sources of communication with the outside world to their surrounding areas.

Some of these villages are charmingly picturesque and rich in historical associations. Queenston, lying on the Niagara River under the heights, has been already described. St. David's, two miles west of Queenston, had its full share in the



War of 1812, and was burned down by the invaders. It lies in a ravine of the mountain beside a never-failing stream, which supplies water-power to a brewery and two flour mills. The soil in the ravine is of the richest black mould, and it can boast of some beautiful walnut trees—lordly trees, now, alas, becoming rare in the land where they once grew in magnificent battalions. St. David's did not receive its name in honour of Welsh, or Scottish, or any other canonized saint, but simply in compliment to one of its most enterprising citizens who, while he lived, was locally known as King David.

A mile or two farther west is Stamford, next to Niagara the oldest settlement in the district. It is one of the prettiest villages in Canada, with a quaint Old-World charm about it not often met with in this New World. It has a Village Green in old English style, with a lofty flag-staff in the centre, on which the British and Canadian flags are hoisted on great occasions, such as the Queen's Birthday and Dominion Day. The village is shaded by locust-trees and maples, and surrounding the Green are pretty houses with flower-gardens, and lawns planted with trees and shrubs. Almost every cottage has a flower-garden in front, with climbing roses and blossoming creepers twining round the verandas. The little Episcopal Church has a beautiful and venerable aspect of antique simplicity, rising from its sheltering pines. Its surrounding grave-yard is enclosed, partly by a hedge of clipped privet, and partly by a wooden fence overhung by drooping trees. Plain as the building otherwise is, all its windows are of stained glass, erected by members of the congregation in memory of their beloved dead. The churchyard is kept with loving care, and round the tombstones, and beside the graves, roses twine their blossoms, and trailing evergreens cover the narrow mounds with unfading verdure.

Sir Peregrine Maitland, who was Governor of Upper Canada from 1818 to 1828, was so delighted with the Stamford neighbourhood that he bought land near the village, laid out a park and pleasure-ground, and built a picturesque house; spending every summer there while he remained in Canada. After he left the country the house was accidentally burned down, and scarcely a trace now remains of the lawns, flower-gardens, and highly-cultivated farm. The place still retains its name of Stamford Park, and Sir Peregrine is well remembered by the older inhabitants of the district for his enthusiastic admiration of the surrounding scenery, his genial and benevolent character, and the interest he took in the progress of the Welland Canal. To his military instincts we owe the circumstance that the Canal was not deflected into the estuary of the Niagara instead of entering Lake Ontario at Port Dalhousie. In our early history, military rather than commercial considerations governed the direction of highways and canals, and the "manifest destiny" of ambitious towns was thus sometimes cruelly frustrated. When, under Jay's Treaty, in 1794, Fort Niagara was actually surrendered to the United States, its *vis-à-vis*, Newark, was, by a stroke of the diplo-



matist's pen, brought under the fire of foreign guns. Governor Simcoe, as we have already mentioned, forthwith transported his provincial capital across the lake to York (Toronto). Even there, Simcoe thought the capital too accessible to a hostile squadron; and as soon as his great military highway—Dundas Street—should have been opened, he proposed to make London—or, as he called it, Georgina—the permanent capital of Upper Canada. Old Newark had felt deeply hurt at being deposed from its pride of place; but when the Welland Canal was projected there came a gleam of hope. As the gateway to the new Canal, it might become the great *entrepôt* of lake commerce! But once more a major-general governed the Province, and military maxims warped civil government and civil engineering. Sir Peregrine had spent the flower of his life amid the clash of sabres and the roar of cannon. He had been continuously on active service for more than a score of years, rounding off a brilliant career by leading at Waterloo two battalions of guards into the very eye of the fiery tempest. The Forty Years' Peace had begun, and Sir Peregrine had put off the sword, but he could not put off the man. To him a canal was the patrol or parade-ground for gunboats, rather than a quiet channel for merchantmen.

Grimsby village is picturesquely situated between the lake and "the mountain." The first settlers were U. E. Loyalists, who preferred to encounter the labours of clearing new homes out of the unbroken forest to giving up their cherished traditions of loyalty to the Empire. Slowly and painfully, with their wives and children, on foot or on horseback, they made their way through the woods, guided in their course by the Indian trails; and many interesting records of the perils and hardships they encountered in these toilsome journeys, and the sufferings and privations they endured in the first years of the settlement are preserved by their descendants. One of these brave pioneers brought his two little children from New Jersey to Grimsby in baskets slung across a horse's back, the mother riding between. The same family sent a member to the first Parliament of Upper Canada, and from it some of the foremost agriculturists and stock-raisers in the district are descended. There are many "creeks," or small streams, in the township, the largest of which, called the *Jordan* by the pioneers, was known by the Indians as the *Kenochdaw*, or lead river, from the lead ore found on its banks, and often used by the hunters, both Indian and white men, to make bullets for their rifles.

Grimsby is an active place of business, with saw mills, grist mills, a foundry and machine works. The land round the village is literally covered with peach orchards, their masses of pink blossoms flushing all the landscape with a roseate hue in spring, and their shining stems and bunches glowing ruby red in the sunset of a clear winter day. Its large Methodist camp-meeting ground, in a grove of oaks and pines near the lake shore, is celebrated over the Province. An auditorium has been erected, and part of the ground laid out with shady walks and flower-gardens; and temperance



pic-nics, and Sunday-school feasts, with lectures and concerts for religious purposes, are given through the summer. Besides these popular attractions, the delightful situation of the village and its nearness to Lake Ontario, bring many tourists in the hot months, and a large hotel and some neat cottages have been built for their accommodation.

The village of Fonthill is built on the highest land between Lakes Ontario and Erie, and from it on clear days the waters of both lakes and the vessels passing over them can be seen, with all the rich and lovely country, intersected with rivers, railroads and the Welland Canal, lying between. It is famous in the district for its extensive fruit nurseries, and for the romantic scenery which surrounds it.

Everywhere in this fortunate region the evidences of energy, industry and prosperity are to be seen; every year new orchards and vineyards are planted, new buildings erected, new industrial works established. Here all the conditions of a happy existence are widely diffused and easily attained. The bountiful soil supplies not only the necessities but the luxuries of life; and no violent extremes of cold or heat, no desolating floods or tornados, come to destroy the labours of its inhabitants or mar its beauty—

“Rent by no ravage, but the gentle plough.”

And the owners of this beautiful land are not unworthy to possess it; they are a manly, industrious, independent, and highly moral people; respecting the laws, and taking an intelligent interest in all that concerns the nation, as well as in their own municipal affairs; and all firmly holding by the faith and traditions of their brave and patriotic forefathers, who first founded a new Province for the British Empire.



























